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THE CHURCH AND THE ALIEN

Lest he who reads but does not think may imagine that the writer is biased in judgment, permit me to say at the outset that I have nothing but the warmest feeling for the German people and in their behalf as a matter of simple justice is this article written lest others be prejudiced against them and others of foreign birth in this polyglot land of ours—I have not forgotten my Germany days in the now long ago. In 1885 I found myself a young student in Berlin. Those were spacious times. The world was alive and vibrant. Great things had happened. More were yet to come. In science a theistic conception of the universe was battling with scientific materialism. Higher criticism was in the air. It was the heyday of Wellhausen and Graf and Reuss and Pfleiderer and a host of others. In imperial politics the "will-to-power" was the driving motive of all parties. The whole of life was intellectually inspiring. I well remember, and now smile, with what enthusiasm I stood in front of the famous university and thought of the historians, theologians, scientists, philosophers, who had taught or were then teaching there, and wondering what influences radiating from those lecture rooms would determine the thought of the church in Europe and America. Mommsen had gone. Harnack had not yet come. But here were Dillman and Pfleiderer and Beyschlug and Steinmetz and Strack and other celebrated world teachers. One, too, caught a glimpse now and then of Mallke and Bismarck, the Crown Prince "Unser Fritz," the kingliest looking man that ever wore a crown, and his son, the

present Emperor, wayward then as *his* son is now. It was worth much to a young man all aglow with a divine passion for learning, which in the ceaseless drive of the ministerial life has never amounted to much, to stand at the Frederick statue when the troops mounted guard in the morning and have a good look at the old Emperor Wilhelm I in the palace windows opposite, for how much of modern history centered in him! Memories of good Methodists there in the church on Junker Strasse, their piety and *Gastfreundlichkeit,* and quiet meditations at the resting places of Fichte and Hegel, Schleiermacher and Neander, the church historian through whose volumes, six of them in Torrey's translation, I had waded some years before, alternating with Geiseler and Baur's First Three Centuries, come to me as I write these lines in the Rocky Mountains, when in the village the bells are sounding the tocsin of war. It seems evident then that no unholy bias warps the judgment of him who in this hour would speak a kindly word for all foreign speaking peoples within our gates.

But these are God's days—days when he sits in judgment on the nations and balances the books; glorious days, though filled with blood and fire and vapor of smoke; pivotal days upon which future ages of peace and progress swing, the dawning of days which shall know no night, for "the Lamb shall be the light thereof." In a former article in this Review I endeavored to set forth the underlying causes of this dreadful world war, showing them to be not wholly material but in part profoundly spiritual. Since then writers, at home and abroad, English, French, German, have dug around the same roots—the majority of them finding the cause to be the inevitable clashing of material interests, though many others seeing that colossal national egotism, national immorality in dealing with other nations, greed and hunger for world dominion are results and not true causes—results of false education, false morality, and the inescapable consequence, false mentality in its understanding of the world and of world forces, which are not material at all. These writers perceive, and leading spirits of the peoples have come to perceive, that at bottom this war is a battle of ideas. Now that the war is world-wide and

our own country has at last taken her stand, there is nothing more necessary than that level-headed citizens should avoid extremes and keep a cool head. The United States is facing perilous days. The peril is not abroad. It is at home. The revelations of intrigues against the United States, and that in the very shadow of the nation's capitol, which have amazed and stung the very soul of America, indicate possibilities of social and industrial upheavals, especially in some States, that may seriously hamper the activities of the government and destroy the sense of unity among the people. I am very well aware that there are those who will resent the intrusion of the ministry into what they may call the domain of politics, patriotically and piously declaring that the pulpit, and not the forum, is the place for the minister. But it is equally true that in social and political affairs there are occasions when the preacher should cross the frontiers of his particular province for the very reason that he is a preacher and enter the domain of science, literature, art, or politics from which he cannot be excluded except by his personal limitations, since, as to the Latin dramatist, nothing human can be foreign to him. Statesmen and politicians have no monopoly of the national conscience. It may be his duty to call statesmen and politicians to the stern unchangeable fact that the moral laws of the eternal are superior to the material interests of the state. Instead of an unscrupulous *Welt-Politik,* which knows no law human or divine, it may be the duty of the preacher to substitute a *Welt-Ethik,* which is world law, for until that substitution is made, until a perverted Darwinian struggle for the survival of the fittest is relegated to the jungle where it belongs, and the Christ-law of mutual help takes its place in the cabinets of kings and corporations and labor unions and manipulators of capital, there will not be, nor can there be, peace on this poor blood-stained earth. The outer is built on the inner. The material rests on the spiritual. In these days of universal stress and storm, days when near-sighted people, unmindful of similar crises in human history, the destruction of Jerusalem under Titus, the sack of Rome, the fall of Constantinople, the horrors of the Thirty Years' War, imagine that the Great Captain has deserted the ship to the forces of anarchy—days when a man's

enemies may be of his own household, when suspicion and fear and race antipathy may lift their horrid crests and spit their venom among neighbors living but yesterday in mutual good will —in such days the preacher may well present Christ's world-ethics and sound a ringing note of exhortation and warning. That fitting word in this present crisis will be: Beware of contagion, the contagion of fear, the contagion of the mob, the contagion of the collective mind, even of a whole nation.

In such times as these those who really believe in Jesus Christ as everybody's Christ, should practice openly the human-brotherhood principles of the gospel toward all men of foreign birth, aliens, sojourners from other lands with which the United States is at war. The principles of Christianity do not change. They are not intermittent. Nor are they, as Troeltsch would teach, of a state between the present and the future which may be termed in eschatological terms *ad interim*. They are built, like the everlasting hills, into the structure of the universe, into the very nature of our religion. There will be spies and traitors among us. But he is a sorry citizen and he is a poor Christian patriot who will belie his profession and our American nobility of spirit by giving ear to idle gossip and false rumor, or who shall bring suffering to others by creating suspicions of disloyalty, or of hatred, to the government of the United States against any citizen of foreign birth or lineage who does not by overt act or foolish speech betray himself. A truly Christian man who understands the principles of Jesus Christ will not himself manifest unbrotherly feelings toward those who yesterday called him "brother in Christ," because patriotism, which in them, as in all of us, is the call of the blood, will not allow them to denounce the land of their fathers. The national songs of Germany, "Die Wacht am Rhein," "Der Deutsche," and "Deutschland, Deutschland ueber Alles," are not explosive outbursts of yesterday, but were born amid the revolutionary throes of 1840-41. Nor are the works of Mommsen, Sybel, Ranke, Burckhardt, and Treitschke, the schoolmasters of Germany in history, recent products of imperial policy, though through their glorification of Prussia and the house of Hohenzollern they educated the German mind to ac-

quiesce in Prussian dominance. At any rate, what is more dangerous, or more contemptible in human society than the moral assassin, the assassin of character, who by inuendo, by satanic suggestion, by artful question, builds up a wall of suspicion among good men, around his thoughtless, open-hearted victim? Actuated by unholy motives, envious of abilities he can never rival, jealous of influence he can never obtain, such a creature may by some diabolical sophistry justify his infamy, as Judas Iscariot might justify his betrayal of the Christ. He may even think himself pious and hold revivals to bring men to God, providing he is sufficiently advertised, but neither God nor man can have any use for him. "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" "Depart from me, I never knew *you!*"

In these United States there are about eight million Germans. Omitting all aliens who may be propagandists of foreign intrigue and diplomacy, and those who by attempting to divide opinion in this country come perilously near being guilty of treason, the sane, panic-proof people of the United States, and certainly millions of Christian people in all our churches, will not be so utterly lost to reason as to imagine that these millions of Germans, Austrians, and Bulgarians—these our German brothers in our churches and Annual Conferences—are responsible for the acts of the German Government. Nor will they assume without evidence that these Germans and others are in full sympathy with the atrocities committed on land and sea which excite the moral execration of the world, however much they may be excused under the pitiable plea of military necessity, an excuse which would justify every crime under heaven. To excuse is to condemn! Our German citizens are not responsible for the acts nor for the methods nor the arguments of the German Government; and no one has the right to create suspicion of his neighbors, to surround them with an atmosphere of disloyalty, injuring them in their business and daily toil, isolating them in social intercourse, and thus not only persecute cruelly innocent people, people who love our institutions and the starry flag which is their children's flag, but also create a state of wild, unreasoning ferment of fear and

race hatred throughout the whole land. The one imperative need in this country to-day is unity—one people, one government, one language, one flag, one destiny!

Nor can we say with any knowledge of the secret ways of governments that even all the people of Germany are responsible for or indorse the acts or the *Schrecklichkeit* method of the German Government. The attacks of the Socialists in the Reichstag on the policy of Prussia are sufficient evidence that those acts and policies are not universally indorsed. The conflict over methods between the partisans of the Imperial Chancellor Bethman-Hollweg and those of Tirpitz is evidence that in the government itself there is wide difference of opinion. The people are no more directly responsible for this war than they were for the attack on Austria in 1866, nor for the Franco-German War in 1870. It was not the people who forged the Ems telegram which precipitated that war. Responsible writers and public speakers, if they know history, will draw wide distinction between the people and the government of a people. This war is not a people's war, however the government and its press may make the people think it is. Nor is it wholly the immediate product of Pan-German dreams of state philosophers, of military camarillas, political cliques, economic leaders, and university professors.

All these have had their influence and are in their degree responsible for the blood of millions. But the tremendous underlying fact is that there are mystic forces in human history which despite all we can do will drive with irresistible might a nation into the frightful abysses of war, and even the whole world into carnage and self-destruction. Such events are the pay days of the nations, the days of the Lord in national history. These are the inescapable results of former national deeds or of governmental diplomacy in which the masses who suffer had no part. As Schiller wrote, "It is the curse of evil deeds, that they must evil deeds beget." If the military party, led by Moltke and Von Roon, had not compelled Bismarck to retain Alsace and Lorraine for strategic reasons, the Ems telegram, the debacle at Sedan, and the starving of Paris during which the people in sheer desperation and need ate their dogs and hunted for rats, would not have

rankled in the soul of France. "Time, my lord, hath a wallet at his back." There is no escape from consequences. We lay down the premises, justice draws the conclusion. Had England listened to the appeal of M. Thiers for help in 1870, Prussia would not have conquered France and transmitted a legacy of woe in which England is now involved, nor would England to-day be fighting for her life against Germany. This war would not have been, nor could it have been. If Russia in 1870 had not aided Germany against France by keeping Austria out of that war on the side of France, would Germany now be fighting Russia? Nor will any thoughtful student of the philosophy of history affirm that out of sheer willfulness the government of England, the Tsar of Russia, or even the German Emperor himself, with all of his ambitions, desired this war. Whatever the internal history of the Imperial Court yet to be written may reveal of the military party, headed by the Crown Prince and the Junker class, whose Pan-German ideas have been so ardently supported by historians and publicists in the State universities, events and mystic forces, psychological movements, it must again be said, over which kings and ministers of state have no control when once the hour has come, coupled with the collective impulse of a people not long out of serfdom, as is the case with Prussia, and educated through long periods to give unquestioning obedience to autocratic power, and played upon at the right moment by an inspired press, itself slavishly subservient to court influence and governmental policy, may plunge a noble peace-loving nation into war—a war horrible and disastrous in its effects upon future generations—a war in which the people themselves, if left to themselves, that is, if not deceived by their rulers, have no vital interest and from which they can derive no benefit but victory, perhaps, for their leaders and heavier burdens of taxation for themselves. But are the people to be blamed? When the German Emperor dropped his pilot, Von Bismarck, and, contrary to the advice of that ruthless but sage counselor, sailed out on uncharted seas in quest of colonies and world-empire, was it then that were laid the beginnings of this conflict? But were the people to blame? There is no divisibility between cause and effect. Back in those days the

reaction against the blood and iron policy of the great chancellor strengthened imperial dreams of world dominion because of the more liberal attitude of the new emperor toward social democracy. The genius of Bismarck consolidated the German states, but while he could achieve for the empire a political union, he could not give to it a spiritual unity. Militarism, Anti-Semitism, Catholicism, Socialism, Agrarianism, clamorous demands of Conservatives, Social Democrats, disciples of Liebknecht and Bebel, who had swallowed up the followers of La Salle, clericals and representatives of industrial interests filled the air. Here, then, are visible forces, tremendously dynamic forces which create conditions, social, psychological, political, out of which shall spring remote but inevitable results in a nation's life and history. Bismarck was opposed to colonial projects. The freedom of the seas was not necessary to Germany. In his judgment Germany was not called to be a maritine power. The emperor thought differently. The merchants of Hamburg and Bremen thought differently. Increase in population, increase in industrial output—the consequent demand for more markets and the Pan-German ambitions of the military caste were all on the side of the emperor. The continental policies of Bismarck gave way to *Welt-Politik.* The die was cast. Bismarck was dropped. Like Wolsey, like Metternich, like Stein, he learned that there are mystic, imponderable forces in history whose momentum we cannot control. We cannot reach back and modify the cause. We cannot change the acorn when it has become an oak. Hence the need of men taking a long look ahead into the probable results of their acts before they commit either the church or the state to their pet policies.

There are those even among German statesmen who think Bismarck's policy was better than the emperor's for the peace of the world and that the ambitions of the emperor should have been thwarted. But could the wonderful industrial development of Germany have been thwarted? Could the annual 800,000 increase in population have been restrained? In 1837 the population of all Germany was only 37,000,000. In 1875 it rose to 42,000,000. In 1910 the empire counted 65,000,000 souls. The indus-

trial expansion was also enormous. In 1886 the combined exports and imports were about one and a quarter billion dollars. In twenty years from that date the foreign trade doubled in value. Could all this be thwarted?

What Jerusalem is to the Jew, Mecca to the Mohammedan, Constantinople is to the Russian. It was from there, from S. Sophia, says the Russian with the glorious liturgies of S. Chrysostom sounding in his ears, that the true faith was carried to holy Russia. The dream of Russia has been to possess that sacred soil and gateway to the world. Without egress there, there is no world market for Russia, and therefore no industrial growth for the millions of that empire. But the pathway through the Balkan States and Constantinople from Germany to the Persian Gulf and Asia Minor is the desired outlet for Germany to the Orient. Must Germany then give way to Russia? More elements not easily controlled. But are the German people or German-Americans to be blamed for this conflict of national needs? Surely neither the German nor the Russian caught in state machinery or diplomacy are to be treated with suspicion by us or excluded from our Christian love and fellowship. They are not responsible.

Who, then, is responsible? Who is responsible for this astounding change in the mentality of the honest-hearted, peace-loving German people? Who is responsible for Pan-Germanism, for the will-to-power philosophy, the might-makes-right morality of Bernhardi, Lasson, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Treitschke underlying this world catastrophe? Not the people! The universities, the real-schule, the press, the church, and the ministers of state are the teachers of the people. These create the collective mind of a nation. And the people, forcibly obedient victims of state policies in which they have no voice, living for the state, dying for the state, according to a biological notion of the state, think themselves patriotic when they fight for these policies, when they would have been just as patriotic had their education been all the other way. If the combination of Russia, France, and Germany against England in 1900 had continued would not the German people have been as full of admiration for Russia and France as they are now of hatred? If the Anglo-German treaty of 1904,

which was inimical to France, had been maintained would the Germans now be hating England? Does it make a world of difference in moral principles whose ox is gored?

But no matter. For the sake of peace in our own country during this national emergency the diplomatic squabbles of the old world are not to be fought out here. This is not Europe. This is America. If suspicion and distrust against English and French and Germans, Bulgars, Poles, Italians, Belgians, or others are engendered among us, our mines and factories and workshops, whole neighborhoods of divers nationalities in all our large cities and even small communities in the far West will be torn and rent in partisan strife. Here, then, above all else, is the opportunity of the church. The church can now do a work which will make it easier for her to evangelize the foreign element when the war is over. For hatred between men, let her substitute forbearance and love; for suspicion, brotherly trust; for enmity and revenge among neighbors, Christian kindness and magnanimity. The Church of the Crucified whose Golgotha to-day is the world—I am writing this on Good Friday—is the reconciler of humanity. The Christian man will serve his Lord and his country best by showing a Christian spirit toward foreign-speaking peoples and aliens. Jesus calls us to the higher patriotism, the patriotism of the kingdom of God. Millions of foreigners in our crowded cities are yet to be evangelized. We dare not alienate them now and try to win them later. Let us be wise. If the Church of God in America fails to act toward all men of every race and color and tongue in the light of eternity, then the church as an organized institution of religion will not only have failed to serve the nation in its hour of need, it will also have failed our Lord himself and lost its chance with the aliens when the war is over.

R J Cooke

IBSEN'S INDIGNATION

Ibsen is Ibsen; to comprehend his philosophy and appreciate his art one must be in possession of new standards of value, new norms of truth. If one fails to possess or to exercise these functions of will and intellect he will give up the Ibsen problem with despair and disgust and complain that the poet does not "get anywhere." Ibsen impugned what to others seemed inexorable and imperative, ignored the alleged benefits of social evolution, and sought to show the world that contemporary ideals are not eternal. Ibsen's indignation was due to the fact that he could not persuade people to take his point of view, and in his individualistic intolerance he believed that his view was the right one. Unwilling to ape an age which looked to science and sociality as the redeeming features of human life, Ibsen chastised nature and challenged society because they try to prove that man is an animal whose sole aim consists in becoming social. This task of protest and repudiation Ibsen could not accomplish without throwing a little nihilistic dust into the eyes, but his genius delivers him from professional pessimism and places him among men as their friend. Writing his dramas of human life in the very years that Darwin was producing his works on biology, Ibsen is practically forced to assume the naturalistic point of view; unlike Darwin, Ibsen protests against this, and thus arraigns the world of things and men because it appears so ugly and unworthy. Ibsen is thus an artistic antidote for scientific poison; if Darwinism was bad Ibsenism will be worse, but the bitter medicine will work the cure so that the human patient who has suffered from naturalistic malaria will sit up and then recover.

When one assumes Ibsen's point of view he sees how conservative has science been. As long as science kept talking about man's physical nature science was bold and destructive; but when the ethical question was raised carnivorous science began to eat straw like the ox. The physics of science is strong and adventurous, but the ethics of science is timid and conservative, so that science

finds it dangerous to break the Golden Rule. Like Ibsen's Peer Gynt among the trolls the scientific thinker has willingly fastened a tail to his back, but when it came to a radical change in point of moral view science has emulated the example of the same Peer Gynt, who drew back. Now Ibsen is willing to suggest changes in the ethical order just as science suggested them in the physical order, and these Ibsenesque improvements are likely to be dangerous in that they will insist upon the individual; persuade man to call his soul his own. Man is more willing to believe that he is an ape than that he is an ego, and thus the world has not yet forgiven Ibsen for saying, as in so many ways he did say, "Thou art thou; man, be thyself!" Darwin was willing to postulate a magnificent struggle for existence physical, but when at last man appeared he was ready to cry, "Hold; enough!" Not so Ibsen; neglectful of the long cosmic process which has succeeded in placing man upon the planet, he is in favor of continuing the evolutionary process until man comes into his own as a thoroughly human being. Ibsen believes that man has the right to take the principle of natural selection into his own hands, and that is the reason that to most people Ibsen is worse than Darwin; that is the reason why the Darwinian monkey seems preferable to the Ibsenesque man. From the ethical point of view art is more radical than science, since art insists upon man even at the expense of nature and society. The plan which Ibsen perpetrates shows itself candidly in the three-fold division of his drama. Viewed æsthetically, this drama is so much romanticism, realism, mysticism; considered philosophically, it is religion, irreligion, spiritualism; figuratively expressed, it is the cloud, the earth, the sky. At the inception of the third period, which begins with "Master Builder," Solness stands at the top of the church-tower which he has just completed and cries out, "Hear me, thou Mighty One! From this day forward I will be a free builder—I too—in my sphere just as thou in thine. I will never build more churches for thee—only homes for human beings." To the young girl standing on the ground below this atheistic outburst sounded like "harps in the air." But, according to his own testimony, the descent was not satisfactory, for building homes for human beings was not "worth

a rap," while the Almighty whom he had flouted began to have his turn again.

The final stage in Ibsenism is thus an attempt to regain the heights which he had lost, to supplant the social home by the mystical "castle in the air." If traditional religion was forced to give way before the social and naturalistic, such practical positivism itself was none the less doomed to yield before the inrushing of victorious mysticism. In his very last play, "When We Dead Awaken," there is the same confession voiced in the words of Sculptor Rubek to his model, Irene, as in "Master Builder" the architect had confided his strivings to the ardent young girl. The lifework of the sculptor was to have been a romantic and religious statue—The Resurrection Day; but so feebly was his heart enlisted in the work that the model who had posed for him fled from the studio. Thus devoid of inspiration, the bereft sculptor turns to work of a different sort. Around the idealistic statue he places figures of men and women as he knew them in real life; praised by the public for their exact likeness to human life, they appealed to the melancholy artist as so many "respectable, pompous horse-faces, self-opiniated donkey-muzzles, lop-eared, low-browed skulls." With the reappearance of the model, who now is accompanied by the figure of religion in the form of a sister of charity, the sculptor abandons the art of the second period with the hope of regaining the heights of spiritual life. The significance of all this is not far to seek. Ibsen began with the free and lofty conceptions of "Brand," "Peer Gynt," "Emperor and Galilean," only to descend to such sordid scenes as appear in "Ghosts," "Wild Duck," "Hedda Gabler." The sacred of the first manner was too good for him, while he himself was too good for the secular of the second style; thus he attempts a rehabilitation of the original style in its spirituality, although the net result is only so much indefinite mysticism, as this appears in "Master Builder," "Little Eyolf," "When We Dead Awaken." Such an artistic swoop is not unknown in the history of genius. Raphael's three manners show how a painter can descend from the religiosity of Perugia to the worldliness of Florence only to resume his high style in the majestic art of his Roman period. Wagner was equally well acquainted with

a music which went from crest to trough and then back to the crest again. Wagner's early operas, Lohengrin and Tannhäuser, surrender their religiosity to the atheism and anarchy of the "Nibelungen Ring," just as this vicious art of the middle period yields before the final inspiration of "Parsival" and "Tristan and Isolde." In Ibsen's case this threefold movement or undulation involves much that is autobiographical. There is a sense in which he himself is the uncompromising Brand, who will have the ideal or nothing. Thwarted in this supreme aim, he accepts the disjunction, adopts the Nought as his motto, and proceeds to write the nihilistic plays which produce confusion in the godless world of things and men. Himself he likens to "the enemy of the people"; his own activities find their parallel in the young Werle, of "Wild Duck," who presents "the claims of the ideal" at the doors of Norwegian households only to find the people bankrupt. His own mood is like that of Rosmer, who is led to see that, in his apostasy, "the work of ennobling human beings is not for me." The nihilistic women, like Nora Helmer in "Doll's House," Mrs. Alving in "Ghosts," and Rebecca West in "Rosmersholm," are so many Minervas springing full-armed from his own head. Then, at last, he himself is the "master builder" who strives to regain the heights of his early period, just as he is one with the sculptor who turns with disgust from his wretched secular work to resume the onetime loftiness of an art fresh, free, and believing. In all this Ibsen does not hide his personality in Shakespearean fashion or display in a frank Shavian manner; he places it in the drama for those who are able and willing to behold it. In this veiled self-revelation, which recalls the case of Moses and the Israelites, his position in letters is solitary. Art and life, man and message, character and creator are subtly blended.

Up to the present hour, Ibsen has not received critical appreciation; blamed too much by those who fear lest the present order of social paradox be disturbed, and praised too highly by those who rejoice in disorder, the true use of Ibsen has still to be determined. Ibsen is more or less than an artistic personality; he is a force which may be directed this way or that as one best judges. Realize that the age is infested with the naturalistic and the social

and then Ibsen will seem like a ferret among the rodents, a hawk among the sparrows. Just as the skeptical Hume has the credit for the destruction of Deism in England, so Ibsen should be credited with the merit of discountenancing the positivist tendencies of the nineteenth century. Ibsen's indignation is thus an antiseptic for the infections of the times. Because of its cathartic character Ibsen's art can be called neither good nor bad, but necessary in an ethical emergency. Hence it is not a question of what Ibsen is, but of what Ibsen can do; his art is functional and operative; his ethics anti-Laodicean. Personally Ibsen was a physician, a detective, a whole commission in lunacy.

Tolstoi criticized the memory of Shakespeare because the gigantic bard was snobbish in his attitude toward the laboring-classes; because he played into the hands of crown and capital. This amounts to charging that Shakespeare was Laodicean in his want of moral earnestness, and that he took the Golden Mean of Aristotle with the result that the English conscience learned how to be so-so in ethics. It is undeniable that Shakespeare did not see fit to please Elizabethan people with the problem-play and that his psychology was not the "double edged" analysis of Ibsenism. To this charge one may strive to say, in defense of the poet, that his was an age when psychology and sociology were not dramatizable, so that it was proper for him to indulge in that noble art-playfulness by an appeal to histrionic hypothesis which suggests that "all the world's a stage." At the same time one should not forget that the Greek dramatists, who were bent upon beauty and formal perfection, refused to avoid what was the great moral problem of the day—the painful contrast between spontaneous nature and cramped conventionality—between *phusis* and *thesis*. Furthermore be it observed, in the midst of this attempt to evaluate Shakespeare and Ibsen, that the classic drama of Corneille and Racine, classic in its insistence upon Aristotelian unity and pagan in its fondness for exterior perfection, did not think it unæsthetical to introduce the leading idea of the Cartesian ethics to the effect that reason should control emotion. In contrast with Greece, France, and Norway, English drama of the Elizabethan period offers the humble plea that metaphysics and morality should not

be allowed to stand in the way of æsthetic effect, just as it suggests that art's mission is to please the senses without arousing the brain. In all this it must be plain that Ibsen, who in his own way was out after beauty and stage-effect, decided instinctively to cast in his lot with the classic school of quasi-philosophical dramaturgy instead of yielding to the temptation to produce effects at all cost of causality and conscience. Nevertheless, Ibsen was an artist as Sophocles and Euripides, Corneille and Racine were artists. Genuine characters he has and he uses, even when they do drip with doctrine. Ibsen has comedy, but the victim of the ludicrous situation is tripped up by moral logic rather than by worldly luck; in the language of his Julian, the tormented character can say, "The World-Will has laid an ambush for me." Peer Gynt, who stumbles over the scud-swept heath, is as funny as a clown in the movies, but his ridiculousness is radical and instructive. Ulric Brendel, in "Rosmersholm," is capable of antics and comical sayings, but profound like Diogenes. Indeed one might even suggest that, as Aristophanes made his best "hit" when he caricatured Socrates, so Ibsen can produce his best effects of comedy when he makes a philosopher stumble. The same high logic applies to his tragic characters, even when theirs is the terrible fate which yawns at the climax in "Ghosts," "Wild Duck," and "Rosmersholm." Truly Ibsen's world is a stage as fanciful and clever as Shakespeare's, but the antics of the characters show how nature has her puppets who behave quite as marvelously as a troupe of trained fleas. The real world, with its chaos and contradiction, was Ibsen's stage; the newspapers gave him his characters and plots, and the living conversation of men and women, which he reproduced with photographic and phonographic sincerity, supplied the dialogue and action.

Ibsen's art shows its authenticity in both his romanticism and realism; concrete things like fiords and crags save his sentiments from vapidity, while the poetic instinct never lost itself in the sordid conditions of life when life's ebb disclosed the mud-bottom of the stream. Like Stendhal, "a man of fire cloaked in ice," Ibsen could not prevent his frigid temperament from revealing the fine fires within his essential soul. While he wrote his early

dramas, which were poetical either in form or idea, or both, his Goethean fancy could not be questioned, and where the verse lacks sweetness it is not wanting in light. But in the straightforward prose-drama, which might seem to go at its subject with the grim determination of a special commission for the purpose of inquiring into the conditions of vice in a congested metropolitan district, the same lightness of touch is present, although unknown to the character which reveals it. This appears directly in the perpetual symbolism of the social plays, which show themselves to be the virtual descendants of the romantic dramas just as they proclaim that the social philosopher is still the poet. Every one of the social plays has its poetic pitfall, its parabolic image. Let it be a dancing serpent, the vision of ghosts, a burning asylum, a wounded wild duck, an ill-ventilated room, an infected water-supply, white horses, carp in a pond, a floating crutch, each thing is spiritual in significance. When Plato's Socrates asserted that everything on earth had its appropriate idea he balked at the notion that divine ideas might overshadow such paltry and ridiculous things as "hair, mud, and dirt"; but Ibsen's idealism insists that everything earthly is under the wing of its suitable spiritual principle; hence the confident symbolism.

The artistic verity of Ibsen's work will be questioned by those who have moved about in the world, attended occasional sessions at a night-court, and read magazine fiction scooped up from the street. Such will say, as did Judge Brack in "Hedda Gabler," "People don't do such things." Or with an exceptional character, like Hilda Wangel in both "Lady from the Sea" and "Master Builder," or Hedda Gabler in her own play, these practical people of the world will make use of the countryman's criticism of the giraffe, which, while he actually saw it, persuaded him of its non-existence because the rustic beholder knew of no species to which said specimen might be relegated. There is no such thing as a Hilda or a Hedda; nature's arm is so shortened, her supply of specimens so limited and her imagination so staid that she does not produce *in re* what the artist conceives *in intellectu solo*. In one's own experience one hears now and then such things as are said upon Ibsen's suburban stage, just as one's own experience will

afford him an occasional example of such "giraffes" as Ibsen selected from the herd. The trouble with Ibsen's critic, and he is found at the Carnegie library and the box-office, is that he, to be frank in logical technique, uses the concept to his own cerebral hurt. We are indeed privileged to generalize, but when we have elaborated such a concept as "man," "world," "life," we are in danger of assuming that the crescent of our actual knowledge is equal in area to the full-orbed moon whose shadowy outline we can discern in the west. Now, Ibsen leaves the inner curve of the bright conceptual crescent to make lunar excursions into the pale, gray satellite which in our twentieth-century evenings is not yet full. Ibsen anticipates according to the analogy of experience. There is no Nora Hellmer, but such a specimen of the female gender is to be; thus far she has only happened, but the future will show her willing her womanhood into being. There never was a Hedda Gabler, but there is the eternally Hedda in every woman. Brands do not apply for ministerial orders, but the future may see such men of the Brand and John-Baptist type. Balzac knew how to drive a character out of the familiar circle of human life to make it better than the good or worse than the bad; and if Ibsen was fortunate enough to find a four-leaf clover now and then it is not for criticism to say that he was lacking in veritable realism. This justification of Ibsen as artist of the beautiful and true leads to the desire to set the man aright ethically in the light of the good. The moment that Ibsen set about scrutinizing the social situation he placed himself in a position where conventionality could point the finger at him. The fallacy of all this reminds the student of logic of that old fallacy of four terms in connection with which it was contended that, as all criminal actions are punishable by law, and as prosecutions for theft are criminal actions, so such prosecutors lay themselves open to the charge of criminality. Ibsen undertook criminal action; hence we conclude that he is to be punished. This is equivalent to charging the detective with the crime that he unearths, or blaming the physician for the disease which he diagnoses. Ibsen detects and diagnoses, and then we blame him for not assuring us that our optimism is safe and sane. In particular, the anti-Ibsenite cannot

forgive Ibsen for his persistent suggestion that a man, or a woman, is himself, or herself; better it were to continue in the thought that man is relative rather than absolute, a citizen, a father, an employee, but not an ego; that woman, as Torvald Hellmer sought to remind intrepid Nora, is a wife, a mother. Now, Ibsen was never over-enthusiastic about the human ego; let that be understood, and let it be remembered that Emerson and Stirner were far more insistent than he when it came to a question about being one's self. Ibsen's Skule, in "The Pretenders," is afflicted with self-skepticism and *despectio sui;* Brand failed to achieve selfhood in the spirit as Peer Gynt failed in the flesh; Nora Hellmer accomplished no more than an intellectual victory over the social world of anti-individualism; Julian the Apostate and Rebecca West cannot assert the self in the face of renunciation. Still, Ibsen seems to believe that the individualistic experiment is worth trying; if man was never meant to be man, let us know it.

As dramatist, with the principle of contradictory forces as the basis of all tragedy and comedy, Ibsen disdains all madeup situations and decides to make use of life's major conflicts. Chief among these, as Ibsen reads the signs of the times, are the perpetual contrast between the individual and society, and the habitual conflict between present and past. His ethics, then, is not the scientific ethics of social evolution, according to which the individual slips into the social situation as snugly as the proverbial bug in the rug. No, the individual in society is a round peg in a square hole. Then Ibsen seems to regard the progressive movement of social evolution as though its speed-limit was glacial. Thus he becomes impatient, indignant, recalcitrant. Man is not here and now; man calls himself by every other name than "self"; man places himself in the past rather than the present. In a word, Ibsen's pessimism is only indignation; Ibsen's indignation is due to the fact that man's ideals do not keep up with his inner spiritual progress. The race is reactionary, the present is ruled by the past, the living are guided by the dead, and ghosts cling to us. Ibsen affirms that the life of a truth is limited to about twenty years; if this be so we are all like Rip Van Winkle in that we have

the notions that obtained before we went to sleep. In politics we must cling to the ideals of 1897, when was ushered in the McKinley-Hanna régime. We are standing pat spiritually, and are ready to persecute Galileo Ibsen for his insinuation that the earth moves. Ibsen's individualism and futurism are eccentrics which keep throwing his morale off the center indicated by conscience. Before Ibsen's day conscience had been one of the favorite themes with the dramatist. Æschylus used it to drive his Orestes around the world; Shakespeare needed it to irritate the sensitive brain of his Hamlet. It was Ibsen's fate to compose dramas after the prying, nut-cracking psychology and sociology of the nineteenth century had come to the smug conclusion that conscience, instead of being without history, or, like King Melchizedek, "without father or mother, beginning or end of days," was nothing more or less than a surviving social instinct calculated to restrain by remorse the self-assertiveness of the ego. This may satisfy science, but will it serve the purpose of art? Let conscience be called the voice of God, and Shakespeare can have his characters recite any amount of rhetorical dialogue about the terrors of this inward scourge; let the same conscience drop an octave, and Corneille can still avail himself and his art of the quivers which a violated moral reason is sure to provide; but make conscience Darwinian and social, and let the violation of this new moral sense consist of no more than disobedience to the voice social, and there will be little dramatic meaning to the bleating of the sheep. Ibsen proceeds by turning the moral tables and revolting against a "conscience" which is no more terrible than the ass in the lion's skin. Nora Helmer takes her stand in opposition to the social order for the purpose of finding out which is right, it or she. Mrs. Alving, who has seen enough ghosts, has the suspicion that conscience may be only another one of these specters. She picks at a knot of the social doctrine and the whole machine-sewn affair ravels out. Hilda Wangel, another feminine immoralist, shames her master builder for his socially "sick and dizzy conscience." Truly the times are out of joint when realistic art can find no sanction in the moral ideals which science is so ready to put forth as final.

In particular, Ibsen's individualism, which in another age

worked to perfect the character of a Saint Paul, a Saint Augustine, a Savonarola, a Luther, gets into hot water when it attempts to apply its principles, no longer in a one-ply, but in the two-ply form of the marriage relation. In his kingdom of egos it is difficult to see just how they marry and give in marriage. This situation makes the whole scheme difficult, since with English morality, if not with the ancient ethics of Eden, the whole decalogue seems to produce but one commandment of the law. We tolerate Saint Paul's views, but are distrustful of Ibsen's; but, is this fair? On the subject of matrimony Ibsen is truly provoking, but his ideals are chaste and almost practicable. That Ibsen has perplexed and provoked people on this subject is attributable to the fact that his doctrine bristles with negative quills which keep us away from his real principle. Viewed negatively, Ibsen is found decrying the time-honored *mariage d'amour* here and the *mariage de convenance* there. Nora and Torvald loved, married, and seemed destined to live happy indefinitely; Ellida became the second wife of Dr. Wangel, in "The Lady from the Sea," and for a while all seemed well. When Ibsen attempts to sow the seeds of domestic discord we are provoked with him, since there are no other kinds of marriage than those which spring from artless love and a fairly commendable sense of domestic convenience. It is evident that Ibsen proceeded according to some set plan, since in other dramatic instances he did not hesitate to consider the incestuous union of Oswald and Regina in "Ghosts," of Old Werle and his dissolute housekeeper in "Wild Duck."

Upon what plausible philosophical basis, then, could this strictest of moralists criticize and annoy wives like Nora and Ellida and tolerate such impossible brides as Regina and Mrs. Sorby? Granted that there was a certain amount of pedantry in his rationale of the marriage covenant, it is not to be denied that his major premise was pure. It was this: All marriages must be true; furthermore, their truthfulness must be recognized by "M." and "N." The Nora-Torvald and Ellida-Wangel weddings were such as to screen from the eyes of the parties concerned the essential nature of the plighted troth. Everything was all right but the brains of the respective couples. The Regina-Oswald and

Sorby-Werle nuptials had nothing to recommend them but the stark fact that the parties concerned understood what they were about to do. Everything was wrong but the brains of the candidates. Shall Ibsen draw back from his implied conclusion? No, the troth shall be the truth; here he takes his stand, and we may compare him with either Luther, with his "I cannot do otherwise," or with Goethe, when he said, "I place my affair upon nothing."

Ibsen was not constructive; but the same may be said of Socrates and Hume. Ibsen was in search for a point of view, a fulcrum for his lever. This may be said by way of praise, if praise be necessary or appropriate. To criticize Ibsen is to say that he lacked tenderness; his soul-landscape was all crag and fiord. To this bit of expostulation one may add a note to the effect that his art-philosophy was wanting in that victoriousness which accompanied another cynic and master of dialogue—Socrates. Dostoievsky was more the nihilist than Ibsen, but his art triumphed in love. Nevertheless, Ibsen's own art taught him the necessity of the love which he lacked; it taught that one should be both artist and human being.

Charles Gray Shaw.

HIS FIRST SERMON

Twenty and two years had passed since Jesus died. In the hot city of Babylon the afternoon was hotter than usual. One of the simple homes in the Christians' quarter, which section had been growing rapidly during these days of Agrippa's persecution of Christians in Palestine, contained an interesting group. First, there was in a comfortable chair an elderly man who had come very close to, if he had not exceeded, the Psalmist's allotment of "three score years and ten." His face was kindly, and not deeply cut with wrinkles. Above the soft brown eyes, inviting confidence, was his "crown of glory," a mass of long white hair. This was Andrew; "Uncle" Andrew he was called by the fine-looking young man who was another of the group and the very type of the handsome strength of youth as Andrew was the embodiment of the dignity of age. Then beside Andrew was another man, of middle life, somewhat pale, and of a thoughtful, scholarly mien. He was addressed as "John," occasionally as "John Mark." "Jonas" they all called the younger man who has been mentioned, who was not yet thirty. He was plainly the son in the household. Though far from a stripling there was something so ingenuous and boyish about his face that the word "lad," or "boy," by which he was often addressed, seemed not out of place. Looking at him during a good deal of the time with a pride that was unmistakably a mother's was the fourth person in the group, the "lady"—a beholder would easily have said, "queen"—of the home. Perhaps fifty winters had gone over her head, but they had left no snow to crown her strong sweet face. Black-haired, erect, with noble carriage and natural grace, Perpetua (such was the lady's name) lent a womanly charm and dignity to the scene in Simon Peter's house; she created that indefinable atmosphere which changes a "house" into a "home." Here, then, in Simon Peter's home in Babylon, whither he had been driven by the hateful King in Palestine, were his faithful Christian wife, Perpetua, his son Jonas, his beloved older brother Andrew (on a visit), and his admiring disciple and secretary John Mark.

Jonas, who was named after his grandfather, was saying, as they sat together that afternoon, "Tell us a story, Uncle Andrew, out of the eventful days and doings of Jesus's flesh, when you and father were going about with him so much. There must be some of the things the Master said and did before he was killed which you haven't told us yet. But even if it isn't new, tell some of the *old* story again. It grows more wonderful and sweet each time we hear it; doesn't it, John?"

"Indeed it does," assented John Mark, with a positive inclination of the head.

Andrew smiled a moment in silence. A far-away look was in his brown eyes as though he were watching in panorama the scenes of three years' companionship between the Master and the twelve. Then he spoke.

"All right, young man; since you don't grow weary with an old man's tales, listen. I will admit, Jonas, that these stories of our happy days with the Lord do not grow stale in the telling any more than in the hearing. Whatever concerns him seems to grow more wonderful each time I tell it, and now, this hot afternoon, while brother Simon is out calling on some of the poor disciples, it may be a good opportunity to relate an incident which you have never heard, I'm sure, and which it wouldn't be quite so well to tell if your father were listening. It is a story most appropriate now, too, Jonas; for I hear that within a month you will be consecrated as pastor by the elders of the Babylon church to help your father with his growing work here. We are all rejoicing because you chose this work"—at this Perpetua's dark eyes sparkled with glad assent—"but before you preach any sermon or instruct any young disciple you ought to hear about the first sermon that you preached and one great lesson you taught a group of men much older than yourself. You were too young to know about it, but you preached one day, some twenty-three years ago, a sermon which, for good permanent results, you will never excel.

"I'm talking about that day when the Lord put him in the circle of us at your house in Capernaum—remember, Perpetua? —when your four-year-old boy gave us a clinching sermon that we never forgot."

"I do recall it, Andrew," was Perpetua's answer, "and neither Simon nor I has never told Jonas about it."

"Then it is time Jonas heard about his first sermon," said Andrew.

At this promising start all in the room settled themselves comfortably to hear this fresh incident told in the direct, simple manner of the eye-witness, Andrew. Mark's face was as gleeful as though he had just come upon a precious pearl, which he was planning to add to his already valuable string.

"We had walked," began Andrew, "that day from Hermon mountain to Capernaum. It was a long and somewhat wearisome journey. Various events, some bewildering and some humiliating, had happened since morning. Your father, lad, together with James and John, had been up on a slope of the hill with Jesus enjoying a rapturous scene so indescribable that they did not mention it for months. The rest of us, at the foot of the hill, had been baffled in an attempt to cure a demonized boy for a very persistent father. You have heard of all that from Simon, of course.

"We were a strange company that afternoon, walking along the Capernaum road. Some of us were dazed with wonder, and some were disgusted with defeat and the weakness revealed. Jesus walked ahead some paces—alone, and meditative. He seemed to be pondering high thoughts. Then came Peter and James and John in a group. They had had a common experience and had seen a wonder which drew them together, and yet they talked but little. Even your father, Jonas, was unusually subdued and silent.

"But we behind were more noisy than usual, I guess. Perhaps it was the heat; perhaps the recent humiliation. But we got to wrangling among ourselves as to who would have first position in the Messiah's kingdom. We then expected that Jesus would soon be setting up a Hebrew kingdom, himself the Monarch, and his chosen ones the chief officers. We were debating the rival claims of Peter, James, and John. Some of us held that James, being a relative, would have the place of Prime Minister. Some thought that John, being earliest called, and most intellectual, would have it. And many of us asserted that your father, Simon, was the best qualified for a place of distinction, being a natural-

born leader. We waxed boisterous once in a while in the discussion, and our voices must have carried to Jesus, in the van, but he gave no sign of hearing. He just walked on, so rapt in contemplation of something high and heavenly that no earthly interest appeared to touch him.

"We reached Capernaum at last, toward sundown. You remember how thankful we were for your kind reception and good supper, Perpetua. Jonas was running around us, having a happy time with so many men come. But he spent most of his time, I recollect, not with his father, but by the chair of the Master, who seemed to draw children always, and whom I noticed on this occasion giving some dainties from his plate to Jonas. We all felt better after supper, and rejoiced, I think without exception, when Jesus got us to sit in a circle around the room and took a place himself as though he were going to give us one of his intimate talks that we loved so much to hear. But he upset the comfortable feeling of some of us right away by a disconcerting question: 'What was it you were talking about on the way down?'

"None of us were eager to tell him, for we felt, somehow, a bit ashamed already about that question of priority. But he looked around at each of us as though he expected an answer. So, finally, I mustered up courage to explain to him that we had been debating as to which one of the three most conspicuous disciples would have chief office in his kingdom. We felt, I'll admit, while he was asking us, as though he knew about it anyway, and was just preparing to rebuke our selfishness. But no word of rebuke could have pierced us as did the look of hurt and disappointment which came into his eyes as I told him the truth about the episode on the way from Hermon.

"Just then he caught sight of Jonas, who had gone out on the doorstep to feed his chickens the fragments from the table. Quickly he arose from his place in our midst, went to the door, and reaching out his hand invitingly, asked Jonas if he wouldn't come in with him a moment. Looking first at your chickens, then at your new friend, as though between two loves, you, Jonas, did decide in favor of that winsome smile and outstretched hand. Throwing your last scrap of bread to the chickens, you came in,

your hand held fast in the hand of Jesus. He led you to the very center of our group and sat down in his chair. All our eyes were upon you, wondering what this all meant, but you didn't seem the least bit embarrassed. You sat on the floor, I remember, right at his feet, and leaned against his robe as contented and unconcerned as though no one was in the room but he and you.

"Then the Master was speaking. While you, by your artlessness and your self-forgetfulness, really were the sermon, he applied it directly to us in words like these: 'Talk of place of prestige in my kingdom, men! Why, unless you get a changed view and a different disposition entirely, becoming as humble and self-forgetful as a little child, like this one here, you shall not even *enter* or get *any* place in my kingdom—say nothing of holding office there!' Then, as though he saw that the rebuke was sinking deep into our hearts, Jesus, out of sheer love for that boy at his feet, picked you up, Jonas, and hugged you, saying, 'Whosoever receives in his heart and home such a little child as this lad, and tenderly cares for him as if he were my own little friend, will really be caring for, and receiving, me; and not only me, but him that sent me.'

"You caught sight of your mother, then, slipped out of the arms of Jesus and ran to her. Without a thought of us, who were watching so soberly, or even of Jesus then, you ran to be kissed by her who was more to you than all others. But you had played your part perfectly and preached your sermon well; you had made us realize what a gap there was between your simple childlike humility and our scheming, egotistical, disloyal pride. Somehow we got a new glimpse of the sort of kingdom that the Master was thinking of, and the method of grading honors therein. And Jesus's instinctive act of affection for you, my lad, had revealed to us a new phase of the Master's wonderful heart. More of that we understood as he went on, when you were in your mother's bosom: 'Never make the mistake of slighting children or upsetting their sweet innocence and trust. The worst imaginable penalty is too light for him that robs such a little child of his guilelessness and faith. Never think that these little ones are unfit to be noticed and instructed in your work for me, for my Father has set a guardian angel over each one of these. And you, surely, will not

overlook in your hurry or "important" work the little ones for whom he has so carefully provided!'

"And that is how you and the Master," continued Andrew, "preached to us that unforgettable sermon on the way of becoming great in the estimation of Jesus, and the supreme importance of looking after the children in our work for the kingdom. I say, 'to us' the sermon came home, but there was not one of the group of twelve who was more certainly reached and deeply moved by that simple scene than your father, Simon himself. When he saw Jesus lead his little son in, a strange expression came over Simon's face. As Jonas leaned back, content, and looked up into the face of Jesus a look of something akin to jealousy came into the father's countenance. And then, when the kindly rebuke of self-seeking came, and the humble lad was made the object lesson for us ambitious men, I saw a look of deep amazement show itself in the expressive face of Peter. It was as though he were grappling with a tremendous new idea. Then as Simon saw Jesus hug *his* boy and watched Jonas dart quickly to his mother with never a glance at *him* another look of wistful jealousy showed in his eyes, as though he were thinking, 'Now why didn't my boy come running to me, and put up his hands to me?'

"You know, Perpetua, how all the emotions Simon has are written on his honest face. As I looked at him during the incident I saw that some new feelings and thoughts were struggling in his breast and that the brief sermon had touched him more deeply than any of us. And as Jesus went on with those words about receiving God in the guise of a little child, and the heinousness of causing a little child to stumble, Simon looked like a man who has been caught red-handed in a despicable act. Only once, probably, did your husband feel or look more self-condemned, Perpetua, and that was when Jesus turned and looked at him in the high priest's court after Simon had denied him thrice. But now, it was just the sight of the mutual affection between Jesus and his boy, and the piercing words on the importance of child loving and training that started a tumult of self-reproachful shame and good resolution in his noble heart.

"Now you may not comprehend it, Jonas, but it is true that

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Simon hadn't been a really loving and guiding father to you before. He wasn't the father that you know now. Not that he whipped you, or neglected you purposely. But he just didn't display affection toward you and never seemed to take much interest in what you were doing or learning. Just thoughtlessly, perhaps, he had left mothering and fathering both to his capable wife. And the new alliance he had made with Jesus, even, had drawn him away rather than nearer to his four-year-old boy. For he never had thought of you as being able to share in the great events and teachings that were a vital part of his life since he had left the nets to follow Jesus.

"Perpetua, you will admit that this unflattering judgment of Simon as a father is true. But you will more gladly confirm my opinion that Simon was another, a totally different father from that day on. His lad's behavior in the circle, and the Master's words together, worked a miracle in him. He seemed determined to capture that lad's affection for himself; and he became a chum of his son on every possible occasion. Several times when I came to see him after that I caught him holding Jonas and telling him about some experiences he had had out with Jesus. He was transformed at home, softened, humbled, humanized, by this endeavor to win his boy to himself. And, you know, the closer he got to his boy, the clearer did he seem to see that real worthwhile greatness was, as the Teacher had said, in becoming 'converted back' to a childlike spirit. He confessed to me one day, a few months after the episode in the house, 'I am learning big lessons from that little lad of mine, Andrew, in regard to the qualities which Jesus exalts, such as humility, unselfishness, directness, and candor. I have decided to take a course in child nature, specializing in simplicity and humility, with my son as chief instructor. I've discovered sermons in *him,* Andrew, better than those in the synagogue, in books, or in stones or stars. He has preached many of the most winsome and persuasive, since that first one when the Master introduced him to all of us, and particularly to me, in our house at Capernaum.' "

At this point Perpetua took advantage of a pause in Andrew's recital to corroborate the story, and add: "It is all perfectly and

wonderfully true, brother Andrew. And I, perhaps, better than anyone else knew and rejoiced when Simon became a father in fact as well as name. I was not jealous, but I rejoiced when I saw the boy running to him after that, and as content in his arms as he had been in mine. But it never was so until Simon saw Jesus holding his boy, and heard him saying, 'To receive such a little child is to receive me.' He had never thought of holding or kissing his son, except as a formality, till Jesus taught him that. And, do you know, from then on he seemed bent on making of that boy a noble little disciple of Jesus. He seemed to almost forget his commission to catch *men* in his anxiety to catch and hold that little boy alive and true for Jesus. The thought of how he had neglected loving and teaching Jonas seemed to overwhelm him sometimes like a great crushing remorse for sin. One night, a few days after Jesus had been with us, he sat beside me and saw a prisoner led off to death by drowning, and said to me, with his own impulsive abruptness, 'It is a mercy that I didn't bring on myself the penalty that Jesus spoke of when he said that those who despised little children, or caused them to err, ought to be drowned with a great mill-stone around their necks. Wasn't it kind of the Master to set me right on that matter before I had gone any further in neglecting and misleading my son! How blind I was in those days, Perpetua, to be tramping around with Jesus everywhere in hope of seeing and understanding Jehovah better, when in loving and leading my own boy in the way of Jehovah I might have enjoyed the presence of the Lord and felt his Spirit. Just lately, wife, I have discovered that in this sturdy little lad we have a veritable Immanuel—God with us—and I never knew it before! Perpetua, if, as Jesus said that day, while he and Jonas taught us, God has appointed angels for each little child, who report to him on the safety and happiness of the little ones, we would better be very careful in our part, and attend to the earth end of this wonderful business of guarding the God-cherished ones. He needs us on earth, I think, as much as he needs the angels in heaven, to look after the children that he sent his Son to save.'

"So now you've heard, young man, how your father was

changed into a *real* father for you. You have a different father to-day, and you are a different young man, because of the sermon which you, all unwittingly, preached by your sweet humility and unspoiled charm when hardly more than a baby. Jehovah only knows how many other strong men have had their conception of greatness in Jesus's kingdom revolutionized by your lowly seat on that floor at Jesus's feet that day, and how many other fathers have found their own little boy or girl the bright star to guide them straight to the presence of God. Jonas, you may produce some great sermons in the days of ministry ahead of you, but I question whether you will ever deliver a more eloquent or far-reaching one than your first."

Perpetua and Jonas, who sat nearest the window, had both seen something outside, by the rays of the setting sun, which had set aglow a new light of happiness in their eyes. In fact the son was headed for the street door, and as he went he said to Andrew:

"Excuse me, uncle, but I see my good father coming home. He walks as though he were a bit tired out by his labors among the brethren this hot afternoon. I'll go to meet him. Whatever he was before that day which you have told us of, he's my father now, and a perfect one. I do not believe that any of you chosen twelve learned the lesson better, or has earned, by self-effacing devotion and humble ministry to others, a place nearer to our Lord in his true Kingdom of Glory. I'm going to meet my father."

John Leonard Cole

METHODISM IN HAWAII—AN EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

Two Hawaiian orphan lads, whose parents had been killed in one of the numerous civil wars of their country, persuaded the captain of an American trading vessel to allow them to take passage with him to the United States. This was in the year 1808. A year later they landed in New York, utterly unacquainted with the city and the manners and customs of the people, and also ignorant of the degraded moral influences of those portions of the great city frequented by sailors. They quickly yielded to vices of which they never had dreamed, and sooner or later would have been ruined by them but for the kindly interest some Christian people took in their welfare, making it possible for them to be sent to New Haven, Connecticut, for education. They had not been long in their new home till they embraced Christianity, and soon were fired with a lively zeal to have their people receive the blessings of Christian civilization. It is highly probable that these Hawaiian lads were responsible for the impetus given to the missionary movement which changed the customs and habits of the people of Hawaii from the most degraded forms of barbarism to those characteristic of the most enlightened Christian nations.

It was not difficult to find men and women who were not only willing but anxious to brave the dangers and uncertainties of the long sea voyage, as well as the new and strange moral conditions of the people of the Hawaiian (Sandwich) Islands, in order that they might take to them the gospel of Jesus Christ. On the twenty-third day of October, 1819, the brig Thaddeus sailed from Boston having on board the first company of missionaries sent out by the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions. That very year witnessed the birth of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which event American Methodism will celebrate during the year 1918. Among those composing the group of missionaries were two ordained clergymen, a physician, two school teachers, a printer and a farmer, besides a number of

Hawaiian converts who were returning to their people, as zealous followers of Christ, to do what they could in advancing Christian civilization among the inhabitants of the islands. The shameless manner in which Captain James Cook, the discoverer of the islands, and his men conducted themselves toward the natives is the only explanation of the distorted reports that finally reached the civilized world concerning the character and habits of the people. Could the world at that time have known how Cook and the men under his command outraged womanhood and took the meanest advantage of the well-meaning natives in matters of trade they would not have branded them "cannibals" and "savages." They were given to many barbarous practices, including human sacrifices and infanticide, but cannibalism was regarded with horror and detestation.

Upon their arrival, the missionaries found but one race of people awaiting their message of the Divine Christ, and the eagerness with which they received it proved beyond all question that for the Hawaiian Islands it was the "fullness of time." A survey of the rapid development of the islands from this time to the eventful year when they came under the guardian care and protection of the Stars and Stripes is most interesting. In the many changes that took place the elevating and uplifting influence of the missionaries and the gospel they preached was the molding and dominating factor that determined momentous events. As early as August, 1853, petitions were signed favoring annexation to the United States. This was not to be accomplished, however, until some years later. A treaty of annexation was signed at Washington, June 16, 1897, but because of some uncertainty as to its ratification by the Senate a joint resolution, as an extreme measure, was introduced by Senator Newlands of Nevada and passed the Senate by a vote of 42 to 21, and the House of Representatives by a vote of 209 to 91. This resolution was signed by President McKinley July 7, 1898. The good news was received in Honolulu with great enthusiasm on the thirteenth day of July, 1897, and on the twelfth of August, 1898, the formal transfer of sovereignty was made and the flag of the United States was raised over the executive buildings with appropriate and impressive cere-

monies. In his History of the Hawaiian People, W. D. Alexander states that "as early as 1848 the American Board had prepared to retire from the Hawaiian Islands as a missionary field, and to organize a self-governing and self-supporting religious community there to carry on the work which had been begun. The greater part of the property held by the board on the islands was transferred to its missionaries, the government giving them titles to their land in fee simple. No more missionaries were sent out from the United States, but as fast as possible churches were formed and placed under the charge of native Hawaiian pastors. In 1863 Rev. R. Anderson, D.D., foreign secretary of the American Board, visited the islands to assist in the execution of this plan. Four island associations were organized besides the Hawaiian Evangelical Association for the whole kingdom, which consists of native and foreign clergymen and lay delegates. This latter body elects an executive board, called the Hawaiian Board, which manages both home and foreign missions and disburses the funds contributed for these objects. Since then the American Board has merely acted the part of an auxiliary, and not that of a controlling body, and the places of the American missionaries have been gradually filled by native Hawaiian pastors."

This statement is not only accurate but authentic. It is the Hawaiian Board that is directly perpetuating the noble and self-sacrificing labors of the early missionaries, and its work is a magnificent monument to the missionary enterprise of the church. The church buildings, schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions under its direction call forth the admiration of all who have had the privilege of seeing them.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ORIENTAL

It is highly probable there were no Chinese in the Hawaiian Islands at the time of Captain Cook's visit in 1778. Had there been any he doubtless would have made it known. On this question he is absolutely quiet. It is also just as certain that the Hawaiians at that time knew nothing of the Chinese, for their records make no mention whatever of their presence in any of the islands prior to the arrival of Captain Cook. Europeans had not

long been there before they realized that the islands possessed large commercial possibilities. The large quantities of sandalwood found in all the islands made possible an immense export business with China, where this wood was eagerly sought for religious as well as for commercial purposes. Because of the large quantities of sandalwood used in China the people of that country have called the Hawaiian Islands "The Land of Sandalwood." It is therefore in all probability the sandalwood trade that induced the Chinese to visit the islands. In the course of time they married Hawaiian women, and it is worthy of note that during the Hawaiian monarchy about seven hundred and fifty Chinese were naturalized. Of those who expatriated themselves, some married into the very best Hawaiian families, and many of their descendants are now classed among the patricians of the population. Previous to the annexation there were many of the nobility who were unashamed of the strain of Chinese blood that coursed through their veins. In the public schools on these islands to-day sixty young ladies of Chinese parentage are employed as teachers. To their credit be it said that the Chinese who married into Hawaiian families established, almost without exception, the reputation of being good husbands and kind and loving fathers, utterly devoted to their homes and interested in every movement that made for the uplift of the Hawaiian people. After a few years the supply of sandalwood was exhausted and attention was given more and more to the development of the sugar industry and the cultivation of large tracts of land for the purpose of growing rice. The Hawaiians were unable to perform this labor, and the result was that in 1852 a request was sent to China asking that a number of coolie laborers be sent to the islands. The coolies responded to the call, and according to the census of December 7, 1866, there were at that time 1,200 Chinese in the entire Archipelago. They continued to arrive in increasingly large numbers until 1881, when the market for this class of labor was so overstocked that an order was issued forbidding the arrival of any more Chinese. A little later they were again permitted to enter, but for only a comparatively short time, for in 1886 a law was passed forbidding any Chinese to land who had not a passport issued in proper form and

duly viséd by an Hawaiian consular official. The ordinary coolies were not permitted to enter under any conditions. When the islands came under the control of the United States the exclusion laws became effective, and since that time no Chinese laborer has been permitted to enter Hawaii. Unless the Chinese now living in the islands were naturalized as Hawaiian subjects prior to 1898 they cannot leave the Territory and enter any other part of the United States.

The exclusion law relating to the Chinese entering Hawaii is not only an injustice to the Chinese but is detrimental in every way. In these islands the Chinese do not come into competition with American laborers, and there can therefore be no conflict. There is at this time a worthy effort being made to secure special Federal action making it legal for 30,000 Chinese, their wives and legitimate offspring to enter the territory of Hawaii. Chinese labor is needed for the rice industry and for assistance in stores, markets, and offices of Chinese merchants. At one time there were more than 30,000 Chinese in Hawaii, but their numbers have been decreasing until now there are only a few over 21,000. In appealing to the Federal Government for this special action "The United Chinese Society of Honolulu," through the president, Mr. Yee Yap, well says:

> The Chinese are not the only Asiatic people here, there are Koreans, Siamese, Burmese, Malays, and Japanese. The latter are the most numerous, having a population here of over 91,000. If none of these Orientals are interfered with, why should the Chinese be? We are law-abiding and have no desire to enter into or meddle with the affairs of the government. All we ask is to be treated the same as people of other Oriental nations. Is it justice to single out the Chinese for exclusion? We fear this has the effect of lowering China in the eyes of the world. . . . And situated as these islands are, 2,000 miles from the American continent, there is not the slightest danger of competing or conflicting with white labor, and where there need not be any discrimination of nations of Oriental birth or origin, but on the contrary, by the admission of Chinese laborers the rice industry will again take its place of culture and progress. . . . Land once under cultivation will again be put to its former use. Other lands, now wastes and swamps, will be acquired, and from this imports and exports beneficial to the Federal Government.

If the Federal authorities should pass this legislation as a special labor act it will have a very beneficial effect upon problems not

included in nor restricted by questions relating to labor. The increase of imports and exports resulting from such legislation would be very great and in the end would prove beneficial to the whole country.

There were no Japanese in the islands prior to 1875 and during the years immediately following. It was not until 1884, which was the year when the great powers of the world began to consider seriously the propriety of removing Japan's extra-territorial disqualifications, and to entertain the plea that Japanese subjects should be accorded equality of treatment with the peoples of America and Europe, that the Mikado's government consented to allow the natives to emigrate to Hawaii. At the end of 1884 there were only 116 Japanese in all the islands of the Hawaiian group, but by the end of 1890 there were 1,200; by 1896, 24,000; by 1900, over 61,000; by 1910, they had increased to 80,000, and to-day number more than 97,000. For some years after the annexation of Hawaii to the United States the arrivals in Honolulu from Japan greatly exceeded the departures. Conditions changed, however, and for several years the departures have exceeded the arrivals. This was the direct result of the so-called "Gentlemen's Agreement" entered into within the last decade by diplomatic representatives of the governments of the United States and Japan. While this agreement decreased the number of male Japanese arriving from Japan, it greatly increased the number of Japanese women who arrived to become the wives of the Japanese who remained in the territory. This is one of the main reasons for the rapid increase in the Japanese birth rate in Hawaii. There are now in the territory of Hawaii a few less than 5,000 Koreans. There were more than that many Japanese babies born in the islands last year. Dr. W. H. Fry, who as superintendent of the Hawaiian Mission is rendering the service of a Christian statesman, says concerning the remarkable increase of Japanese in Hawaii:

> Many thousands of these young people are approaching legal age. Two thousand of them were entitled to vote at the recent general election. The native Hawaiian now holds the balance of power in politics, but according to present indications this power must soon pass into the hands of Hawaiian-born Japanese. They cannot be deprived of their rights of

citizenship and will not submit tamely to any enactment of legislation looking toward the disfranchisement of American citizens of Japanese descent. The Japanese in Hawaii are in the forefront of every useful occupation and are usually the successful bidders in all competitive building contracts. It is not difficult to see that within fifteen years all the municipal offices may be filled by an alien people.

Any thoughtful person can plainly see that, in view of the rapid changes and developments that have taken place in Hawaii immediately before and since the annexation, problems have been created which may in their national aspects bulk larger and larger in the years to come. According to the Governor of Hawaii's report, June 30, 1916, the estimated population of Hawaii is 228,771, exclusive of the United States military forces, divided as follows:

Japanese	97,000
Hawaiian	23,770
Portuguese	23,755
Chinese	21,954
American British German Russian	16,042
Filipinos	16,898
Part Hawaiian	15,334
Porto Rican	5,187
Spanish	3,577
All Others	5,254
Total	228,771
Army and Navy (approximately)	11,000

In this list, as published by the governor, there is no mention of Koreans. There are less than 5,000 Koreans in the islands, and unless included under the heading "All Others" they should be added to the total population. If it is possible to add the Korean population to the number reported by the governor, there are, including the army and navy, not less than 244,771 souls in the Territory of Hawaii.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND FUTURE LEADERSHIP

The work of the Methodist Church in Hawaii is confined to the Japanese, Korean, Filipino, and American residents of the

islands. The Rev. L. L. Loofbourow is the efficient and successful pastor of the First (English) Methodist Church of Honolulu, the only English-speaking Methodist congregation in the Territory. The past year was one of the best in the history of the Mission. The reports show that we now have 1,811 members, a net increase of 467 over the preceding, and 267 enrolled in preparatory membership. The mission contributed $1,260 to the benevolent enterprises of the church. The percentage increase was 34.8 in membership and 40.6 in benevolences. The Filipinos made the greatest gain. One year ago there were 50 Filipino members of the Methodist Church, while this year, on account of a very remarkable revival, there are 363 members in full standing and 47 probationers in training for full membership. The greatest problem confronting us is the education of our people and the training of our future leaders. The educational problem at this time bulks larger than any other. The Buddhists for years have been carrying on a far-reaching educational propaganda and they were never more active or successful than now. If the Japanese of Hawaii are to be saved from the blight of Buddhism it will be on account of the broad-minded statesmanship of the Christian forces of the islands uniting on an interdenominational program of education that will adequately meet the needs as well as the demands of the young Americans of Japanese descent in the Territory of Hawaii. In doing this they would also minister to the many other races who make their homes on the islands of the mid-Pacific.

For a number of years the Methodist Church has carried on a very commendable educational work among the Korean boys. For some time this work has been fraught with increasing difficulty. There are not more than 5,500 Koreans in the entire Archipelago and their numbers are decreasing every year. They do not respond to the gospel appeal as readily as they did when they first came to Hawaii. This may be a sad commentary on the moral conditions by which they are surrounded, but it is nevertheless true. The largest enrollment at any one time in the Korean Boys' School during the past year was 81, and of this number six were Filipinos and 21 were Japanese. In other words, there were only 54 Koreans in the school during the entire year. It should be

stated that the Japanese were "day scholars," and that they did not live at the compound but attended classes during school hours. In view of the fact that there is a very good public school near the compound it was deemed best to send the boys there during the coming year and give them the use of the compound as a dormitory. Under capable and godly Koreans they will be given their religious training in our school and will be cared for by reliable Christian people. By this plan the money that was used for the support of four American teachers is released and can be applied to the development of other phases of the work.

The Susannah Wesley Home, under the direction of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, and the Korean Girls' School, under the management of Dr. Rhee, have permanent locations and are planning to enlarge their work. The educational work of these schools is necessarily restricted to the lower school grades and their equipment for modern educational work is very inadequate.

Concerning the educational work of the Methodist and other churches in Hawaii it was the writer's privilege to have a number of conferences with those having in charge the interests of what is known as the Mid-Pacific Institute. This institution has been in existence for many years, has a large active endowment and is thoroughly Christian. It can never be anything else. It is fathered by the Hawaiian Board, although its policies are directed by a separate board of trustees. Realizing how difficult and expensive it would be for the Methodist Church to establish an educational institution of her own in Hawaii, and also realizing how unwise in these days of denominational cooperation it would be to establish a school that would be a competitor of the great Mid-Pacific Institute which is doing such admirable work, the following tentative plan has been proposed by the Board of Directors of the institute through the president, Dr. Robert D. Williams:

1. That the Board of Managers of Mid-Pacific Institute be increased to include a certain number of members to be elected from the Methodist Episcopal Church.

2. That the Methodist Episcopal Church give up their other educational work in the islands, and throw all their energy into the educational interests of the Mid-Pacific Institute.

3. That we then together study the plans for the future development

of the institute and proceed to erect such buildings and provide for such equipment as may seem to us all to be most essential for the growth of the institute. Such buildings being either a new high school building with modern equipment or a new preparatory school building, including the work from the primary grade at least through the sixth grade, and probably including all the work of the grammar school through the eighth grade.

4. That Mid-Pacific Institute furnish the land, which it now possesses, for the new buildings. That the Methodist Church provide the larger share of the money for the erection of the necessary new buildings, Mid-Pacific Institute raising possibly a third or a fourth of the amount, the exact amount to be agreed upon later, and that the Methodist people afterward join with us in contributing a certain amount toward the total running expenses of Mid-Pacific Institute.

5. This plan would then mean that it would be common enterprise up to this point; there being no portion of the work that would be called distinctively Methodist and no part of the Institute which we would say belonged to us. We would all, as a board, together be interested in every department.

6. The Methodist Church would then be given the privilege, if it desired to do so, of organizing a religious training school as a separate department of Mid-Pacific Institute for the training of its own workers for Methodist work on the islands, we to have our own religious training school should we so desire.

This whole plan is simply a proposition made to the Methodist Church by Mid-Pacific Institute, and it must be admitted that it is a very generous one. Whether the Methodist Church will be big enough and broad enough to meet such a proposition remains to be seen. One thing is certain, and that is that Methodism in Hawaii has not a very bright future unless she enters at once upon an educational program that will be in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age.

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THE SHAVIAN ETHICS AND PHILOSOPHY

There is no man in public life to-day harder to analyze than George Bernard Shaw. A new play of his appears, and at once you will find dramatic critics of equal ability declaring that it means opposite things. Plenty of people will tell you that Shaw has ethical standards while others will say that he has none whatsoever. By many he has been considered positively irreligious and a menace to the morals of Christian orthodoxy. He has been called a Schopenhauer pessimist, a Nietzschean disciple, a spiritual iconoclast. One learned critic says that his philosophy is largely Nietzschean, while another says he got none of his philosophy from Nietzsche. So this is a problem which one might well approach with fear and trembling as to the validity of his final conclusions, unless spurred on by the intellectual pleasure to be found in plunging into an enigma where one man's opinion seems to be worth about as much as another's. The chief basis for such a study is the four plays of Shaw that are the best known in America: The Devil's Disciple, Cæsar and Cleopatra, Man and Superman, and Androcles and the Lion. Before examining these the fact should be noted that those who see one of Shaw's plays and those who read it—with the preface—are almost sure to get a different idea about it. It is a safe rule to apply that no production of Shaw's is thoroughly understood without a careful reading of the preface, a part of his work to which he ofttimes gives more space than to the production to which it is attached.

In considering the ethics of George Bernard Shaw the first enigma one runs across is the apparent contradiction between Shaw's personal ethical standard and that of his plays. He, himself, is an ascetic of uncompromising moral standards. This fact ought to put us on our guard at once to look for something beneath the surface of his plays. The Devil's Disciple appeared in 1896. There is no doubt that underlying the play there is a thrust at eighteenth century New England Puritanism. But to the ethics of the hero we can certainly find little objection. If the religion

of his mother was God's religion he would have none of it. In fact it was his craving for religion that sent him to the other source, for he wanted the opposite to the kind with which he was familiar. The culmination of the plot is when this reprobate, so called, the devil's disciple, willingly offers his life for Anderson, the minister. What was his motive: love for Mrs. Anderson, or lust, if you please? No! Shaw makes him declare that he did it because it was "the law of his nature," and that he would have done it as quickly for any stranger. To illustrate how people so many times fail to grasp the real idea of Shaw we only need to recall the presentation of this play in London. Shaw was in Constantinople at the time, and when he returned he was astounded to learn that the director of the play had Dudgeon slip behind Mrs. Anderson and kiss her hand as he went to trial—evidencing by this interpretation that he thought the motive of sacrifice was love. Shaw at once burst into print with a denunciation of this interpretation. This is only one of many examples where the public has failed to see the thing Shaw intended, or at least hoped, it would see.

Cæsar and Cleopatra appeared in 1898. This is one of Shaw's few attempts at an historical drama. He deliberately attempted to make the characters human and he admirably succeeded. In the preface he warns those who read the play expecting something sensuous that they will be disappointed. Cæsar shows throughout the play justice, moderation, and leniency. When some subordinate reproaches Cæsar for so easily overlooking some affront to Rome Shaw has him reply with this indictment of civilization: "And so to the end of history murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand."

This brings us to Man and Superman, which was published in 1903. This is the most brilliant of all Shaw's productions and is well worth any man's time to read. With the personal ethics of John Tanner, who, we are given reason to know, simply reflects Shaw's ideas, we can certainly have no quarrel. Austere and ascetic like his creator, also like him he holds all sorts of unaccepted and unacceptable notions regarding marriage, sex relations,

government, etc. But it is hard to quarrel with a man's theorizing as long as he is propriety itself in his conduct.

With the ethical standards of the heroine we will feel compelled to dissent. In giving her this standard Shaw is perfectly consistent if we remember what the purpose of the play is. Its purpose is a double one. First, it gives Shaw an opportunity to state in a most brilliant manner his doctrine of God as a Life Force. Secondly, it reflects his recently awakened interest in Eugenics. It would not be quite proper, according to our present standards, for Ann Whitefield to practically force herself on Tanner, yet the impulse causing her to do it is the same one which caused Richard Dudgeon to be willing to lay down his life for another. According to Shavian philosophy both acts were divine in their impulse.

When we come to Androcles and the Lion, which appeared in 1912, we have the play which has caused more discussion in the church than any of Shaw's other productions. Sir Oliver Lodge has pronounced it "profoundly religious," while Professor Slosson calls it "Shaw's most frivolous and serious play." On the other hand many people denounce it as blasphemous, and Daniel G. Lord, a Jesuit, devotes a long attack to it in the Catholic World, taking the view that it is a "contribution to the literature of unbelief." In discussing the ethics of this play we cannot dissociate it from its philosophy. What was the philosophy back of martyrdom? Let Shaw answer:

> *Captain:* "A martyr, Lavinia, is a fool. Your death will prove nothing."
>
> *Lavinia:* "Then why kill me?"
>
> *Captain:* "I mean that the truth, if there be any truth, needs no martyr."
>
> *Lavinia:* "No. But my faith, like your sword, needs testing. Can you test your sword except by staking your life on it?"

In response to the captain's suggestion, that to offer herself in the arena is to offer herself for violation by the rabble and riff-raff of Rome, Lavinia replies: "They cannot violate my soul. I alone can do that by sacrificing to false gods."

Then the dialogue continues with what I consider a fine piece of religious philosophy:

> *Captain:* "Sacrifice then to the true God. What does his name matter? We call him Jupiter. The Greeks call him Zeus. Call him what you will as you drop the incense on the altar flame. He will understand."
>
> *Lavinia:* "No. I couldn't. That is the strange thing, Captain, that a little piece of incense should make all that difference. Religion is such a great thing that when I meet really religious people we are friends at once, no matter what name we give to the divine will that made us and moves us. Oh, do you think that I, a woman, would quarrel with you for sacrificing to a woman god like Diana if Diana meant to you what Christ means to me? No; we should kneel side by side before her altar like two children. But when men who believe neither in my God nor in their own—men who do not know the meaning of the word 'religion'—when those men drag me to the foot of an iron statue that has become the symbol of the terror and darkness through which they walk, of their cruelty and greed, of their hatred of God and their oppression of man—when they ask me to pledge my soul before the people that this hideous idol is God, and that all this uncleanness and falsehood is divine truth, I cannot do it, not if they could put a thousand cruel deaths on me."

Later, when the Captain asks her for what she is going to die, Lavinia answers: "I don't know. If it were for anything small enough to know it would be too small to die for. I think I am going to die for God. Nothing else is real enough to die for.

In the light of what has just been given, how can we account for some of the other characters of the play—Spintho, for instance? Lord insists that Spintho's apostasy is accounted for because Shaw made him lack physical courage. The impression the play leaves on me is that he lacked both moral insight and moral courage. Further than that, I believe that in this character Shaw takes a fling at those Christians who are inclined to glory in their past misdeeds and to assume that they have all been blotted out. McCabe takes the view that Shaw in "Androcles and the Lion" meant to commend the early Christians, but could not resist the temptation to humanize them. The philosophy of this play is summed up in Ferrovius, and whether we like it or not we might as well face it. Ferrovius, an armorer of gigantic stature, has been converted to Christianity. His great temptation is his

temper, which will get from control, and he resorts to physical force. Before entering the arena he is offered a place in the Prætorian Guard by Cæsar if he will renounce his faith. Once in the arena the old nature gets uppermost and single-handed he slays six gladiators. He is applauded and acclaimed by the populace and he emerges from the combat ashamed and stricken in conscience. Again Cæsar offers him a place in the guard, and in his speech of acceptance Ferrovius states the philosophy upon which all Europe has been acting, the philosophy upon which we are going to act; in fact, the philosophy of Christendom unless we dissociate philosophy from deeds:

> "In my youth I worshiped Mars, the god of war. I turned from him to serve the Christian God; but to-day the Christian God forsook me; and Mars overcame me and took back his own. The Christian God is not yet. He will come when Mars and I are dust; but meanwhile I want to serve the gods that are, not the God that will be. Until then I accept service in the Guard, Cæsar."

Now turn to the preface and see whether we are justified in attributing to Shaw any such views as have been stated above. In the preface to the play, Shaw says: "There is no way out of the world's misery but the way which would have been found by Christ's will if he had undertaken the work of a modern political statesman. The political, moral, and economic ideas given to the world by Jesus Christ are not only sane, but sound, and can be put into practice." He goes on to say that he thinks it is time to give Christianity a trial.

Shaw's ethics of sex have been most widely and consistently denounced. He has been called an apostle of free love and everything else of the sort. Let him answer all these critics himself. In the preface to Cæsar and Cleopatra, entitled Better than Shakespeare, he says: "Let realism have its demonstration, comedy its criticism, or even bawdry its horse laugh at the expense of sexual infatuation, if it must; but to ask us to subject our souls to its ruinous glamour, to worship it, deify it, and imply that it alone makes our life worth living, is nothing but folly gone mad erotically—a thing compared to which Falstaff's unbeglamoured drinking and drapping is respectable and rightminded. Whoever, then,

expects to find Cleopatra a Circe and Cæsar a hog in these pages had better lay down my book and be spared a disappointment." In reply to the Joint Committee on Censorship, which had just barred one of his plays, Shaw wrote: "The immoral act is not necessarily sinful but is whatever is contrary to established manners and customs." This is typically Shavian. And Shaw is correct, for the content of moral and immoral is a changeable one. Shaw's use of the word "sinful" as meaning something quite different from "immoral" would imply his recognition of a higher law than convention. The whole difficulty with Shaw's system of ethics is whether with his philosophy of life there can be any "ought" for any man. In theory the answer would be, No. In his personal practice it is, Yes. What his philosophy is, out of which this grows, we will now consider. It is a revolutionary one, or has been at times, at least. The philosophy he holds now is not the one he held years ago, which supposedly is true of all of us. It can be understood only if we see some of the stages of thought through which Shaw has passed.

The revolutionary principle early began to assert itself. As a boy the ideas of God and heaven he heard presented in the family church in Dublin became intolerable, and as a result he quit attending church at ten and did not go to church again until he was thirty. When he was nineteen Moody and Sankey visited Dublin (1875) and after their stay there Shaw wrote a letter to Public Opinion in which he said that if the preaching to which Dublin had been listening was religion he was an atheist. At twenty-three Shaw became interested in a Rationalistic group who were followers of Mill, Huxley, and Spencer. At twenty-six he happened to hear Henry George and he became convinced at once that the theory of single tax was a cure-all for the economic wrongs of the time. But a year later (1884) he read Karl Marx's Das Kapital, and he says, "From that hour I became a man with some business in the world." At first he associated with the Social Democratic group, but in 1884 he was introduced into the Fabian Society, which had just been organized, and he found this more congenial. He was now given active literary work with the society, and the next step in his development was that he soon became an Anarchist

(he is yet, in his antagonism to moral and educational authority). This was the period, about 1884, when Socialism and Anarchism were nearly synonymous. This phase of his development ended in 1891. He was, then, thirty-five when he wrote The Impossibilities of Anarchism. His former leanings that way were due to lack of economic knowledge, as was the case with the whole Socialistic group. He now entered on several years of serious economic study which left him with the philosophy which we find in his plays. In this there has been practically no change in twenty years. It is plainly set forth in the preface to "Three Plays for Puritans" and the preface to Major Barbara:

> "What is wrong with the prosaic Englishmen is what is wrong with the prosaic men of all countries: stupidity. The vitality which places nourishment and children first, heaven and hell a somewhat remote second, and the health of society, as an organic whole, nowhere, may muddle successfully through the comparatively tribal stages of gregariousness; but in the nineteenth century nations and twentieth century empires the determination of every man to be rich at all costs, and of every woman to be married at all cost, must, without a highly scientific social organization, produce a ruinous development of poverty, celibacy, prostitution, infant mortality, adult degeneracy, and everything that wise men most dread. In short, there is no future for men, however brimming with crude vitality, who are neither intelligent nor politically educated enough to be Socialists. . . . Churches are suffered to exist only on condition that they preach submission to the state as at present capitalistically organized. The Church of England itself is compelled to add, to the thirty-six articles in which it formulates its religious tenets, three more in which it apologetically protests that the moment any of these articles comes in conflict with the state (the world) it is to be entirely renounced, abjured, violated, abrogated, and abhorred, the policeman being a much more important person than any of the Persons of the Trinity. And this is why no tolerated church . . . can ever win the entire confidence of the poor. It must be on the side of the police and the military no matter what it believes or disbelieves; and as the police and military are instruments by which the rich rob and oppress the poor . . . it is not possible to be on the side of the poor and of the police at the same time. Indeed the religious bodies, as the almoners of the rich, become a sort of auxiliary police, taking off the insurrectionary edge of poverty with coals and blankets, bread and treacle, and soothing and cheering the victims with hopes of immense and inexpensive happiness in another world, when the process of working them to premature death in the service of the rich is complete in this world."

But after all it isn't his economic philosophy which gives us

trouble. It is his moral philosophy. In this there are two fundamental realities: (1) Life-Force. (2) Matter. The first pervades the second and we have the beginning of living forms. Then came a long period of evolution during which the Life-Force advanced, unconsciously but by native impulse. Shaw is willing to call this Life-Force God, and as he identifies his will with the Life-Force he identifies God and Man. He disdains reason. Will or impulse is the primary or true expression of supreme force. This power must be an ever-advancing one, going on to higher levels. Man's highest work is to cooperate with the Will of God—the Life-Force. In all this probably the point at which most of us would feel compelled to differ would be a preference for an intelligent directing force to the evolutionary process rather than an unconscious force acting on native impulses.

In the development of his philosophy Shaw reaches conclusions which are not far removed from accepted Christian teaching. In Act III of Man and Superman he has Don Juan say, "I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence, or clearing the way for it." And this from the preface of the same play: "This is the true joy of life: The being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." Would it be surprising to state that Shaw comes near believing in the Christian doctrine of the immanence of God? Going outside our four plays, look at this piece of dialogue from Major Barbara; when Cousins says to Undershaft, "You have no power. You do not drive this place; it drives you." "And what drives the place?" Undershaft replies, "A will of which I am a part." But this is stated perhaps more plainly in a debate which Shaw had a few years ago with the Rev. R. J. Campbell: "If my actions are God's nobody can fairly hold me responsible for them; my conscience is mere lunacy. . . . But if I am a part of God, if my eyes are God's eyes, my hands God's hands, and my conscience God's conscience, then also I share his

responsibility for the world; and wo is me if the world goes wrong." Shaw's God is the Life-Force which, as far as we know, has reached its high-water mark in man. What it will be in the future only the future can tell.

Where did Shaw get this unusual philosophy? McCabe says Shaw landed on this shoal by attempting to steer between Christianity and Rationalism. One of Shaw's most friendly interpreters is Holbrook Jackson, who says that Shaw's method is in the nature of a Puritan reply to the paganism of Oscar Wilde. Jackson goes on to say:

> "Rightly understood, Shaw's gospel is universal, and none the less so because it is eclectic and has been assimilated and selected by one of the most able and distinguished minds our nation has produced from the thought of the most powerful and original of modern intelligences. Schopenhauer, Richard Wagner, Friedrich Nietzsche, Henrik Ibsen, and Samuel Butler have all contributed material to augment that gospel of reality which Shaw has preached with so much original eloquence and wit. The Eighteen Nineties were largely indifferent to the high and bewildering purpose of this teaching, although it is not easy to imagine an atmosphere better suited for its development either on the part of its creator or of his possible followers. It was reserved for the new century to recognize Shaw's great gifts by wide discussion and much protest, and it is certain that protest will die down when the ripe sanity and easy common sense of purpose is seen through the satiric diablerie of the mask he chooses to wear."

How correct is Jackson's statement we can see from a statement by Shaw himself in the introduction to Man and Superman:

> "It may seem a long step from Bunyan to Nietzsche, but the difference between their conclusions is purely formal. Bunyan's perception that righteousness is filthy rags, his scorn for Mr. Legality in the village of Morality, his defiance of the Church as the supplanter of religion, his insistence on courage as the virtue of virtues, his estimate of the career of the conventionally respectable and sensible Worldly Wiseman as no better at bottom than the life and death of Mr. Badman; all this expressed by Bunyan in the terms of a tinker's philosophy is what Nietzsche has expressed in terms of post-Darwinian, post-Schopenhauerian philosophy; Wagner in terms of polytheistic mythology; and Ibsen in terms of mid-XIX Century Parisian dramaturgy."

Is Shaw a Rationalist or Materialist? Again we will let him answer. In his Quintessence of Socialism, published in 1891, he makes this attack on Rationalism: "Theologians may well retort

that perhaps the conclusions of an Ecumenical Conference of learned and skilled churchmen might be more trustworthy than the first crop of cheap syllogisms excogitated by a handful of raw rationalists in their sects of Freethinkers and Secularists and Positivists and Don't Knowists." One gets an idea of the intellectual independence and courage of Shaw when one remembers that in his phrase "a handful of raw Rationalists" there is included half of the ablest scientists and philosophers of the preceding century and a half. More recently (1898) in a letter to the press Shaw has said: "But I am contemptuously and implacably antirationalist and antimaterialist." He goes on to call certain rationalistic thought "the revival of tribal soothsaying and idolatrous rites which Huxley called science and mistook for an advance on the Pentateuch. Rationalism is a system of syllogism worship with rites of human sacrifice." Shaw further declared that Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, and others of the same school were the most mischievous seducers of mankind since Torquemada and their doctrines of evolution the most devastating influence that has ever fallen on human thought. This is such an unusual position for an anti-Christian to take that it suggests the query, Is Shaw, after all, a Christian? Recently, because of his association with Rev. R. J. Campbell, of City Temple, this question has been raised from time to time until Shaw felt compelled to answer it in public in usual Shavian fashion: "I loathe the mess of mean superstitions and misunderstood prophecies, which is still rammed down the throats of children of this country under the name of Christianity, as contemptuously as ever." This statement probably accomplished all that Shaw intended it should; that is, shock a lot of conventional folks out of their conventional beliefs. The quotation already given from the preface of Androcles and the Lion gives us a far more satisfactory answer to our question.

What is Shaw, then? we may well ask. He certainly is not a Rationalist, neither is he a Christian in any conventional use of the term. I think we have an answer in a term that we find applied to him by many writers, one of them being Professor Edwin E. Slosson, who in a series of articles in the Independent, on the Twelve Major Prophets of To-day, included Shaw in the

list. A prophet! How well does the title fit him? Here it is interesting to note that Shaw seems to so classify himself. In the introduction to Man and Superman Shaw says: "Even atheists reproach me with infidelity and anarchists with nihilism because I cannot endure their moral tirades. And yet, instead of exclaiming, 'Send this inconceivable Satanist to the stake,' the respectable newspapers pith me by announcing 'another book by this brilliant and thoughtful writer,' and the ordinary citizen, knowing that an author who is well spoken of by a respectable newspaper must be all right, reads me as he reads Micah, with an undisturbed edification from his own point of view." This serves simply to show that Shaw feels that his writings are no more understood by the casual reader than are the revolutionary teachings of Micah by the average conservative rector, and so Shaw would seem to qualify on one of the requirements of a prophet: he is misunderstood. Then, again, he has a mission. There is no doubt of that in his own mind nor in the mind of anyone who has read many of his works. Stated briefly it is this: Using England as an example and a target to thereby seek to jolt people out of their self-complacency; to make us dissatisfied with the present discrepancy between our religious beliefs and our practices; to make us see the glaring sin of worshiping a national God; in short, to try to make us think by shocking some of our conventional ideas.

In carrying out this mission he has run true to prophetic form in (1) over-emphasizing some parts of his message; (2) in knocking down the scaffolding he also pulls down some of the permanent structure; (3) in his absorption in his message and mission his perspective is not the broadest possible. It is interesting to read the following comment by a Roman Catholic priest: "Of course Mr. Shaw errs; all prophets have erred. Angered by religious deceits and moral humbug, he at times, with what seems to be a cynical pleasure, flouts truths which are fundamental to the Christian revelation. One does not seek to defend him here. One sees where indignation loses all restraint; where, irritated beyond further endurance, reservation is flung to the winds, when beholding the religious moralist professing the truth and practicing corruption under the imagery of its truth. This is to be deplored.

Yet far greater prophets have lost their tempers and sadly erred; but because the prophet errs it does not follow that the prophet is false." Shaw himself says, "Construction cumbers the ground with institutions made by busybodies. Destruction clears it, and gives us breathing space and liberty." While not agreeing with this in its entirety we must admit that it is hard for a certain type of religious mind to grasp the elemental fact that one can break the conventions and keep the commandments. On this phase of his work, Duffy, whom we have quoted before, says: "So he cuts down to our rather Pharisaic division of society into the good and the bad, and frankly reminds us that all men are both potential scoundrels and potential good citizens; just as many of our morals, in the possession of which over others we glory, are just social habits and circumstantial necessities. Thus he disturbs our treasured peace and self-complacency, troubles the waters of mere contentment with things as they are, beats down the walls of convention, and shatters the ideals of self-delusion by baring the motives. And this is essentially the work of the prophet; he is preeminently and historically a disturber of the peace."

Despite Shaw's caustic wit and bitter pen he is admired by various groups of people without being fully accepted by any. "The serious nucleus of Shaw's followers consists of Socialists, Rationalists, Ethicists, Humanitarians, and contingents from other advanced movements. In each of these cases the admiration is sectional and restricted. Socialists greatly admire his 'Municipal Trading' and generally smile at his equality of income for babies. Rationalists and Ethicists applaud his anti-Christian utterances and smile at his strictures of themselves. Antivivisecters, antivaccinators, antimilitarists, vegetarians, teetotalers, etc., speak admiringly of him as 'one of us' and shudder at his blasphemies and his disdain for marriage. Congregationalists are proud of his patronage and shocked at nine tenths of his opinions. What the real extent of his influence is in this heterogeneous and conflicting body it would be difficult to say. One is tempted to say that he is applauded because he agrees with them rather than that he is regarded as a master."

How to account for a character such as Shaw is a question

which interests many people. Given by birth the temperament of an ascetic, the vision of a prophet, and sincerity to an unusual degree, we would expect some such reaction against the religion he heard emphasized in his youth. The impression this religion made on him he has told us in the following: "The Christian God is a frightfully vindictive old gentleman sitting on a throne above the clouds and heaven is a sort of bliss which would bore any active person to a second death." Such gross misrepresentation of God and heaven has driven many a man out of sympathy with the church. And yet to say that he is not a Christian is something that I cannot bring myself to do. In the light of the high idealism which shines through essay and drama; remembering his personal morals and character, which leave most of us naked and ashamed in contrast to him, I feel that we had better go slow in shouting, "This man blasphemeth." For if history has taught us anything it has taught us that many a man who has been thus denounced is appraised by a later age as the clearest-visioned and finest-spirited man of his time. We can do no better in closing this study of Shaw than to quote Professor Slosson: "If I were to sum up Shaw in two words it would be that his distinguishing characteristics are courage and kind-heartedness. The sight of suffering and injustice drives him mad, and then he runs amuck, slashing right and left, without much regard to whom he hits and with no regard at all to who hits him. He is, like Swift, a cruel satirist through excess of sympathy. If Ibsen is right, that 'the strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone,' then George Bernard Shaw is not to be ignored."

Hubert Phillips

MILITARY PEDAGOGY

FOR three years civilization has paused while we have had a parade of barbarism suggestive of Armageddon or the dark ages. For the forty years previous we reiterated to ourselves that the last great war had occurred; that wars were too expensive, too destructive, and that men had grown too civilized to tolerate them longer. *Homines credunt id quod volunt,* said Cæsar, and we were merely professing to believe that which we wished were true. In an hour our hopes perished, and universal peace, like a righteous world and immortality, was pushed beyond the horizon and we became co-partners and mourners in a world of war. We are now penetrated by several facts that were the sure precursors of the war, and for which some settlement must be had if the struggle is not to be renewed at a date thought to be advantageous by one of the contending forces. These facts are the civilization-long rivalry between the land and sea trade routes, the progress of democracy, and the militant spirit of Christianity. Not until each of these questions is settled with the tacit acquiescence of all parties concerned can the United States safely refuse to maintain national military efficiency. This, in our opinion, is in large part a problem for pedagogy, rather than of billions for an army and navy out of the public purse.

First let us face frankly the age-long struggle between the land and sea trade routes. So far as we know civilization began in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris. Villages for whose model the villages of India to-day will suffice passed on to each other their simple gatherings of food and their rude manufactures by way of barter. Thus began the pathway between the villages which reached southeast and northwest along the valley. Bussora-Babylon-Bagdad was the first great inland city, built up by the tradesmen and wares of the youth of the world. Then the village chain reached to Damascus—the oldest city in the world that has perpetuated itself on its first site. Thence north and west ran one path of trade till it reached the ancient Byzantium. Meanwhile

what had happened in the Euphrates valley happened in the Nile valley, only in this latter case the outlet was by sea. They even transported their primitive commerce across the Suez peninsula by carriers and embarked them on caravels little more than rafts. The trade crept up the east coast of the Great Sea, and it was this sea route which crowded the long docks of Tyre and the great wharves of Sidon with bales of merchandise. Participation in this trade was evidently anticipated for the tribe of Asher, with its mountains filled with cedar out of which to build ships, its fertile plains for agriculture, and its sea shore for launching a world-wide trade. Damascus doubtless reached down to the sea route, so that her prosperity and power were because she was contiguous to both. Athens was on the sea route, and the trireme and the sea route won supremacy at Salamis. Rome was on the sea route and so was Carthage, and the struggle for the control of the sea made the wars of a thousand years before the Christian era. The ascendancy of Athens blanketed the importance of Byzantium, but when Athens became decadent the land route resumed its importance. Venice, that was on both, flourished beyond compare, and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was nothing but the passing by of trade. Hemmed in by the mountain barrier to the north, she could not control it and she decayed for lack of it. Austria, the villages of Germany, and the forest fastnesses contained the trade route to Britain and Scandinavia when the dark ages closed. Then something again happened to civilization: the mariner's compass was discovered, and the sea route grew great again. The Portuguese pushed around South Africa and carried the produce of the Orient by sea. Spain grew great, for she was on the sea route; so did England, and the defeat of the Armada gave England her primacy on the sea. This that we call the Great War, like most other wars, began as a fight for trade. It is a struggle for mastery—yes, but mastery of trade. Canada is primarily on the land route. So was the United States, but by building the Panama Canal it has taken its place on the sea route. Whether we like to face it or not, our country is allied with Russia, Germany, Turkey, and Canada, as belonging to the land route, and with England, France, and Japan

as on the sea route. Armageddon is at our doors; America is in the Valley of Decision, and if only trade were determinative we should settle the question as we give our allegiance.

But Democracy is influential in a decision as well as trade. England up to the beginning of this war endured an hereditary House of Lords and still tolerates a monarch—who is practically a figure head. The ride of the German royal family down Unter-den-Linden and the Kaiser, after a maid had wiped the railing, coming out on the war office balcony and declaring war is typical of Autocracy. The five days' debate in the Commons before England went in on the side of the Entente allies her with Democracy. The abdication of the Czar records the transfer of Russia to the Entente—not the treaty of forty years ago with France. Japan, Germany, Austria, and Turkey remain autocratic. England, France, Russia, Italy, Brazil, Cuba, and the United States are democratic. Recently a cartoon in the Des Moines Register by the famous Ding sketched a picture of the Czar in a barber shop. His hair had been cut, his crown was on the floor, with bits of the royal regalia scattered about, and N. Romanoff was looking into the glass to observe his appearance as a private citizen. The Kaiser, with upturned mustache was looking in at the door, and asking, "Am I next?" The barber is democracy. Valiant and victorious it has stepped from the creeping centuries and now looks out upon us everywhere. Cromwell, Napoleon, Rodiazanko are its terrible prophets. The fatuous indifference of monarchs and nobles, who are supposedly at the top of humanity's pyramid, to the great multitude at its base is inexplainable save on the basis that they are crazed with authority and drunk with power. They apparently live in lordly ignorance of the flux below. Like the archaic type of Ungulate, the tapir, which has continued substantially unchanged, while the horse of the same ancestry has made its evolution through the ages, certain types of men seem to remain unchanged. Occasional glimpses behind the curtain suggest that there is five hundred years between David Lloyd George and King George V, and the leadership they offer England. There are a thousand years between the Kaiser and the men who have made modern Germany. Sadly enough we remark that all the Bourbons

do not live in France and Spain. The present foreign minister of the Kaiser with his stupid offer to Carranza, proposing that he be permitted to take certain States of the American Union in exchange for his alliance and help in a campaign along our southern border, would seem a grade below Bourbon—quite significantly tapir. Let us try to believe that there are more horses in the world than once there were, and that it grows harder for the tapir. It is the twilight of the king. Just as America could not abide half slave, half free, the world cannot endure both Autocracy and Democracy. It will cease to be divided. The President's address to Congress was but a thinly veiled appeal for the democracy of Germany to overthrow the House of Hohenzollern. The one condition of peace whispered about diplomatic pour-parlers is that Deutschland become either a limited monarchy or a republic. Mortality of monarchs will increase, not decrease, and Japan, even though an ally of America, may face an end of regiments kneeling about the imperial palace at Tokio worshiping the Mikado. Trade interests allow us to choose either land route or sea route—Central Powers or the Allies. But Democracy, wistful, wonderful, is constitutionally blown, soul-blown in our breed, and President and Congress make from necessity the irrevocable choice.

There is a third strand interwoven into our need for preparedness, namely, the militant genius of Christianity. Our religion has allied itself with the strongest races—with those that have force and courage in their blood. And little animadverted upon, perhaps even misunderstood, is the Mohammedan hegemony in the Central Powers. The single fact that the land trade route is held for half its distance by these alien religionists has rallied all Christian power against the land trade route. Christianity and Mohammedanism both are missionary religions and both assume themselves to be Catholic. Neither is used to compromise. Nothing less than Catholicity will satisfy either. A Hadji in Cairo once said that millions of the Faithful in India and North Africa would die for the Koran, but admitted sadly enough that the munitions of war were in the hands of the Christian Powers. Christianity will not forgive the Kaiser for the complacent way

in which he allowed his ally the unspeakable Turk to outrage, butcher, and starve a million Armenians. Some things may be pardoned him on the ground of military necessity, but this traffic in prostituting Christian protection by furnishing it to these Mohammedan wantonings is the unpardonable sin. All that may be said of a house divided against itself, whether applied to slavery or Democracy, is equally true of Christianity. Just as the children of Israel were commanded to cut off and drive out utterly the inhabitants of the Promised Land, so Christianity grants no quarter, expects none, and the church still sings, with a diapason of reality,

"The Son of God goes forth to war."

Now if the rivalries of trade and the progress of Democracy were not sufficient guarantee that "war will die out late," this militant religion—ready to beat idols into rubbish heaps, standing abruptly against the Mohammedan in treatment of women, possessed of martial equipment, able to control the diseases of all climates, and in alliance with science and education—would itself echo the words of Jesus, "I came not to bring peace but a sword." We need to realize that the battle of nations on the outskirts of Egypt, in India, Persia, Armenia, and the Balkans is the battle of religions. The Mohammedans have not been sea-faring people. They have always been grouped with the land trade forces against the sea. America is in the Valley of Decision but Christianity is in the hour of its testing. The hymn called "Masons' Lodge," by Carlyle, may well have import at this crisis of the world's choosing its God:

Stars silent over us,
Graves under us silent,
Choose well; your choice is
Brief, but yet endless.

As in this view these are the certain occasion of future wars, and for some centuries we are to have the arbitrament of force, America needs to become instantly prepared and constantly to maintain military efficiency. There are the good wars of Democracy and Christianity and to some of them America must go. As a discussion of the methods by which preparedness is to be accom-

plished let me propose, instead of heaping up quantities of munition and military stores and building fleets of huge battleships soon to become obsolete, the system of universal training in use by the Swiss; real military pedagogy. This is on the basis of universal liability to service. And first let us distinguish between the words "warlike" and "military." The first imports into the definition the attitude of some autocratic head bent on aggression, and willing to use the results of training and the power of preparedness for deplorable ends. The second word belongs in the group with engineering husbandry, architecture, and other words of technical import. The Swiss use the word with this latter meaning. They have developed an admirable system. They begin in the grades, and in the first year drill by squads at recess and learn the evolutions of this primary unit. There is not the slightest interruption of their school work: it is the recess-and-exercise part of their training—mobilizing their athletics. Next they learn the evolutions for a company; then they take battalion drill on Saturdays; learn to take a gun apart, and are required to make a certain number of targets in the shooting galleries and ranges. Then they have hikes, and camping-out musters, and are assigned to infantry, cavalry, miners and sappers', ordnance, or quarter-masters' department. When the grades are finished they are through until, at twenty-one years, they are summoned for five weeks' maneuvers, and after a second and third year they are graduated into the reserve. There is no interruption of school or gainful occupation, and while following the ordinary routine of life the Switzer is trained. The education is significantly more, in my judgment, than the equipment. Equipment may be manufactured in three months, six months, or a year, but men can be trained best as boys. Nor is it to be feared that he will forget. The technicians scout the study of Greek, and would put it out of the curriculum by saying that the student will forget it. Well, some of us have forgotten the language of our childhood, but we profited by it first as we did by the breakfasts of forgotten mornings on whose nutriment we thrived and grew our physical frames. The German system makes greater demands upon its young men, and takes three years that boyhood needs if there is to be a memory of boy-

hood and that manhood requires for gathering the roots and tendrils of ideals, vocation, and family.

Nothing would more surely profit our Democracy. The advances in education when itemized are seen to be almost exclusively individualistic. Instead of keeping the sense of proportion between the molecule and the mass we have lavished our methods of training upon the individual. The race grows swifter, the competition keener, and we have assumed that the stronger the individual the greater his capacity to win for himself and for us. Following the master morality philosophy of Nietzsche, unintentionally, no doubt, the whole trend has been to make a masterful individual. We have missed the lesson of the baseball diamond, that an aggregation of "all star" players needs "team work." We keep open a chance to reach the top believing that a man with such a chance will be less likely to try to pull the top down to his own level; but with the great low level of laboring men who might possibly be disturbed with even such an experiment as a minimum wage law, and the thousands of the tapir class living in luxury without earning anything, we have not yet begun to concern ourselves. Night schools, vocational education, and agriculture and domestic science, fitting for occupations on the farm and in the household, expend their initiative on the individual. The only attempts at education in larger units are the baseball team, the football squad, reprobated by a certain type of citizen, the Boy Scouts, the regimental formations of half a dozen universities—where the men are trained to march together sufficiently in column to serve as an escort for the Governor should he come to the institution—and finally the army and navy. We have discounted military training as having war as its only objective and, by virtue of the very preparation for it, leading to war. There has been much misunderstanding. But it ought to be said that the efficiency of German scholarship, of German trade, the productiveness of German invention, and the magnificent colonizing ability of the Germans and that final coherency which makes the vast empire a single national entity, is because of long years of training in large units. No less a military authority than General Leonard Wood, for four years Chief of the Staff of the American

army, and the equal of if not himself the first military educator of the world, quotes an increase in efficiency in the French youth, by reason of their two years' military training, as anywhere from fifteen to thirty per cent. One cannot but deplore the decline of the military companies which formerly constituted such an important feature of even the Methodist colleges and academies. The land grant schools still maintain them, but the word efficiency cannot be predicated of any one of them.

How to secure this training in large units is a national objective. Our men do not know how to picnic together, much less live together in camps. The army, at first thought, seems the readiest school at hand. Our military history points several morals. The disgraceful surrender of the city of Washington in 1815, for lack of cohesion and ability to cooperate in companies, when there were two Americans on the defensive to each Englishman in the attack, would justify serious consideration of the enforced military service of every young American for one year. Similarly our experience in the war with Mexico—the best-conducted war that the United States ever made—showed the Mexicans lacking in cohesion, divided into factions, and unable to cooperate for the national defense. Education might have changed the result in each case cited, but this is all aside from the wish to give dignity and respectability to the army as a great educational process.

The nation does not need a large standing army, but should have what might properly be called a large Reserve; men who, with as little interruption as possible in the work of life, have been taught to live together in camp, to act in regimental and brigade formation—exactly what the French, German, and Austrian reserves are; lacking, of course, much of the machine perfection, but maintaining in an even larger way the initiative and organized power which could, if required, cooperate to dig a Panama Canal, outline and build a World's Fair, as well as become an army of national defense. Leon Jean Juares, one of the foremost advocates of universal peace in Europe and an organizer of the anti-militarist spirit in France, who opposed war against Germany for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine and who lost his life for having opposed the increase of the enlistment term for the

French soldiers from two years to three years, was challenged by the French Minister of War as to his alternative proposition. He responded promptly by a proposal that the term should be reduced to one year instead of being increased to three. M. Juares attracted the attention of the world through the action of the German Government in debarring him from speaking in Berlin to the Social Democrats of Germany. And yet this very proposal of this foremost leader and orator of the Socialist party has in it the basis for a military training meeting the demand for education in larger units, which would cause the least economic disturbance and only a brief interruption in the labor, agricultural, business or professional career of young Americans. No sufficient answer has yet been forthcoming, and the French revival of a three-year enlistment, probably justified by the threats of war, was a retrograde rather than a progressive educational policy. Juares needed to be answered, not assassinated. It is a fair question whether all our collegiate training, for example, ought not to be supplemented by requirement on the part of the general government that every college man, some time during his course, should spend, if not a continuous year, three or four vacational seasons in military camp such as is now held each year at Berkeley, Ludington, and Gettysburg. These young men from the high schools and colleges are taught the rudiments of military formation and life, and by reason of their education in mathematics, language, and science could be prepared in vacation periods to become officers of the great American reserve which ought to be established. It would not make these young men the equal of the graduates of West Point or Annapolis. Men from those great institutions must remain specialists, but it is not impossible that more than these specialists could be provided by these institutions. Moreover, it is economically more profitable to spend millions on education such as would issue in a year's enlistment of at least a million young men annually in the United States army than to spend our money on war equipment. The recruiting should be by selective draft. Just as the development of water power, building railroads, diversification of crops, and schools for agriculture and manual training are of inestimable value in the Philippines, so the enrollment of every

young Filipino in some public military organization, with service compulsory for a year, would be more defense to the islands against inroads of Japanese or Chinese than all the fortifications and coast defenses which any sane government could be expected to undertake. Now what is good for the young Filipinos would be good for all young Americans. Following their year of service, which ought to be properly paid for by the general government, including sustenance—or, as the army calls it, "forage"—for a second year they could be required to meet as a reserve for two weeks, and thereafter, whatever their occupation in life, by registration of their residence they would be ready for any emergency, either of strikes, mobs, floods, or for national defense. The government experience in the Philippines seems to invite a year of compulsory service there, and no such educational opportunity remains unoccupied as could thus be placed at the disposal of a million young Americans every year. In twenty years what a difference it would make in the walk of the average American. Dining recently with a company of military men, with judges, professors, and business men of the highest standing, one could not fail to notice how the eight military men sat and deported themselves. The rest of us sprawled. Then take the training in temperance; one could almost wish that all young Americans were compelled to serve in the navy under the restrictions that obtain concerning alcoholic liquors. The plain talks by regimental surgeons to which the army students at Gettysburg, Ludington, and Berkeley listened last summer, on questions of vice and sex, would be of inestimable value. Then if it were regarded as a year's vacation, as it would surely come to be regarded, and the mingling of young men from the cities and the farms could be secured, and the rich man's son and the laborer's son be brought into personal contact like the sons of the French nobility and the French laborers, they would come to love each other more, understand each other better, and become more thoroughly inwrought into our democracy. Then to it all should be added that it is a patriotic duty; not for war but for efficiency, for understanding the national impulse and for transmuting into fact the national endeavor.

Our democracy is confronted by a situation, not by a theory,

In some providential or humanly unforeseen way new requirements have been put upon our military necessities. Hawaii is the key to the whole Pacific Coast littoral, and one half of all the soldiers who are stationed outside of the forty-eight States which compose the American Union are quartered there. As a matter of garrison duty Porto Rico, Panama, and Guam make large demands upon our military forces. In the Philippines we are engaged in such an adventure as the world has never known, and we must either argue down our old antagonism to a standing army or in some way modify the plan so that we may insure the maintenance of our borders properly guarded and defended against the will and caprice of arbitrary rulers, whether as occupants of monarchical thrones or as the heads of wild revolutionaries. Why should not the United States of America send 50,000 new men each year to the Philippines as a matter of education? Why should not another 50,000 be sent to Porto Rico, to the Panama Canal, and Guam? Why should not another 50,000 be sent to Hawaii—not because anybody is to attack us there, but because our youth need to know how large is America, how small is the world, and to get that horizon which economy, discipline, and participation in affairs, as well as education, afford? The ore of the Messaba range, simply by scooping it up and shipping it on a scow for one thousand miles, becomes three times as valuable per ton. Men expand also by being thus dug out of pettiness, provincialism, and humdrum. Such an educational program would be vastly more valuable even as a political expedient than the dredging of unnavigable rivers and the deepening of ponds for private enrichment of neighboring lands. It is for educators to seriously prepare to help forward rational plans for the development of a great national educational system under army auspices. It is a sure method of ending in the country a military class. Reenlistment would thus be abolished for all comers save those who have it in them to rise from the ranks and become specialists after the class of the West Point educated men. Desertions would end at once.

Edwin A. Schell.

"HAY PHILOSOPHY"

I HAVE a friend who laughingly dubs "back-to-the-soil" enthusiasts "paper farmers," and I must own up to being included among the select spirits characterized by that gentle irony. To speak bluntly and at once, I am the happy possessor of a farm and proudly count myself a member of the noble brotherhood of farmers. Perhaps I would better call myself an agriculturist rather than a farmer, for, as a humorist has pointed out, there is a difference. "A farmer," he says, "is one who gets money *out* of his farm, while an agriculturist is one who puts money *in*."

There is something about the country that is contagious to the man who lives open-souled to God; for every man, deep down in his heart, has an instinct to get back to the soil. And I know, from the glad experience of the years, that the fields and hills make for the healing of men's souls. The man who spends his life amid the turmoil and fever of the city, without having a soft bit of soil to put his heels into or a green thing to cultivate and see grow, is to be pitied, for he is missing some of the sweetest and wholesomest things in life. Every man who is to live to his best and highest needs ample spaces and a large outlook. A clergyman, calling upon a cobbler who lived in a little, cramped room, studied the limited quarters for a moment and then asked, "Don't you feel imprisoned in this little place?" "O, no," answered the cobbler, "I just open the door," which opened toward the sea. "When I open that door and look out over that great sea I can come back to my boots again." It is the far look, the wide horizon that the soul needs for its largest development. "The real peril of the age," says Professor Peabody of Harvard, "is the possibility that among the engrossing interests of modern life there shall be no outlook; no open window of the mind, no holy city of the soul, the shutters of life closed, the little things crowding out the great ones, and the soul all unaware of the sunshine and landscape which lie at its very door. That is the practical materialism which curses American life—the shut-in, self-absorbed, un-

spiritualized, unhallowed life; the life without ideals; the windows toward Jerusalem closed and barred, and the man within so busy that he has no time to look out to any distant tower of a sanctifying thought."

But to come back to the farm. It is set in the choicest spot of northern New Hampshire; like Jerusalem to the old Jew beautiful for situation, and girded round by the everlasting hills, the majestic "White Faces" of the north familiarly called the White Mountains. How I love those noble mountains! They are like old and trusted friends. Though months may intervene since last I saw them, there they are on my return, always the same, unchanged and steadfast, ready to give me a glad welcome to their ample hospitality. To be among them is like the joy and camaraderie of a select group of trusted and congenial spirits. Many a time I have stood bare-headed when the morning was young and the dew on grass and leaf sparkled like jewels in the sunlight, or in the late afternoon when the lengthening shadows touched the mountains with velvet fingers, transforming them into purple plush, while from out the silent wood the hermit thrush sang his liquid song twice over—"lest you might think he never could recapture that first, fine, careless rapture"—and felt my heart strangely moved and my soul hushed into reverent silence by the ravishing beauty of it all. And I have understood what the poet meant when he wrote:

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts.

How calm and restful the mountains are! and how they take the fever out of the soul like the cooling touch of a mother's hand on the fevered brow of her sick babe. How they call us away, from all that is small and narrow and mean, up to the best and highest that is in one!

"Father," asked an inquisitive boy, "what do they mean by gentlemen farmers?" "Gentlemen farmers, my son," replied the father, "are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats." The only thing that saves me from this gentle satire is the fact that I do raise something besides my hat—I raise hay. Have you

never "hayed"? Then you have missed one of the rarest experiences of life. To be present at the early, noisy bustle; to see the horses driven a-field with the mower; to watch the tall grass fall in silent, graceful waves before the clicking knives; to drink in the odor of the new-mown hay; to sit with the hay-makers under the cooling shadow of a wide-spreading tree at the noon hour; to help "pitch on" the load; to lie at full length on the top of the swaying hay, and come straining and stamping into the barn; to see the stalwart farmer, with shirt open wide at the throat and with ceaseless banter, throw off huge fork-fulls of the fragrant grass until the fork-handle bends under the weight—if you have not seen this, and been a part of it, you have not tasted one of life's sweetest joys. I love it all; and happy the days when I could go into the fields with clean hands and pure soul, singing merrily a snatch of the old English song:

O the pitchers and the rakers,
And the merry hay-makers,
And the beautiful mid-summer's sky."

"Jay," who did my haying, was the best hayman in the town and was noted as a driver. "Jay knocks too much hay down," his neighbors say of him. "He takes too many chances. If it rains, he's got a big lot of hay out." Jay makes answer: "The way to hay is to hay. How're you goin' to get hay in if you don't knock it down? My plan is to go ahead and knock it down, and then if you get a good hay day, you can get it in. The man who is afraid to cut his hay because the weather looks bad never has it ready to get in if the day comes off good. When you're hayin' the only thing to do is to keep a' hayin'. Many a time I've got my hay all in before the other fellows have begun." Jay had acted on this policy and had "knocked down" two of my best fields as he quit work for the day. On the morrow he would get it in. As night set in there were growing indications of a storm and I went to bed troubled over the outlook. I awoke early in the morning with the instinctive feeling that all was not well and a hasty glance out of my window confirmed my fears. The fog lay heavy in the valleys and the clouds hung low and threatening half way up the mountains. There was not a break to be seen anywhere,

as I anxiously scanned the dull grey heavens. "I hope it will burn off," I said to myself as I walked out into the open to get a wider look, "but I fear we are in for it." Presently I heard Jay come down the road hallooing at his team and laughing in a boisterous, merry fashion that instantly put heart into me. "Well, Jay," I greeted him, "what do you think of it?" "O, you can't tell much about these dog days," he answered; "it looks pretty bad, but I wouldn't be surprised if it burns off when the sun gets up a little higher." Then as he unhitched his team and made ready for the morning's work he fell to philosophizing in the quaint New England fashion. "The only thing to do when you're hayin'," he said, "is to hold your head straight up and talk sunshine. Don't think of rain, but keep a hayin', and when it storms run to cover." A pretty good philosophy for life as well as for haying, I thought as I left him and went in to breakfast. "Hold your head straight up and talk sunshine."

Here is a gospel as well as a philosophy. The Christian optimist is not a cheerful idiot. He is not blind to conditions. He may stand under a sunless sky, while the clouds lie thick and threatening, but, unlike the pessimist, he does not lose heart. No man is down and out until he gives up. The sun may hide itself to-day, but it will shine clear again to-morrow. Faith that is rooted in the goodness of God is buoyant. It keeps singing even if it is only in an undertone. "Hold your head straight up." Do not go through life with the halting step of a defeated man, but with the swinging stride of a victor. "Talk sunshine." Let your aches be voiceless, and with the light of an unconquerable soul in your face go smiling and brave to the day's task. Live on the sunny side of life, so that every soul that touches yours may feel the thrill of a new impulse to nobler things. There are brave, buoyant spirits among us who carry sunshine with them wherever they go and whose shadow always falls behind them. They go through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side. Sunshine is about their hearts. They bear their burdens cheerfully, not repining or fretting, and struggle manfully onward gathering up such flowers as lie along their path. They put the world in their debt and are the Lord's true helpers

and healers. It is worth much to the world to have a disposition that carries with it sweetness and courage, hope and joy. The man whose nature is large and luminous, who holds his head high and talks sunshine, cheers and helps his fellows. He carries with him an influence that acts upon others as summer warmth on the fields and forests. It wakes up and calls forth the best that is in them. It makes them stronger and braver and happier. Such people oil the bearings of life and make right living easy. An editorial note in a Boston paper years ago ran like this: "It was a gloomy day yesterday, with overhanging clouds and pattering rain and clinging mists; but Phillips Brooks walked down Newspaper Row, bowing here and there to his friends, and the day was all sunshine." George Macdonald tells in one of his stories of the close of a stormy day in Scotland, when the low-lying clouds and clinging mists rose slowly over moor and fen, and a woman accompanied by a small laddie walked out to view the sunset. As in silence they watched the clouds lift and the dying sun paint, with fingers of gold, the billowy clouds and light the western sky with iridescent glory, the little fellow looked up into the woman's face and said: "Auntie, when I grow up to be a man I'm going to help God paint the sky."

Harry H Beatty

A NEGLECTED FORERUNNER OF LUTHER

In one of Luther's letters, used afterward as an introduction to the Farrago of Wessel Gansfort, occurs this striking statement: "If I had read his works earlier my enemies might think that Luther had absorbed everything from Wessel, his spirit is so in accord with mine." This was written apparently in 1521, only four years after his publication of the famous Theses on Indulgences, and the year after he had dramatically signified his defiance of ecclesiastical authority by burning the papal bull. In other words, the writings of Wessel came into Luther's hands just as he was beginning his career as a reformer. The encouragement which they afforded him in the confirmation of his newly formed convictions may be inferred from this passage which follows the statement quoted above: "But now my joy and courage begin to grow, and I feel confident that what I have been teaching is the truth, since he, living so long ago under another sky in a foreign land, and amid circumstances so diverse from mine, is in all things so consistently in accord with me—not as to subject matter only, but as to the very words used." The writer concerning whom these statements are made was a Dutch scholar of the preceding century. A group of his writings, in manuscript, had been brought to Luther's attention by Dutch sympathizers with the Reformation cause. These writings dealt mainly with such matters as indulgences, penance, and ecclesiastical authority, the very subjects upon which Luther had just taken such positive stand at such imminent peril to himself and his friends. He had felt, as he says in this letter, that he was alone in his "fight with these monsters of indulgences and pontifical laws and so-called theology." Now he realized that others had been engaged in the same combat, and he rose from a reading of these treatises, not only with a new confidence in his own convictions, but with the determination to give these writings of this, to him, hitherto unknown scholar as wide currency as possible. Consequently he brought them at once to the attention of his fellow Reformers, and advocated their im-

mediate publication. This resulted in their appearance in several editions during the next few years. It is to the Wittenberg edition, issued in 1522, that the letter above quoted was prefixed as "An Address to the Christian Reader."

It is inevitable that the approaching four hundredth anniversary of the beginning of the Reformation should awaken interest in the men who prepared the way for Luther and his colleagues. For it is now generally acknowledged that the forces that brought about the religious revolution of the sixteenth century were much more complex than was formerly supposed. A change so widespread and permanent in the life of Europe is not to be explained by the restoration of apostolic emphasis upon a single doctrine however important, or by the services of a few national leaders however gifted and confident of divine commission. The chief importance of Luther and his associates lies in the fact that they embodied convictions and hopes that had been long forming in Teutonic Christendom. They attained to effective leadership because there were multitudes that were prepared to follow them. The structures which they reared so rapidly were made possible by the foundations which others had laid. That the Reformers were to a large degree unconscious of their immediate spiritual ancestry does not affect the fact that they stood in a line of evangelical teachers the result of whose labors and sufferings they inherited. Luther was thirty-eight years old before he discovered that Wessel Gansfort had anticipated his chief doctrines; and it was not until after the Diet of Augsburg that he came to realize that the martyred heretic John Huss was among his spiritual forbears. He possibly never realized that the ready and permanent acceptance of his doctrines in the Rhine country and Bohemia was largely due to the preparation made for them in the preceding century by these native teachers of evangelical truth. Luther was not indebted to either of these men for his personal message. That he derived from an independent study of the Scriptures and the Fathers and from his own profound religious experience. But he was indebted to them for the strong confirmation which they gave to his much-assailed teachings, and for the preparation of their respective countries for the reception of his

teachings. To the former he owed also the debt of a co-propagandist, since several of Wessel's writings, issued in many editions during the critical decade between 1520 and 1530, went into the stream of Reformation literature and contributed their part to the creation of conviction favorable to the Protestant movement.

Wessel Gansfort was born in Groningen, an important city in the northern Netherlands, about 1420. The house in which he first saw the light is still standing and bears upon its outer wall the Gansfort coat of arms. Early left an orphan, he was adopted by a lady of wealth and cultivation who educated him along with her only son. He at first attended the school of the Brethren of the Common Life at Groningen and later their more famous academy at Zwolle. The pupils of this school led a semi-monastic life, serving each other in the dormitory and refectory. They wore the same robe and cowl, and the older ones at least received the tonsure, the first mark that the church set upon her prospective servants. The Brethren of the Common Life was a lay organization founded by Gerhard Groot, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, for the promotion of piety. Its members soon established schools in which a strong religious influence was exerted, and devoted themselves also to the multiplication of the Scriptures and other religious books by transcription. The marked emphasis which the school at Zwolle placed upon the study of the Bible and the cultivation of a simple earnest biblical piety left a lifelong impress upon Wessel. Neither his university studies nor his humanistic accomplishments availed to lessen his reverence for the Scriptures as the final authority in morals and religion or to chill or sophisticate the fervid piety of his youth. It was while a student at Zwolle that Wessel came under the personal influence of one of the great religious geniuses of the world. Thomas à Kempis was then canon in the neighboring monastery of Mount Saint Agnes, and though a busy man in later middle life he appears to have cultivated the friendship of this studious, promising lad in the nearby school, hoping to win him to the life of cloister piety and scholarship. But though Wessel greatly admired the already famous canon, who had himself been a student in a school of the Brethren of the Common Life, yet he declined to take the

monastic vow, even as later he declined consecration to the priesthood, though he must have known that these were the necessary steps to academic or ecclesiastical preferment. It is reported that Wessel, besides resisting Thomas's friendly solicitation to enter the monastic life, declined also to follow his advice that he give more reverence to the Virgin Mary, saying: "Father, why do you not rather lead me to Christ, who so generously invites those who labor and are heavy laden to come to him?" It has been noticed that, of all the writings of Thomas, The Imitation of Christ, composed, as is generally believed, by him and soon after his association with Wessel, has in it the fewest elements of Mariolatry and other features of current Catholicism, and this has been attributed to the influence of the young scholar upon his spiritual father.

That even at this early period Wessel manifested unusual scholarly ability and independence of judgment is indicated by two facts: he was appointed lector, or tutor to the pupils in the lower classes, and he expressed opinions so divergent from those held by his associates that he found it necessary to present a defense of his views, and withdrew from the school sooner than he might otherwise have done.

From Zwolle Wessel proceeded to the University of Cologne, which had just passed the zenith of its fame. He may have been attracted thither by the fact that he was eligible for a scholarship established by a former professor of theology there who was a native of Groningen. Wessel found little to his liking either in the method or spirit of the theological instruction in Cologne. The university was animated by an intolerant dogmatism and committed to the resistance of all the influences of the New Learning. It was the boast of one of its professors that he had with his own hand pushed John Huss into the fire at Constance! At this time it was the chief seat of the Inquisition in Germany, which thirty years afterward was to plot Wessel's destruction. In its theological lecture-halls comparatively little attention was given to the Scriptures, in whose reverent study Wessel had been disciplined at Zwolle, while Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas were constantly cited as final authorities. Like many a theological student of our day, Wessel found relief from obsolete or ob-

scurantist methods in the class-room by pursuing a wide course of independent reading. In the library of the university and neighboring monasteries he found many authors who appealed to him much more strongly than the later scholastic writers. From these he made copious extracts which formed the beginning of a commonplace book which he later called "Mare Magnum" (since many streams had flowed into it), and carried with him on his wanderings from school to school. The ten years that he spent at Cologne gave, partly by reaction, a permanent bent to his mind. They confirmed him in revolt against current methods in theology and in criticism of many of the church's abuses in administration. While in Cologne he obtained a Master's degree in the arts, acquired a knowledge of Greek from monks exiled from Constantinople, an acquaintance with Hebrew, and perhaps Chaldaic and Arabic, from resident Jews, and also made himself thoroughly unpopular with his professors by his class-room custom of raising theological questions which they were unable to answer. When at about thirty years of age he left Cologne he may be said to have begun his career as a wandering scholar, a knight errant in the academic tourneys. He declined a call to a chair of instruction in the new university at Heidelberg, as he had set his heart on going to Paris, where he hoped to win his spurs as a champion of Realism, which was then losing ground in the Parisian schools. But before going thither he further fortified himself by a year's study at the famous University of Louvain. Paris had long possessed the foremost theological school in the world, and there Wessel, with occasional visits to other French universities, spent about sixteen years. Although there is indication that he became influential in the life of the university, and excited the violent animosity of some elements in the city, yet there is no evidence that he ever held a regular professorship, or any other official relation to the university. This lack of evidence is not conclusive in the matter, but it seems probable that Wessel's position in Paris was that of a free lance in the theological arena, frequenting the lecture-halls of the professors in theology and at the same time giving private lessons in the biblical languages and in philosophy and theology. His enthusiasm for Greek and Hebrew made him

conspicuous among the advocates of the New Learning, and such famous Humanists as Reuchlin and Agricola acknowledge their indebtedness to his inspiration in their early studies. He had also become famous for his knowledge of medicine and skill in its practice. It is probable that it was by this means that he won his livelihood while in Paris and later in Rome.

It was noticed above that Wessel had gone to Paris as a champion of Realism. He soon discovered that his training at Cologne and Louvain had but ill prepared him for such an undertaking. It is indicative of his openness of mind that he yielded to the arguments of his opponents and deserted Realism for Formalism and that later for Nominalism, which better accorded with his bent of mind and his fondness for Plato, whose writings he read in the original and many of whose teachings he accepted. It was while at Paris that Wessel won the two titles which have become attached to his name. Because of his wide learning for the times and his extraordinary skill as a teacher, his admirers called him —according to the current custom of extravagant praise—"Lux Mundi," while to his enemies, who had experienced his prowess in the arena of academic debate, seizing upon his love of paradox, he was "Magister Contradictionis." While in Paris, Wessel formed the friendship of many men who later came to great prominence. Among them was Francesco della Rovere, afterward Pope Sixtus IV, at whose invitation he accompanied him to Rome, possibly in the capacity of physician as well as that of friend and adviser. There he became associated with the scholars of the papal court and was known as one who held unusual theological opinions, especially on the subject of indulgences. It is related that when Sixtus IV, who bestowed papal gifts with a most lavish hand, asked Wessel what favor he could grant him he received the reply that the boon most desired was a certain Hebrew and Greek Bible in the Vatican Library! This the pope gave him, with the remark that if he had ordinary wisdom he would have asked for the income from some rich bishopric.

Wessel found the atmosphere of Rome no more agreeable than did Luther a half century later; nor could he condone the reckless nepotism of his papal friend, whom he later criticized

bitterly in his writings. After brief visits at some of the leading Italian schools he returned to Paris, where he remained a year or more, subject, it would appear, to such fierce attacks by his theological opponents that he found it advisable to seek the freer atmosphere of Basel. From thence he was soon called by Elector Philip of the Palatinate to a professorship in the university at Heidelberg, where he remained two years. But inasmuch as the members of the theological faculty were bitterly opposed to his coming, and it was evident that the Inquisition at Cologne was planning to attack him as a heretic, he withdrew to his native city of Groningen, where he was safe under the protection of his lifelong friend the powerful Bishop of Utrecht. There is extant a remarkable letter written by Wessel about this time, a human document of extraordinary interest since it reflects the feelings of an aged scholar consciously facing the flames of the Inquisition.

Wessel was about sixty years of age when he retired to Groningen, and ten years of life still remained to him. These were largely devoted to authorship and to conference with men of learning and with the students in the schools connected with the monasteries that he frequented. His home was in the Convent of the Spiritual Virgins at Groningen, where he served as religious adviser to the nuns. But he spent a part of each year with the Bishop of Utrecht and at the cloisters of Adwert and Mount Saint Agnes. It seems probable that most if not all of his surviving writings belong to this period. These consist of long devotional treatises which reveal a broad stream of mystical piety, essays upon controversial subjects, and letters. The friars, whose superstitions he had attacked, destroyed many of his writings soon after his death, and several others, including two treatises upon the practice of medicine, have since been lost. Wessel died in the convent in Groningen in the year 1490, nearly a century before the Reformation began. Most of the Protestant leaders were born during the last decade of his life. Had he lived to be a hundred years old he would have seen all northern Europe in turmoil because of the publication of views which he had quietly taught at Paris and Heidelberg and Groningen. That he foresaw the approach of some such radical change in the doctrine and life of the

church is evident from his prediction that his students would live to see the old scholastic theology utterly discredited. It may be assumed that he was consciously contributing to this end by his constant insistence upon a study of the Scriptures as the final authority in religion, by his strong encouragement of the study of Hebrew and Greek for the better interpretation of the Scriptures, by his denial of all sacramental magic, and by his attack upon the system of indulgences and the abuse of ecclesiastical authority. There was, however, little of the iconoclast in Wessel. He could not have anticipated, nor desired, the religious revolution of the next century which was to divide the church and involve Europe in persecution and war. He did not dream that the reforms that he advocated were to be obtained at such a cost. But neither did the first Protestant leaders, who unconsciously repeated his teachings. He and they, at first, were concerned only with the betterment of the church and society by the peaceful proclamation of the pure gospel of the New Testament. That this could not be achieved without overcoming violent opposition he must have realized when he recalled the attacks which he had suffered at Paris and his threatened persecution by the Inquisition.

Inasmuch as we are considering Wessel as a precursor of Luther it may be well to follow the line of treatment suggested by Luther's letter quoted at the beginning of this article. It was after the reading of six essays, which were soon after issued from the press with the title, Farrago Rerum Theologicarum, that the great Saxon Reformer affirmed that this hitherto to him unknown Dutch scholar had anticipated all his reformatory teachings. Two of these essays, one dealing with the Divine Providence and the other with the Incarnation and Passion of our Lord, contain little that is controversial, or that bears upon the matters under dispute between Luther and his opponents. But the other four essays traverse much of the ground upon which the contest was raging when they fell into Luther's eager hands. Excerpts from these essays will best serve to indicate the flavor of his writings and justify Luther's claim to have been his unconscious follower.

In the popular estimation as well as in the teaching of her

leaders the church was the exclusive agency for the mediation of salvation to men. Her doctrines and sacraments were the only means of reconciliation to God. Of this church the Pope of Rome was the divinely appointed head and also the basis of unity and efficiency. To this conception of the church Luther and all the other Reformers made more or less positive dissent. Wessel anticipated them by conceiving of the church, not as a visible institution through which one must approach God, but as the company of those who are bound to Christ, and so to each other, by personal faith and love. It is a spiritual brotherhood, a "communion of the saints," whose unity is derived not from the Pope but from Christ. He writes: "All the saints share in a true and essential unity, even as many as unitedly hold fast to Christ in one faith and hope and love. It does not matter under what prelates they may live, nor how ambitiously these prelates may dispute or wander from the truth or even become heretical. It matters not by what distances of space or intervals of time the saints may be separated. This is the 'communion of the saints' that we confess in the creed. . . . According to the measure of his own love and calling in God and the Lord Jesus, each man has his measure of communion or exclusion, and not through the decree of the Pope. . . . Those who, not having the law, do by nature the things of the law have also the right to become the children of God. Hence their communion is a fraternal brotherhood in God, and none can exclude a man from this communion or make him share in it but God alone." Such statements as well as those that follow clearly indicate that when Wessel thought of the church it was of a spiritual fraternity, bound together by a common faith and love, rather than by an ecclesio-political organization composed of those who had given assent to certain dogmas and received certain sacraments and acknowledged allegiance to the Pope. How nearly he anticipated the present Protestant conception of the church universal may be inferred from the following passage in the essay on the Sacrament of Penance: "We ought to acknowledge one Catholic Church, and yet to acknowledge that its unity is the oneness of faith and life, the oneness of the Corner Stone. . . . For to-day, in accordance with the very word of the Lord, the testimony of

the gospel has been received even at the ends of the earth, and Christians are actually to be found beyond the Hyperboreans, beyond the Indians and the Scythians, beyond the Ethiopians, beyond the tropic of Capricorn. To these Christians, widely separated in land and tongue, no decree of a Roman pontiff nor of our General Councils of Constantinople or Basel can be known by any human means. Nevertheless they together with us constitute one Catholic and Apostolic Church in the unity of faith and piety and true love—even if they do not know that Rome and the Roman pontiff exist." From such a conception of the church it is easy to infer Wessel's views as to the authority of the priesthood and the Pope. As a student of the New Testament, and as a mystic, he believed in the priesthood of all believers, and that each soul has immediate relations with God. "There is," he writes, "a double priesthood. The one is a matter of rank and is sacramentally communicated, the other belongs to our rational nature and is common to all. Without the first the second is sufficient. The first, when the second is wanting, involves even guilt. The second of itself imparts grace." In elaborating this idea of the universal priesthood of believers he does not shrink from its logical consequences: the individual Christian is rightful interpreter of the Scriptures; the individual conscience is the final tribunal in the matter of duty; even the efficacy of the sacraments depends, not upon a priest, but upon the spiritual attitude of the recipient; the presence of a priest is not essential to the celebration of a sacrament. Consistent with this is Wessel's conception of the rightful authority of the Pope and the priesthood. Here also he anticipated the position taken by Luther and his colleagues. The priest has no authority, he affirms, as a teacher, except as he teaches the truth, no authority as a ruler unless he rules in the spirit of Christ, no power to absolve save as he declares Christ's absolution of the penitent. These positions are defended at considerable length in his essays on the Sacrament of Penance and Ecclesiastical Dignity and Power, in which statements like these occur: It is only when the clergy and doctors agree with the true and sole Teacher that we ought to listen to them. The laws framed by prelates are binding according to the wisdom they contain. They are obli-

gatory in so far as they are consonant with Christ's teachings, and no further, and it is the function of the wise man to determine how far, on this basis, the commands of pontiffs are obligatory. The priest in the sacrament of confession is no more a judge with power to absolve than in the sacrament of baptism he is a purifier with ability to cleanse the heart. Though he outwardly sprinkles the subject with water it is Christ alone who baptizes with the Holy Spirit. And the same is true of the other sacraments. The priest performs the visible service, but exercises no right or power, since spiritual life and the graces of the Spirit are imparted by Christ alone. "Even the highest prelates may err as did the first one, Peter, though chosen by Christ as his spokesman and filled with the Holy Spirit. This was done by our Lord's permission, that we might know that our faith is due not to a man, but to the Holy Spirit. For the life of the just would be greatly imperiled if it depended upon the life of the Pope, since most of the highest pontiffs have erred harmfully."

Luther and the other Reformers sought to substitute the authority of the Scriptures for that of the church and her officers. In this also they were unconsciously following Wessel, who in the schools of the Brethren of the Common Life had early been taught to reverence and study the Bible, and later by a mastery of its original languages had come to an assured confidence in the correctness of his understanding of its teachings. When it comes to an issue between the authority of the Pope or a Council and that of the Scriptures he has no doubt as to which should be followed. He says: "So long as it appears to me that the Pope or the schools or any other society maintain an opinion contrary to the truth of Scripture, my first duty is to adhere with the utmost care to the Scripture," and "Usually, teachers, and especially an assembly of them, will reach the truth, but inasmuch as they may err, as may also a Pope or a Council, the gospel alone must be the ultimate and supreme rule. . . . I believe the gospel more than any body of men whatsoever." The supreme authority of the Scriptures and justification by faith alone are sometimes called "the formal and the material principles of the Reformation." Nothing could be more unequivocal than Wessel's declaration of the former, and his

evangelical position in regard to the latter is no less decided. In the medieval church it was taught that the believer was justified by a combination of God's grace and the good offices of the church and his own good deeds. It was a doctrine capable of grave abuses, since it offered the opportunity to self-righteous pride, on the one hand, and on the other encouraged confidence in indulgences and other ecclesiastical devices for balancing a man's account with God. Wessel's study of the New Testament and his own profound religious experience led him to place his sole assurance of salvation on the unmerited grace of God appropriated by faith in Christ as his Saviour and Lord. To a nun who had written him that she was willing to undergo any bodily discomfort to commend herself to God he writes: "Do not, my dearest sister, think that in your own purity you can be found clean in the sight of God. Do not waste your strength to no purpose. Your body is frail, you are of the tender sex, do not undertake what all David's warriors, the picked and stoutest men of Israel, could not perform. No one shall be saved by his own merits or his own righteousness. There is one only sacrifice of the great High Priest, and only so far as we partake of this are we sanctified and pure in heart." A still more complete statement, both negative and positive, of the doctrine of justification by faith appears in the essay on The Greatness of the Passion of Our Lord. It is as follows: "He who believes that he shall be justified by his own works knows not what righteousness is. . . . On the other hand, whosoever on hearing the gospel believes and longs and hopes, and with confidence embraces it as a joyful message, and loves the Justifier and Saviour whom it proclaims, and in order to win him does and suffers all things, does not extol his own works, . . . ascribes nothing to himself, well knowing that he does nothing of himself."

The point of Luther's first serious breach with the church authorities was his criticism of their administration of Indulgences; a feature of the penitential system by which the "Treasury of the Church" could be drawn upon to balance the account of those who had not discharged the temporal penalties imposed by the canons of the confessional. The famous theses whose posting and defense called the attention of the church to Luther were not

so much a criticism of the principle of Indulgences as a condemnation of the iniquitous manner in which they were being administered. Wessel, who was naturally more radical than Luther, and had thought more deeply on the subject of Indulgences, not only condemns the abuses incident to the granting of Indulgences, but the entire system. In fact, his condemnation went still further. He questioned the utility of confession, and denounced the imposition of penance of any kind as contrary to the spirit of the gospel and as obscuring the freeness and completeness of Christ's pardon to the penitent. This appears most plainly in his correspondence with Jacob Hoeck, dean of Naeldwick, in which he shows that there is no biblical warrant for Indulgences, no precedent for them in the early church, and that many a prominent Father since had condemned the principle on which they rest. His attitude in the matter is indicated by such passages as the following, in which he states that the "Treasury of the church" consists of the grace of God, and is participated in, not by those to whom Indulgence is granted, but by all who exercise desire and faith and love. He writes: "My opinion concerning participation in the treasury of the church is this. I judge that the Word Incarnate became the Covenant. He is the Treasure of the Church. Every man esteems this treasure just so far as he knows and loves it. And in so far as he knows, esteems, and loves this treasure he is restored to the image of God and Christ is formed in him. For it is only through these three things that we become participants in this treasure."

Besides denying that there was any treasury of grace that the Pope or anybody else could draw upon to balance the account of one who was due to suffer the temporal penalties of his sins Wessel went a step further, and denied the existence of purgatory as a place of penitential suffering! The imperfect Christian, he affirms—and all were imperfect—at death passes into the paradise into which Christ promised the repentant thief immediate entrance. This is a state of religious instruction and spiritual growth. Its only flames are those of love, which consume the dross of ignorance and imperfect devotion to Christ. It is not a place of suffering, save as conscious imperfection involves suffer-

ing. In his eschatology Wessel was a disciple of Origen. He entertained the Eternal Hope, even as he believed in an Eternal Gospel. That obscure passage in Peter's First Epistle in which he speaks of Christ's preaching to "the spirits in prison" Wessel interpreted as meaning that Christ is the "Great Evangelist" to the unredeemed in the world of spirits, and that not only those of "the days of Noah" but the unrepentant of all the ages and the heathen of all lands will from Him receive and accept the "Eternal Gospel."

In one very important matter Luther dissented from Wessel's teachings. With the writings of Wessel which Luther was to commend so highly and have published with his sanction under the title, Farrago, there had been brought to him another essay, a devotional treatise upon the Lord's Supper. The publication of this Luther did not encourage, though he sent it on to Ecolampadius and Zwingli for their opinion on it. The position which it took regarding the Eucharist was this: It is essentially a memorial of the life and death of Christ. The elements simply assist the imagination and quicken the emotions. They are not essential to the sacrament. Memory and love are its sole essentials. Christ is spiritually present where the sacrament is thus celebrated, though it be by some desert saint deprived of the service of a ministrant and of the material symbols. This left no room for transubstantiation or consubstantiation, or any other form of sacramental magic. Hardenberg, the earliest biographer of Wessel, relates a dramatic episode at Luther's table where in the presence of others Carlstadt challenged Luther to adopt Wessel's position on the Eucharist. Luther demurred, and Carlstadt announced his own purpose to adopt and advocate it. This was the beginning of the breach between these early associates. And it was just at this point that the whole Reformation movement was to divide into two streams. Zwingli and Ecolampadius and others adopted Wessel's view of the Eucharist as a sacrament of memory in which the elements were nothing more than symbols. They were firmly intrenched in this position with all its implications when they met the Wittenberg Reformers at the Marburg Conference. It was chiefly because they were disciples of Wessel in their conception

of the Eucharist that Luther refused to Zwingli and his colleagues the right hand of fellowship, and said to them: "You have a different spirit from ours." Because of his position regarding the sacraments, as well as the whole spirit of his theological teachings, Wessel is to be regarded as the pioneer theologian of the Reformed branch of Protestantism.

It is interesting to notice that, while the Reformers published Wessel's writings as affording strong support to their newly taken positions, the Catholics endeavored to make it appear that he was a loyal, though somewhat eccentric, son of the Mother Church. Both sides claimed him. And the contest goes on still. The articles on Wessel in the New Schaff-Herzog and the Catholic Encyclopedias afford an instructive illustration of the way in which partisan bias can affect the findings of those who have access to the same materials and profess to be animated by the same spirit of scientific candor. Among other embarrassments which the Catholic claimants of this great scholar have to meet is the fact that his writings were in 1529 officially placed on the Index of Forbidden Books, and that the Fathers of the Council of Trent further decided that they deserved to rank in the first class of books thus prohibited.

Edward Waite Miller

THE SOCIALIST CONCEPTION OF MORALITY

Without question, one of the greatest movements of the modern era is socialism, or the struggle toward social democracy. Despite its importance, however, it is misunderstood and subject to clouded issues to an astonishing degree. Perhaps this condition is inevitable to all formative movements. To-day, at any rate, the economic principles of socialism are fairly well known to the thinking public, but its other aspects are still neglected. For there are manifold other aspects than simply the proposition for the collective ownership of the social means of production. Socialism aims to be a complete scheme of life and as such has its own philosophy, morality, and religion. Inasmuch as the socialists are striving to convert the world to their ideas and are apparently making great strides toward this end, it surely must be pertinent to examine and set forth some phases of their view of morality.

To show truthfully the socialist line of reasoning, and such is my only purpose, it is necessary to dwell a little on the historical development of morality. The first phase was that of extreme individualism. Man was the center of the universe. He should have the greatest possible freedom to develop himself—with only this restriction, that he should not infringe on the freedom to develop of his fellow individuals. Society was merely the aggregate of these individuals. "Enlightened self-interest," to use that hackneyed term, was the guiding principle of this system of morality. Because of this it was a materialistic and utilitarian ethics.

Socialist thought also classes with individualism what they designate as the theological-metaphysical hypothesis of morality. By this they mean the religious or Christian view of morality and present arguments such as the following in support of such a classification. The individual is the end in both cases. In the theological-metaphysical hypothesis the soul is apotheosized and the aim is likeness to God. But self-interest is still the keynote. "The end of the self-individual, personality, is realizable only in the divinity between whom and the soul there is a mystical connection," writes E. B. Bax. In other words, this view suppresses

one of its terms by absorbing the natural personality in the end and object of a supernatural being, thus really maintaining individualism, while formally surrendering it. "The individual and his God, professedly distinct, are really one and the same." It is interesting to note how individualistic philosophies have arisen coincident with the rise of that iniquitous institution, to the socialists, of private property. In early tribal society, we have the spectacle of the individual's morality being identical with that of his race or tribe. There was no opposing interest between the individual and his community; his end was the same as the social whole to which he belonged. "Society, and therefore ethics, existed on the basis of kinship, and kinship alone." But society grew, merged into the state, and property became the social basis. The struggle was a long one, but at length the institution of private property became dominant. From this originated our individualistic ethics. Man came to regard himself as distinct from society and formulated various systems to express this feeling, such as Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Scepticism. These were followed in time by our latter-day individualism. The reign of individualism was to receive a serious blow, however, when the age of modern science and industry began. Darwin and the theory of evolution set mankind agape at the mighty whole of nature and man now regarded himself as an insignificant atom of the universe. The individual was completely subordinated and society and its welfare exalted. Some even claimed that society was God. Each man was simply to work for the good of society as a whole. State socialism, a dehumanized, mechanical, bureaucratic organization of society, totally suppressing the individual, would be the ultimate outcome of such a philosophy. Modern socialists, therefore, bitterly denounce state socialism and strenuously endeavor to prevent confusion between it and the true faith.

On top of this development of individualism and the society-as-God notion come the socialist conceptions of to-day. First, let us see what criticism these ardent reformers make of our past ethics. The class nature of ethics is the bull's-eye at which they shoot. It is obvious, they say, that society of to-day is divided vertically into tribes or nations, each of which has its own moral

code. That is to say, the moral codes of Algeria, India, and the British Isles are very different from each other. Society may also be divided horizontally into classes, the capitalist class and the laboring class, or proletariat, the socialist refusing to recognize any middle class. These classes, furthermore, have moral codes of their own, analogous to the national codes. There can be no possibility, says the socialist, of a feeling of general solidarity and common interests outside one's class, while the ethical code of the ruling class constitutes the recognized standard of morality at any given time. Says John Stuart Mill in his Essay on Liberty:

"Whenever there is an ascendant class, a large portion of the morality emanates from its class interests and its class feelings of superiority. The morality between Spartans and Helots, between planters and negroes, between princes and subjects, between nobles and roturiers, between men and women, has been for the most part the creation of these class interests and feelings."

The meaning of this passage may be made clear by concrete examples from labor conditions. "The capitalist regards as virtuous honesty and fidelity to terms of contracts as between members of his own class, but is not strongly condemned by his fellows for himself breaking a wage agreement or for fleecing a 'lamb' on the stock market. Charity is a virtue and direct personal injury to a worker or his family is wrong: but undermining the health of the worker in the 'legitimate' pursuit of business does not infringe the moral 'code.'" So the worker forms his own code of class ethics and in similar fashion considers as virtuous honesty and fidelity to members of his own class and opposition to the capitalist class. And so he regards sabotage and other methods of labor warfare as perfectly right. He holds, for instance, that an assault on a strikebreaker is justified, because the "scab" has violated traitorously his class ethics. "The law does not enforce the ethical code of the working class because it is the subject class, and the law always reflects the ethical concepts of the ruling class." One must admit that there is some justice, at least, in the socialists' arraignment of the class nature of ethics. Granting this, what do these destructive critics propose in place of past conceptions?

Before answering this, let us define the term morality. The

Standard Dictionary reads, "Morality is the doctrine or system of man's moral duties, embracing his duties toward himself, toward his fellow-man, and toward God." This, one easily perceives, is a three-part definition. The first part, which covers man's moral relations to himself, being mostly of a physiological and inner nature, socialists pay no attention to. The third part, man's moral obligations to God, more commonly known as religion, cannot be discussed here at length. In brief, thinking socialists regard religion as a force operating against progress, an evolutionary survival, which the ruling classes preserve, because it aids them in their supremacy. This phase of socialism is a fascinating and important one, but we must confine ourselves to a narrower field of morality, that of the relations of men to each other covered in the second part of the definition. In this field we find the proposed changes of socialism most pronounced and most studied.

A key to the socialist position may be found by discovering the philosophy which the leaders profess to hold, inasmuch as philosophy and morality are ever closely related. Of great interest to the philosophic world to-day is the rise of that brilliant school, represented by James, Perry, Dewey, and Bergson, to mention a few, known as the pragmatic philosophers. The teachings of this school have been eagerly seized by the socialists until at present pragmatism is proclaimed loudly as the socialist philosophy. Away with your old individualism and other false systems, says the socialist. By evolutionary processes we have now the true philosophy, flexible for changes of time and society. Mankind is again the center of the universe, this time by hypothesis, that is, because he chooses to place himself there. Man can understand the universe, it is now seen, only as it has a meaning for man, only in proportion as he can make it a part of his life and use it for his purposes. It was not created for him, but it is significant only as he can compel it to serve; the new view is not anthropomorphic, but it is anthropocentric. The new philosophy regards man as the center, the starting point, and the end of all the thinking and activities of man. Professor R. B. Perry excellently characterizes pragmatism as that philosophy which views knowledge as a mode of life, emphasizes the crucial importance of human effort, considers

civilization as the first desideratum and not the totality of nature, centers its attention on man's conquest of nature through the only true knowledge, which is power, emphasizes society rather than the individual, because this brings the greatest efficiency for the conquest of nature, considers man chiefly in his relation to the universe, and proposes to possess the future instead of the present and the past.

It is claimed that pragmatism is rooted in science, and science, used in a large sense, is rooted in the movement toward industrial democracy. The central principle seems to be that "so far as the selection, valuation, and utilization of 'realities' go, man is the maker of the universe." Great use is made of the hypothesis in pragmatism, which lends flexibility to it and allows it to take full account of evolution. It also tries to foresee and prepare for the future to a high degree. "Pragmatism, in a word, teaches that the purpose of philosophy is merely to supply methods of investigation and thought." Professor Dewey, it may be added, is the most acceptable pragmatist to the socialists.

It remains for us to point out as clearly as possible the conception of morality, fortified by all that has gone before, which modern socialists hold, and, if our presentation seems fragmentary and somewhat hazy, perhaps it is because the original writings of the socialists are rather obscure. We are indebted to W. E. Walling in establishing the first point of the socialist view thus: "When Marx formulated the basis of socialist morality he avoided both the abstraction 'society' and the abstraction 'the individual,' and pointed out that social emancipation will not be accomplished 'until the real individual man discards the abstract citizen of the state and realizes that he, as an individual, in his actual life, his individual work, his individual relations, is a generic being. Men are to realize that they are related to society and the race, but they are to realize this great basic truth *as individuals.* This is far from regarding men as mere parts of a whole, mere members of society or the race. Instead of looking upon society as basic or supreme, Marx takes his point of departure from the individual and asks him to become conscious of *himself* in his social and racial relations."

Of late there has been much discussion of the absoluteness or relativity of ethics. It has been claimed that ethics are relative to changing social conditions, on the one hand, and to individuals, on the other, a claim which, if true, would lead to profound moral revolutions. In regard to this, Walling says: "The social and economic system accounts for the moral code. But this does not prevent us from seeing that, *from the point in social evolution which we have now attained,* a moral code may itself be judged as morally superior or inferior, together with the social system and the corresponding types, with which it forms a single whole. We may say, then, *from the standpoint of our time* (and as creatures of our time we can have no other standpoint) that a given system of ethics under given conditions may be bad, and that its effect on the individual and society may be bad. From the pragmatic and socialistic standpoint morality can be neither wholly absolute nor wholly relative. Moral generalizations, like all others, are relative to time, place, and human beings. But to a given human being or group of human beings at a given time and place a moral decision may be all but absolute."

Much ink is further spent in showing the proper relations of man and man. The socialists have gladly taken up Christ's statement, that "We are all members of one body and *of one another*" and hold we are organically united to our fellows because of the molding force of personality. Society, they say, implies the individual and the individual implies society. The pedantic distinction of "society" and "individual" is due to the teaching of a society with classes and will disappear in the socialist ideal, a society without classes.

We ought to listen to one other writer, Mr. E. B. Bax, and his conceptions of duty, or the "ought" in man. He says: "The sentiment of duty in general will be found on examination to be ultimately reducible to the following expression, viz., that the content, the meaning of individuality is not coincident with the form of the living individual or personality. The chief aim of morality is that affirmation of self in society, which, in the first instance, can only be brought about by the identification of the material conditions of individual well-being with those of social

well-being." Social happiness is to be the ideal, not personal holiness, private interest, or some other short-sighted motive. "The test of personal character will here be not self-renunciation in the abstract, but the possession of social qualities and the zeal for positive and definite social ends." This conception denounces self-sacrifice as a fallacious virtue and declares that it is really a form of self-interest. Self-sacrifice gives the individual pleasure in the use of his will power. The freedom of the individual is likewise descanted on at length. With changed conceptions of morality, he will not be hampered by limiting views of self-sacrifice and working for others, but will be free to develop himself. "Morality will some day consist not in refraining from doing this or that, nor even in doing positive acts in accord with moral precepts, but in doing one's work, and doing it well, with all such incidental life and activity as naturally grow out of it."

And finally, "Socialists say to the individual, not that he ought to serve society, but that the meaning and object of his existence is consciously or unconsciously to serve society, and that he can express and develop himself in no other way."

We have seen how the socialist has repudiated past philosophies, has railed at the class nature of ethics, seized upon pragmatism as a social philosophy, and set forth a moral view of his own, which has its merits. It is not my purpose to criticize this view; anyone can see that it is an attempt to steer a middle course, but simply to raise a question as I finish writing. Are not the best points of socialist morality to be found imbedded in the individual and social meaning of Christianity and has not the socialist, through obstinacy or blindness, failed to perceive the fundamental likeness of the two?

Gorham B. Munson

ABOUT BILLY SUNDAY

The most powerful and popular Presbyterian preacher in America is the Reverend Doctor William Ashley Sunday. What is his preaching like?

Some of it is as lively and intense as this: "We played the old Detroit team. We were neck and neck for the championship, and four games were going to settle it. That club had Thompson, Richardson, Rowe, Dunlap, Hanlon, and Bennett, and they could play ball. I was playing right field. Mike Kelly was catching and John G. Clarkson was pitching. He was as fine a pitcher as ever crawled into a uniform. I think he could put more turns and twists into a ball than any pitcher I ever saw. There are some fine pitchers to-day, but I don't believe any of them stands in the class with Clarkson. They had two men out, and they had a man on second and another on third, with Bennett, their old catcher, at the bat. Charley had three balls and two strikes on him. He couldn't hit a high ball, but he could kill them when they went about his knee. I called to Clarkson and said, 'One more, John, and we've got 'em.' You know every pitcher digs a hole in the ground where he puts his foot when he is pitching. John stuck his foot into the hole, and he went clear back to the ground. O how he could make them dance. He could throw overhanded and the ball would go down and up. He is the only man I ever saw do it. He could send a ball so swift that the batter would feel the thermometer drop as it whizzed by. John went clear down, and just as he let the ball go his right foot slipped, and the ball went low instead of high. I saw Charley swing hard, and heard the bat crack as he met the ball square on the nose. As I saw the ball rise in the air I knew it was going clear over my head, into the crowd that overflowed into the field. I could judge within ten feet of where a ball would light, so I turned my back to the ball and ran, and as I ran I yelled, 'Get out of the way.' And that crowd opened like the Red Sea for the rod of Moses. I ran on and as I flew over the dirt I made a prayer. It wasn't theological

either, I tell you that. As near as I can remember, it was something like this: 'O Lord, if you ever helped mortal man, help me to get that ball.' I ran and jumped over the bench when I thought I was under the ball, and stopped. I looked back and saw it going over my head, and I jumped and shoved my left hand up, and the ball hit it and stuck. At the rate I was going the momentum carried me on, and I fell under the feet of a team of horses. But I held to the ball and jumped up with the ball in my hand. My, how they yelled." That was Billy Sunday on the baseball field, as one of the crack players on the famous old Chicago White Stockings team of the National League.

Young Billy, the ballplayer, sat on the curbstone one Sunday afternoon, while a little band of mission workers were praying and singing at the corner of State and Van Buren Streets, Chicago. Presently they sang some of his mother's hymns, and that went to his heart. One of the workers spoke to him, sitting on the curb, and invited him to a meeting at the mission, two blocks away. His mother's hymns, singing once more in his soul, carried him to the hall, where he gave himself to his mother's Saviour. He joined a live Presbyterian Church and went to work like a live Christian who meant business. The Young Men's Christian Association soon set him to talking in public. That was the beginning of this baseball evangelist.

Billy came off the athletic field and doesn't know any better than to bring all the intense energy and enthusiasm of a ball field into his religious work. Something very like a ball game is going on up on the platform when he is preaching: with the activity, the lungs, and the lingo of the field. He is running or sliding for base, he is pitching the ball swift and skillfully, or leaping off the ground to catch it, and he is using some amazing language. O horrors! He uses slang, the rough speech of the man on the street, in talking about sin and salvation. And this, while it gets the human crowd, offends some dainty and sensitive good people. He startles and jars almost everybody at first; he makes folks wince and shiver; but this is not all he does: before he gets through he masters them, masters all classes of them. A vast audience in Minneapolis sat waiting for him to arrive. Some of

them expected to see something rough, or careless, or sporty, or pugnacious in his looks when he came on the platform. But no. There he was, smooth, clean, clear-complexioned, shapely and lithe as a fleet Arabian, sweet and wholesome, manly and good to look upon, sitting beside that fine, strong woman, his wife. When the time came, Billy sprang into the game with eager zest, impetuous vigor, and terrific earnestness, which would have been all right, of course, on the ball field, where big money was staked on the result; but—but here, where only souls were at stake, it seemed to some not quite the thing for a man to astonish and agitate his audience with such unchurchly language as he used. A bishop and ex-university president with brains in his head, who listened to Billy that day, being asked afterward what he thought of it, said, "At first he startled me with his slang, but the last half *shook the life out of me.*" The bishop's experience represented that of the audience. A twenty-years editor, of fastidious taste and critical habit of mind, said: "I was entirely prejudiced against him when I went, but his address went through me like a storm." The close of that Minneapolis address was so overwhelming, from every point of view, that it is difficult to imagine any human being standing up against it.

In Pittsburgh the Episcopal churches held aloof in disapproval of Billy Sunday's evangelistic campaign. But after it was over a writer in The New York Churchman (Protestant Episcopal) made this confession: "Billy Sunday has come to Pittsburgh and gone. Whatever he accomplished, he did it without the help or even the assent of the Episcopal Church. More: he did it in the face of the church's public criticism. Undoubtedly to many outside the church her attitude toward the Sunday revival appears inexplicable, or worse, which is a grave statement. . . . This buffoon of an evangelist made religion a subject of ordinary conversation. People talked about their souls as freely as about their breakfasts. He went into the homes of the rich, dropped his wildness of speech, and made society women cry with shame and contrition. One's eternal welfare became the topic of the dinner-table, not only in the slums, but in the houses of fashion. It sounds incredible, and it is not a fact to be grasped by the mere reading

about it, but the citizens of Pittsburgh forgot to be ashamed to mention prayer and the forgiveness of sins, and the name of Christ began to be used with simpleness and readiness and reverence by men who two months ago employed it only as a by-word. City politicians came forward at the meetings and asked for prayer. The daily newspapers gave more space to salvation than they did to scandal, not for one day, but day after day and week after week. As a mere spectacle of a whole modern city enthralled by the gospel it was astonishing, unbelievable, unprecedented, prodigious." A newspaper man, sent from New York to investigate the results of Sunday's meetings in Pittsburgh, wrote, "Try every way I could and in many directions, I could not find any adverse opinions. 'I am strongly for him,' said the editor of a prominent daily, and that seems to be the general feeling." The big stores sent their employees in a body to the meetings. One establishment sent eleven hundred. Working girls and factory operatives attended the noon meetings in crowds. The police on duty in the tabernacle succumbed to the spiritual power of the services, and one day ten of them at once walked to the front and before the crowd of fifteen thousand declared themselves on the Lord's side. The saloonkeepers were dismayed at the effect on their business. Two of them said, "If this thing lasts two weeks longer we'll have to go under." The checkroom boy in the hotel said, "All the fellers go to the meetings," and went on to tell of boozers and gamblers who had been converted. For eight weeks this tide of moral power flooded the city and held its attention. Every daily newspaper published Billy's sermons in full every day. Such are the facts reported by observers on the ground. One of them says: "Vital religion; man's personal responsibility to God; a Bible that reveals the mind of God; salvation through the cross of Christ alone; a life clean in all its bearings—these are the core of Sunday's messages." What happened in Pittsburgh happens wherever Billy Sunday goes.

The Lutheran churches in Pittsburgh declined to participate in the campaign; but the Lutheran Observer (Philadelphia), hearing the wild false reports in circulation about the cost per convert of Billy Sunday's services, took the trouble to collect and publish

the figures, the result showing that the cost for 167,036 converts in eighteen towns and cities was one dollar and fifty-nine cents per convert. A New York secular daily, commenting on the attempt to figure out the cost of saving each soul, remarked rebukingly that even if the highest figures named by the critics were correct, *only the children of this world would think the price too high.* When some were saying some time ago that Billy Sunday would do in the Middle West and in small towns, the New York Sun remarked: "So said the wise men. Thereupon Billy Sunday betakes himself to the towns and cities that rejoice to call themselves urban, and turns them upside down, repeating with their smug populations his successes with the supposedly less alert ruralists." When a university president was in agony of soul over the moral condition of his students, three of whom had committed suicide in one week, he sent for Billy Sunday, introduced him to three thousand of them packed into the gymnasium, and before this baseball evangelist left, in a few days, hundreds of the students had pledged themselves to a Christian life. The carnival of dissipation, debauchery, and death was arrested. No other man in the world could have done that mighty job.

Billy Sunday is a phenomenon, an unparalleled "surprise party" all by himself, but his ministry, startling and eccentric as it is, is not unauthorized. A Roman Catholic priest in New York says: "Mr. Sunday is making religion ridiculous. Saint Paul said of preachers, 'How can they preach except they are sent?' Well, who sent this man Sunday?" Well, if fruits are any proof, it looks as if God sent him, and that is what hosts of the Catholics of Pittsburgh and Boston and other cities believe and thankfully acknowledge. "Who sent this man Sunday?" That great, wise, intellectual, able, dignified, solid, and powerful body known as the Presbyterian Church, toward which even the pretentious Papal organization may well stand somewhat in awe, has "sent this man Sunday," for he is a minister in good and regular standing in that great church, clothed with all the dignity and authority of its solemn ordination. Blessed is the church which sees its God-given opportunity and uses the God-given man. The Church of England did not, and crowded out the Wesleyans. The Wes-

leyans did not, and failed to make enough room for William Booth and his Salvation Army methods. Both bodies lost a quickening force and an arm of tremendous power. Recognition of the exceptional man and giving him free chance to run and glorify God by saving men in his own way, no matter how unusual and innovational, is no disparagement of the "regular ministry." The church of J. H. Jowett, Charles H. Parkhurst, and Robert Speer is wise enough to send out William Ashley Sunday, who brings as much credit and far larger visible results than they to the church of his choice and to other churches as well. God brings a great evangelist like Wesley out of Oxford University, and President Finney from Oberlin; but he also brings William Carey from the shoemaker's bench and makes mighty preachers out of colliers digging in English mines, from Wesley's day to ours. He gives divine ordination to soldiers like Chinese Gordon and General O. O. Howard, to a sailor like Father Taylor, to a Bohemian like Gipsy Smith, to a physician like Grenfell of Labrador, to drunkards like Francis Murphy and Jerry McAuley and Sam Hadley and John Callahan, and to a barkeeper like John Masefield, who quits mixing drinks and sings divinely of "The Everlasting Mercy." It is a grand thing for a great university when the captain of its football team is president of its Young Men's Christian Association. And it is a glorious thing when God finds a young fellow on the athletic field out of whom he can make an evangelist who will "stand upon his feet and play the game" to beat the devil's team, a captain of salvation who can shake a city and rally the Christian forces to storm the gates of hell. And if he can do such things, give him the right of way, even if his ball-field lingo doesn't wear evening dress nor part its hair in the middle; even if he jumps on a chair and waves his arms and shouts like a man in a political nominating convention, appealing to the crowd to save the country by nominating his nominee; or even if he throws off coat, collar, and vest as if about to plunge in and save somebody like a sailor who hears the cry, "Man overboard." The saving of this world from sin is a grim task. Daintiness and dignity cannot do it. The religion of the Crucified is not here to invent or protect forms and conventionalities. The church is not out for a

holiday to pick flowers in the fields, but to pluck men as brands from the burning. The church needs books of tactics more than it needs books of etiquette. Our enemies are not elegant and sauve and polite. Anthony Comstock's scarred face wore as a decoration of honor the gashes given him by the human fiends he fought—the dirtiest, meanest, most malignant and venomous devils that ever crawled up like vipers over the edge of the world out of the cesspools and sewers of the horrible pit of hell. Anthony Comstock knew what kind of a job the church has on its hands. A high-browed editor looks out from his lofty conning-tower on Billy Sunday's gestures and writes superciliously of "Religion with a Punch." Is there not too much "religion" *without* any "punch," without stroke or movement, too feeble or inactive to make a dent or any impression on the community? A man who has hunted up some facts answers the writer of the "Religion-With-a-Punch" editorial thus: "You criticize Billy Sunday's vulgarisms and the narrowness of his message; but, in spite of all that, he is reaching, influencing, and helping more men than all the so-called 'liberal' churches in America. He is getting drunkards out of the gutter, roues out of the houses of debauchery, gamblers out of the gambling-hells, and bringing a host of careless men and women to lead earnest and consecrated lives." Excellent things to do no doubt; but how much more decorous it would be if Billy did all these wonderful works as you and I do them! Only, come to think, you and I don't do them very much. Is that anything against letting Billy do them? Strange to say, Billy goes on doing them without asking our permission.

In the business world to-day the "efficiency test" rules, and business men are applying that test to the church. They say sharply, "Show us your results—their variety and volume and value." When they hear that several hundred churches in our Spring Conferences report not one probationer on the books, they think that several hundred ministers and churches need to catch some of Billy Sunday's intense zeal and energy. Such a report as that ought to put the ministers and laymen of any Conference into agony of soul crying, "Give us souls or we die," as John Knox cried, "Give me Scotland or I die." It is "dead earnest" that tells.

"It's 'dogged' as does it." The men of business have their own good reasons for standing by Billy as they do. It is the *efficiency test* that puts Billy Sunday at the top. And it ill becomes any of us who are *less* efficient to denounce or try to discredit the one man who is *most* efficient of us all in stirring the consciences and bettering the lives of countless multitudes, and in rousing and building up the churches with results genuine, undeniable, and abiding—the one and only minister who can put RELIGION in big type into the first column on the front page of Metropolitan dailies on the very day when America's declaration of her entrance into the world-war was demanding every inch of newspaper space. The only voice that could make RELIGION heard above the thunder of Europe's cannon and the shouting of this Western world was the voice of Billy Sunday who, beyond any other preacher, has the ear of the world; which nobody can deny.

In this alert and intense active age, the ministry and the church need a greater variety of men and methods, more fertility of invention, more elasticity and flexibility of adaptation, more freedom and daring in making experiments, more tolerance of individual peculiarities, ideas and plans. To fight everywhere and with all sorts of weapons, and to enlist everybody who is willing to fight, is our necessity in the present emergency.

Browning tells a thrilling story about that day when the Greeks at Marathon beat back the barbarians, stemmed Persia rolling on, did the deed and saved the world. The great poet tells how each trained soldier did his manliest, kept his place, and fought all day in his proper rank and file, armed with helmet, shield and spear. But one strange figure was seen dashing here and there and yonder, a man without spear or shield or helmet, but a goat-skin all his wear, a rude tiller of the soil, a rustic clown with his brown limbs broad and bare. Seeing the fight, he left his furrow unfinished, and, with no weapon except his plowshare, rushed to the field of battle. And wherever the need seemed greatest there he appeared. Did the steady phalanx falter, or the right-wing waver, or the weak left-wing give way, to the rescue came the peasant; there that clown was plowing Persia, clearing Greek earth of weeds as he routed through the Sakian and rooted up the

Medes. And down to the dust went Persia's pomp as he plowed for Greece, that clown. "Praise to the Holder of the Plowshare," cries Browning justifiably. Billy Sunday uses his own peculiar weapons, fights in his own peculiar, dashing way, but he is doing mighty execution on the field in the Marathon of the world. Prim and dainty proprieties sometimes have a troubled time of it in this rough-and-tumble gusty world, as plumes and draperies have abreast of the Flatiron Building on a windy day.

Shocking as it seems, even religious decorum is not safe even in its own most sacred citadels. One fine evening H. R. Haweis preached in New York in one of the fashionable churches, the temple of highly finished forms, a drawing-room in which the Almighty is supposed to give an "At Home" to elegantly dressed and wealthy folk. The church was filled to hear the noted English clergyman. The rector being absent, a nice, neat-looking curate had charge of the service. Now, Haweis, of London, was a man of brains and culture and fire, not a man-milliner nor a manicurist of morals. That night his brain was incandescent—the phosphorus blazing brightly. He announced for his text these words: "OUR SAVIOUR, JESUS CHRIST, WHO HATH ABOLISHED DEATH AND HATH BROUGHT LIFE AND IMMORTALITY TO LIGHT THROUGH THE GOSPEL; WHEREUNTO I AM APPOINTED A PREACHER." A kind of thrill ran through the wonderful words as he read them. For the next hour that audience-room seemed a wind-swept place, with something like a gale from the hills of glory blowing. The gospel of the life eternal was given a field-day then and there. But Tennyson's Clara Vere de Vere, had she been there, would have been as unhappy and displeased as the dapper curate seemed, for the preacher's movements had not the composure nor his manner of speech the reserve that marks the caste of Vere de Vere; and one almost wonders if even the lions on her old stone gates could have maintained their stony calm under the pelting of such a storm. The preacher disregarded the customary poses and proprieties. He was awkwardly lame and one would suppose that for his own comfort's sake he would stand still, and that for the sake of hiding his deformity he would stay in the pulpit. On the contrary, he stepped out into the open; he leaned

forward and backward over and against the reading desk from all four sides of it; he limped to and fro, across and around, pounding all over the platform, thumpity-thump with that lame leg, mostly along the platform's edge as near as possible to the front seats. He made those people laugh and cry. The reverent ladies of the vested choir in their conspicuous chancel-seats strove commendably to maintain their gravity, but even their self-control gave way, and they too were shaking presently with soft and holy laughter, and after that they laughed happily and unashamed, until later their sobered faces trembled into tears. The little curate looked worried, perhaps offended. The great preacher made it seem a glorious thing to be a living spirit dowered with immortality. His sermon was the revel of a winged and far-sighted soul, like the flight of an eagle aspiring to all the sky there is, the unrestrained and holy frolic of a royal mind. Nor was it a mere flight. He buttressed solid arguments with firm facts. He brought the richest treasures of philosophy, and history, and poetry, and science, and piled them in splendid heaps upon his subject. He used logic and ridicule, made a rationalist look irrational, satirized the skeptic, hustled the denier in a way resembling Chesterton's, lashed and scarified the creatures who desecrate and degrade the form of man, by groveling on all fours like beasts as if they had not been given the sublime start of being made in the image of God. And now and then, especially toward the close, strains of exultation sounded in the high arches of his discourse as noble and stately and rapturous as the Hallelujah Chorus. No one there had ever heard a mightier meditation on the Life that is Real and Eternal, but the platform which this awkward but inspired lame man paced was strewn with the wreck of conventional pulpit proprieties, and, in a church expecting a tabloid sermonette of fifteen minutes on Sunday evening, that terrible man went on regardless for an hour and five minutes. Do you wonder the poor little curate looked sick and disgusted?

William V. Kelley

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

IN LEWIS CARROLL'S COMPANY—II

Lewis Carroll's company is religious. As for his own life, it was fourfold, lived in four distinct and dissimilar realms: in Oxford's university world of erudition and education, wide and high; and in limitless dream-regions of the inventive imagination; and in the innocent and lovely world of children's loving hearts; but not in these only. Above all he lived in that infinite fourth dimension of existence where the soul finds God.

As for his child-friends, they were never, in their play, far from where the foot of heaven's ladder touches the earth and the angels go up and down. The homes he frequented were Christian.

The real spirit of his friendships with the little ones breathes in this extract from one of his letters: "I went up to town," he says, "and fetched Phœbe down here and we spent most of Saturday on the beach, she wading and digging and as happy as a bird upon the wing. She is a very sweet child, and a thoughtful child, too. We had a little Bible-reading each day. I tried to remember that my little friend had a soul to be cared for as well as a body. It was very touching to see the far-away look in her eyes when we talked of God and heaven—as if her angel who beholds God's face continually were whispering to her." This is the little Phœbe to whom one of his books is dedicated in these words: "To a dear child, in memory of golden summer hours and whispers of a summer sea." No wonder this man with such a spirit in him was welcomed in a hundred children's homes!

How early may a child become truly religious? One pedagogist informs us that "at six, the child begins to have a soul." Kipling picturing one little girl says: "Judy was intensely religious—at six years of age religion is easy to come by." It is more than probable that Kipling himself came early by his religion, for he comes from the clerical breed, both his father and his mother being parsonage

born. This suffices to explain why the loftiest and noblest note that was sounded in England's celebration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee was Kipling's "Recessional"—an utterance more sublimely righteous, solemnizing, awe-inspiring, uplifting, and everlasting than was heard from any bishop, archbishop, or statesman during Great Britain's greatest royal commemoration. At his best, a mighty preacher and majestic prophet is this early-religious, high-bred grandson of two Wesleyan Methodist ministers, steeped from his birth in the buoyant and stimulating atmosphere of a highly intelligent and wholesome piety.

Experimental evidence accumulates that children are capable of religion even before their sixth year. Our most up-to-date pedagogists would say that Cotton Mather was not a fool when he took little Katie, aged four, on his knee, two hundred years ago, and talked to her about her responsibility to God and the importance of giving attention to the salvation of her soul. The great old man was wise far ahead of his time and deeply versed in the affairs of the soul, even though he had not our modern experts in child-study to tell him, what is now declared to be scientifically ascertained, namely, that the age of three or four is one of the critical periods in the moral and religious education of the child. That artist, scholar, and saint, Anna Maria van Schurman, the learned maid of seventeenth-century Holland, was called the "Star of Utrecht." Of her the unimaginative, matter-of-fact Dr. B. B. Warfield writes: "She was one of those blessed beings who learned to know the delight of communion with her God and Saviour at a very early age, and whose whole life was passed in the consciousness of his presence and love." This gifted woman has herself told how, a child of barely four years old, she sat by the brookside with her nurse, "learning her catechism," and how, as she repeated the first words of the first answer of the Heidelberg Catechism, "I am not my own, but belong to my true Saviour, Jesus Christ," she was "penetrated with so great and sweet a joy, and was filled with so strong an inner impulse of love to Christ," that the passage of time never "dimmed the lively recollection of that moment." The greatest thing in this great-minded woman was her deep spiritual nature and vivid religious life.

How early may a child become a Christian? What do the really knowing ones, the parents and the pastors, say? We are not arguing, but only examining some of the facts. Bishop Wiley could not remember a time when he did not love God and good people. Bushnell taught that a child might be God's child, willing, reverent, and obedi-

ent, from the first. Evangelist Moody maintained that the child of a Christian home ought to be a Christian so early that it could not remember the time of conversion. President Warren, of Boston University, speaking of religious experience, once said that the greatest and best of all great and good experiences is that of a life kept from earliest childhood in simple loyalty to Jesus Christ and in fellowship with him. Without avowing it, he was giving his own personal experience. In these very days America hears our Hindu visitor, Rabindranath Tagore, saying to the Eternal Spirit, "Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play; and the steps that I heard in my play-room are the same that are echoing from star to star." Are the little ones in Christian homes less privileged or less susceptible than the pagan child? May not they also hear in their play-rooms and along the borders of their playgrounds the footfalls of the omnipresent Spirit? Shall we not help them to hear? The Mussulman whispers into the ear of his new-born infant a formula of the Mohammedan faith, aiming to make the child almost at its first breath one of the faithful, a follower of the Moslem Prophet. Shall Christian homes do less than the equivalent of this? That devout painting in London, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of the child Samuel kneeling with clasped hands while he listens to the voice of the Lord is not an absurd picture to be hanging in the National Gallery nor a subject beneath the genius of so great an artist. Surely the gentle little boy, lying down to sleep before the lamp of God went out in the temple, might as easily and as probably hear the divine Voice as fierce and furious Saul of Tarsus, raging along the road to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Do parents dare to doubt that their little ones are as likely to hear that Voice and to revere it as they themselves are?

Wonderfully capable of being stirred, some little souls seem to be. In the late eighties of the nineteenth century William Frazer McDowell, pastor in Tiffin, Ohio, saw the body of a Civil War veteran being carried to the graveyard by his comrades. A five-year-old boy had climbed a gate-post and sat on top of it, quivering with excitement as the procession was passing. "Band! Soldier! Dead! Braveyard!" cried the child, condensing into four explosive words the whole occasion, in a way no orator of the day could surpass. Who can say how much soul was in that intense boy on the gate-post? How much capacity for responding to the call of great and noble things?

What does a clinical study of child-religion reveal? We submit,

without attempting logical order, some illustrative examples of what may happen in a child.

1. The child's conception of God, varying vastly in different cases, may be worth noting. A gifted woman said that her idea of God in her childhood was of a big cross old man up in the sky, hid behind the clouds, watching to catch her in some fault. But J. M. Barrie says, "The God a little boy says his prayers to has a face very much like his mother's."

2. A child's idea of what it is to be a Christian may be significant. One day a deaconess (blessed be deaconesses and all the selfless, sacrificial, ministering sisterhoods, whatever their name or station!)—a deaconess overheard a child saying, "I must, because I'm a Christian." The deaconess asked, "What do you mean by being a Christian?" "It means I must do as Jesus would do if He was a little girl nine years old and lived in our house."

3. The behavior of a child with the Bible may be impressive. One May morning in 1917, a Baltimore father was sitting in his room in an Atlantic City hotel. All at once, with nothing leading up to it, his little Grace, not quite seven, comes to him with the Bible in her hands; "Daddy, find Lord is my Shepherd." When it was opened for her at the Twenty-third Psalm the little girl snuggled down in a chair with the great Book, to spell it out word by word, unable as yet to do more. Only once did she ask help. "Daddy, what does 'anointest me' mean?" At the end she said, "Daddy, isn't that beautiful?" Then and there a lamb of Christ's flock was feeling for the hand of the Good Shepherd to be led into green pastures and beside still waters. "There is something almost weird in that child's sense of God and heavenly things," said "Daddy" to the friend to whom he told this story that morning. At Riverside, Conn., lived a sensitive and most obedient child, who went to heaven when she was seven. Approaching the center-table one day she pointed to one of the books and said, "Mamma, may little Katie have the Suffer-Little-Children Book?" That was what the Bible was to her. If any critic, lower or higher, attempts to take from us that historic vignette of the dear Lord Jesus with the children about His knees, or to mutilate the text on the warrant of whatsoever supposedly authoritative manuscript, so that no child will ever think of calling the New Testament the Suffer-Little-Children Book, let him be Anathema Maranatha. Equally to be abominated are the destructive "higher" critics and the slashing "lower" critics, the difference between whom resembles that be-

tween the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

4. Observe the child rearing an altar. There was once a little boy who often had feelings which he knew not how to communicate to anybody. On a certain evening he was alone in his father's sheep pasture on a hill as the stars came out. Seated under a witch-hazel tree he watched those stars and questioned them until they told him that they were hearth-fires of God's angels. Awed by their presence, he built a little altar under the tree, made a fire to make the good God and his angels understand that down on the earth under that witch-hazel tree there was a little boy who was interested in them and who by a little light of his own was signaling back to them. The All-seeing One saw not only the boy's altar, but in his soul a "vital spark of heavenly flame" that never has been quenched. That little boy was baptized William Fairfield Warren, a name white, illustrious and revered throughout Christendom now for many decades. Giving him one of the surprises of his life by publishing this story, too beautiful to suppress, we crave for ourselves, with bowed head and reverent affection, his forgiveness and his blessing. With a similar desire a seven-year-old child, fearing such a little girl as she might be overlooked, devised a plan for attracting Heaven's attention. She made a cross out of two pieces of lath, and, hiding it under her dress, took it to a small disused garden house, where, entering and shutting the door, she knelt in prayer beside the cross, believing it to be a symbol sure to attract God's notice and commend her to Him. All this she concealed as a secret between her own heart and her Heavenly Father. Such are the up-reachings of some child souls toward God. Who knows how much goes on between these little innocents and the Infinite Spirit or how much truth there may be in Wordsworth's saying that heaven lies about us in our infancy?

5. Did you ever hear a child ask the blessing at table? A certain man remembers one impressive glimpse he had in his childhood of a farmer's family sitting down to dinner, and a twelve-year-old boy of the household, clad in a long apron from neck to feet, standing behind a chair and with lifted hands invoking the divine blessing before the meal began, and waiting on table afterward. A calm-minded literary critic, writing of Robert Herrick, the bachelor parson poet of the seventeenth century, and of his love for children, says: "I may be accused of preferring low things to high and simple things to proud, but if I had to name the one verse of Herrick's that seems

to me the most perfect in witchery of language and that I oftenest repeat to myself without diminution of pleasure, it would be the quaint, unassuming Grace for a Child—

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

And we think it not less impressive and touching than that statelier, more familiar thanksgiving and invocation:

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood.
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

6. Sometimes the child turns preacher. John Ruskin began preaching when little more than a toddling baby: "People, be dood. If you be dood, Dod will love you. If you don't be dood, Dod will not love you. People, be dood." And little Johnnie was as earnest and orthodox as when, in his superb ripe manhood, he declared that "the issues of life and death for modern society are in the pulpit," and when he himself became one of the greatest of unordained preachers of the Beauty of Holiness and the Holiness of Beauty. Little Wendell Phillips began preaching in his home when he was five years old, playing church with chairs for auditors and himself in an extemporized pulpit as the preacher. His father thought the boy's discourses rather long for a child, and asked him one day if he did not get tired preaching. "No, I don't get tired, but it's pretty hard on the chairs." This boy-preacher was practicing all unawares, for the brilliant part he was to play in after years. When he was a man in middle life, in the prime of his superb powers, the slaveholders' war came on, and he became the most terrific preacher of "truculent righteousness" in all the land. A new word was coined as a name for fierce and withering denunciations—"Wendell Phillipics." His scornful eloquence scourged the nation of its torpidity, hypocrisy, and recreancy, and damned the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Little Wendell practicing on the chairs, was preparing to take half a nation for his audience. Out in Iowa in the fifties

of the last century a tiny girl used to imagine the chairs in her room to be benighted heathen, and fancied herself to be a missionary sent to preach to them the tidings of a Saviour and to turn them from idols to serve the living God. This proved to be the overture to a devoted and heroic career. All unwitting, little Mary Porter was rehearsing her after life, for she became the wife of the great missionary who managed the construction and defense of the fortifications during the siege of Peking in the Boxer rebellion in 1900. She literally gave her life in service and sacrifice for China's millions. In a house which was as good a home for children to grow up in as ever was, lived the dearest little five-year-old in all the town. Intensely active, intensely affectionate, she was just as naturally intensely religious. Next to the home, the church was of importance in her world, the two interflowing each into the other. Naturally enough she and the young minister were in those days the best of friends, and by the blessing of heaven they so continue into this day. Now and then the little five-year-old turned preacher. One day her mother found the chairs arranged in rows, in the middle of the room, the two-year-old baby-sister in one of the chairs, and all the dolls in the house distributed in the other chairs. "What have you been doing?" asked the mother. "Oh, we've had church." "Had church, have you? Did you have a sermon?" "Yes, mother." "Well, what did the minister say?" Very slowly, as if trying to remember, "Oh—he said, 'You must be good, the Lord's around.'" One of the best sermons ever preached—brief, portable, unforgetable, and everywhere eternally pertinent. For conciseness, cogency, and comprehensiveness, simply admirable! A sermon fit to go side by side with the first Rev. Charles L. Dodgson ever preached in the University Church at Oxford, which was from Job 28. 28, "And unto man he said, The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." While for mindfulness of the divine Presence, for wholesome admonitory force—and for essential dignity my little friend's sermon, "You must be good, the Lord's around," is not unworthy to be written beside the inscription which Linnæus, the great botanist, put in Latin on the wall of his laboratory, "Live innocently, for God is here." Nor did good Brother Lawrence in his monastery more truly "practice the presence of God" than did this child in her Christian home, sane and sound with its normal and wholesome family life, making its children "wise and instructed in that which is good."

7. Have you watched the child resisting temptation and bruising

Satan's head underfoot? A Philadelphia mother, convalescing from illness, was dozing in a library chair. Near her was a bowl of fruit. Presently her little ten-year-old cautiously tip-toed into the room, and thinking her mother asleep, stole a couple of oranges and silently stole out. The mother, though grieved at this stealthy proceeding, kept quiet as if sleeping. After a few minutes the child, with the fruit in her hand untouched, crept silently back into the room and replaced the oranges in the bowl. And the mother heard the little victor mutter as she went out, "That's the time you got left, Mr. Devil." Was not that as real a moral victory as was Dr. James M. Buckley's when his antagonist in debate gave what he regarded as a mean thrust, and the natural man rose in the great debater so that his lips lifted at the corners showing his incisors; and just when we were expecting to witness homicide he checked his natural propensities and his formidable and deadly abilities, and let it go unnoticed, saying to a friend, "Satan entered into me and I vowed to get even with him. But grace triumphed and I let the man go."

8. Do you know anything about the child in the role of comforter? A woman heart-broken by bereavement was asked by her eight-year-old boy why she did not smile any more. She told him she could never be happy again. And little Frederic W. H. Myers answered, "But, mother, you know God can do everything; and he might give us just once such a vision of himself that it would make us happy all our lives, spite of everything." The almost preternatural intelligence of her sensitive child broke up that mother's mournful mood and consoled her grief. Sir Oliver Lodge, the great scientist, speaking of children, says: "I have found the goodness of some of them to be almost awe-inspiring." Is there not as much truth as poetry in Alfred Noyes's tribute to the simple faith that is immanent in the unspoiled heart of a child, the faith that sings spontaneously up "as the skylark sings to the boundless skies"? Do you know his fine appeal to the little child to lead us with his pure instincts and native faith?

"Little Boy Blue, your child-heart knows;
Sound but a note as a little one may,
And the thorns of the desert shall bloom with the rose,
And the Healer shall wipe all tears away.

"Little Boy Blue, many things are astray,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Come set the world right as a little one may;
Little Boy Blue, come blow up your horn."

9. Is religious instruction good for little children? Let two illustrations answer. Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover, a celebrated teacher, was one of the purest, sweetest, and tenderest of men, notwithstanding his somewhat grim theology. His daughter was that beautiful woman Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who, in her autobiographical "Chapters from A Life," gives us this incident from her childhood. "Once I told a lie (I was seven years old) and my father was broken-hearted over it. He told me that liars went to hell. . . . His words made a deep and lasting impression, to which I largely owe my personal preference for veracity. Yet I must say that it was not the fear of torment which moved me most; it was the sight of my father's face so full of grief and pain. For he wept (I never saw him cry at any other time except when death was in the house)—and I stood melted and miserable before his anguish and his love. The devil and all his angels could not have punished into me the noble and saving shame of that moment."

One Sunday evening in a Western farmhouse a plain farmer was teaching his little girl Charles Wesley's hymn, "A charge to keep I have." When they came to the verse;

"To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will,"

the godly farmer told his little daughter that the Creator had brought her into the world in order that she might fulfill that verse. The child believed it. Thenceforth that was her understanding of what she was born for. And because that verse took possession of that little girl and started her on a great career, Frances E. Willard stands in perpetual marble in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington—the one woman whose statue has a place under the dome in the nation's Hall of Fame.

10. Pastors know how susceptible to impressions and how responsive to religious approaches children are. This is told of that great pastor, Dr. Maltbie Babcock. Walking across the fields one summer day, he became very thirsty, so he stopped at a house and asked a pretty little girl for a drink of water. "Certainly," she said, and she brought him a dipper full. Then he asked her if she knew who said, "I am the water of life," and she said "Jesus." Then he asked her if she ever asked for this water of life, and she said "No." He passed on. Years later, when he was on a steamboat, a lady

came up to him and asked him whether he knew her. "No," he said, "I do not." "Do you not remember years ago when you were crossing a field, you stopped at a house and asked for a drink of water?" "Yes," said he, "I believe I do." "Well, I was that little girl, and I have been a Christian ever since."

Evangelists also know, though as a rule they go after the big sinners. Whitefield, the great evangelist of the eighteenth century, knew the sensitive impressibility of children, and once when delivering his mighty sermon on the Kingdom of God to a vast multitude in the open-air inviting them to come at once to Christ, he paused after an ineffectual appeal to the rough swearing sailors and the tough old sinners, and, sending his wonderful voice out over the crowd, he cried, "Are there any little boys or little girls here? Come to Christ. Let him in and he will erect his Kingdom in you."

11. Note the prayers of a child, as acceptable doubtless to heaven as those of grown-ups; and the best prayers of men and women are probably those that are most childlike. Bengel, the great New Testament scholar, was in his study late one night. Some one passing his door paused and saw the old man close his books, arrange the papers on his desk, and then kneel beside his chair. And this was the good-night prayer the listener heard: "O Lord, thou knowest there is the same old understanding between us." And that was all. Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, sometimes gets to his lodging-place at night from a day's meetings so exhausted that he cannot even kneel down and pray. And then he throws himself on the bed and simply says, "Blessed Lord Jesus, you and I are on the same old terms. Amen. Good-night!" This confiding trust in a reasonable and loving God finds its pattern and its type in the sweet confidence of the sleepy child who murmured as her heavy head drooped helplessly toward its pillow, "Please, God, remember what little Mary said last night. She's so tired to-night." With still more beautiful simplicity of trust a poor little waif in Lady Somerset's orphanage, only a little while motherless, added to his regular prayer this touching appeal: "And, God, would you mind giving my mother a kiss for me?" With such familiarity our Father in heaven must be well pleased. When some grown-up questioner asked, "Does God answer prayer?" a child broke in, "Why, of course he does! That's what he's for," in which she was simply agreeing with Abraham Lincoln. In New York a policeman shot a gunman, one of the young "toughs" of the town, and when he fell into the gutter with a bullet in his head, the bluecoat

bent over him and said, "Young fellow, you're done for. Better say your prayers quick." From the depths of a bitter past the dying dare-devil fished up the only prayer he could remember, and his lips moved trying to say "Now I lay me down to sleep." God made the hardened criminal a child again just for that moment. John Quincy Adams, foremost American statesman of his time, at the summit of his greatness used to offer that same simple prayer when he laid his head on his pillow at the end of the day's work. Criminal and statesman both imitated in spirit the prayer offered on Calvary's Cross, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." It was probably out of his own experience that Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote, "A man's relations with his Maker grow more simple, intimate, and confidential with advancing years." The venerable Dr. Nuttall, Wesleyan missionary and, later, Anglican Archbishop of the West Indies, testified in the chapel at Clifton Springs: "With advancing years, my religion is becoming strangely simple and childlike, so much so that I find myself at times repeating silently:

> Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child.
> Pity my simplicity;
> Suffer me to come to Thee.

The intercessory prayers of a child may well be counted precious by every right-minded beneficiary thereof. A little girl in London heard her father saying at breakfast that some bad people were telling lies about Mr. Campbell, minister of the City Temple. The little girl looked troubled, for Mr. Campbell was loved in that home. In a moment the child slipped down from her chair and went away into another room. Presently she came back and said, "It's all right now." "What is all right, my dear?" "About Mr. Campbell. I've told God about it. So that's settled." She had asked God to hide her friend in his pavilion from the strife of tongues. The knowledge that his little friend was telling the Lord about him was enough to put courage into R. J. Campbell's heart. What if his enemies had the ear of the world? this little cherub had the ear of God: and that ought to be worth more to any man than the satisfaction of prosecuting a libel suit before a court. In a company given in Thackeray's honor on New Year's eve in Boston, the big man got to his feet when the clocks were striking midnight, and said with home-sick tears and his great heart heaving, "God bless my girls in England and all who are kind to them!" In all his journeyings he thought ever

of them and could not help praying for them, and all the more because their unhappy mother was a hopeless lunatic in an asylum. Is any clown so coarse or any atheist so cold as to be other than reverential, or any heart of stone so hard as to be untouched, when Thackeray on his way home from the far East wrote on shipboard:

"And as the sunrise splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea,
I thought as day was breaking
My little girls were waking
And smiling, and making
A prayer at home for me."

The impulse to intercessory prayer is instinctive in human affection, and this instinct in the loving heart of man points straight up to the loving heart of a listening God. At Derby Haven, in the Isle of Man, a little girl wrote on the sand of the beach, "God is Love." When asked why she wrote that, the child replied, "My father is at sea, and I come here to pray; and—and—God is Love." That was reason enough for prayer. In a Maryland mansion a young mother touched the heart of her father's guest one morning by saying, "My little Henry put you in his prayer last night." On a Connecticut farm an old man took his minister up into the loft of the wagon-house, pointed to a spot at one end of the carpenter's bench, and said, "That's where I kneel and pray for you every day." The minister prized the child's prayer no less than the old man's. Both made him realize afresh the noble sanctity of the religious life, heartened him anew for living and working, and almost made him feel as if he had been reordained.

Making light of a child's religion is mean and miserable business. Its religion is as genuine as anything else in the child is, and, in the opinion of a twenty-five years pastor, is as likely to be honest and sincere and durable as the religion of men and women. Whoever disparages a child's religion is unwise, unfair, and, we may add, uneducated—talking out of ignorance. Mark Twain, with a sort of Bohemian flippancy, makes light of certain expressions in Marjorie Fleming's diary and letters. He regards them as merely imitative, and says that in her moralizings she "is talking shop—dear little diplomat—just to please her mother and her cousin." He speaks of "her second-hand moralities," and "little perfunctory pieties and shop-made holiness"; and says that "under pressure of a pestering sense of duty she heaves a shovelful of trade godliness into her journal every little while";

but that all this means nothing, since "it is all borrowed, a mere convention, a custom of her environment, only a harmless little hypocrisy on her part." What if her expressions were "borrowed"? The child is naturally imitative. It is sure to copy something from its elders. Better "borrow" their virtues than their vices, their faith than their unbelief. Better imitate worship than ribaldry. Any child in Hartford would better "borrow" the prayers of Joe Twichell than the profanity of Mark Twain, who overlooks one of the laws of human nature. We get on by imitation up or down. Hannah Whitall Smith used to say, "Use the language expressive of any emotion and you will soon have that emotion." Frances Power Cobb said, "Live and act as if there were a God and you will soon know that he is." I will stand with the congregation and sing without insincerity hymns of love to God, though my heart be as heavy as lead and as cold as a stone, in hope that the words will "kindle a flame of sacred love in this poor heart of mine." If that be hypocrisy, make the most of it. To express emotions already felt, and also to arouse emotions that are dormant—that is the twofold use of words and the double function of hymns.

No withered old skeptic could convince us that dear little Marjorie was a hypocrite in her religion or a pious little prig, or that he had any moral superiority that entitled or qualified him to sit in patronizing judgment upon her. Who made Mark Twain a judge or a ruler over that little innocent? We have more faith in her than in him. Her words breathe sanctity; his are near to sacrilege. If either was a pretender it was he. He pretended he was Mark Twain when he was Samuel L. Clemens. He made his living by pretending he was serious when he was merely joking, or pretending he was joking when he was really serious. As for Marjorie's sincerity, does not the following confession in her diary sound like honest penitence over her stormy little temper? Listen to the child: "I confess I have been more like a little young devil than a creature, for when Isabella went upstairs to teach me religion and my multiplication-table and to be good and all my other lessons, I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat, which she had made, on the floor and was sulky and dreadfully passionate. Isabella did not whip me, but said, 'Marjorie, go into another room and think what a great crime you are committing letting your temper get the better of you.' But I went so sulkily that the devil got the better of me. Isabella never whips me, but I think I would be the better for it; and the next

time I behave ill I think she should do it." That confession of a seven-year-old sounds honest, and was doubtless good for the poor little passionate soul. Its unsparing self-condemnation might well be taken as a pattern by older and less sensitive sinners. When this little mite writes in her journal, "Oh, what would I do if I was in danger or trouble and God not friends with me?" any incanescent old joker would better drink of her spirit than slur her sincerity. Some wise, great men to-day, university presidents and philosophers, are trying to teach mankind that the essence of religion is friendship—friendship with God resulting in friendship toward men. Little maid Marjorie was a hundred years ahead of them. That was her idea exactly. To her religion meant simply being friends with God, and having him for a friend.

Nobody but a ruffian would sneer, and only a fool would smile inanely, when Commander Eva Booth tells in simple language how at the age of seven she lay in bed one evening vaguely troubled and depressed in spirit. Unable to sleep she finally arose and pattered down the stairs to her mother's room. In her mother's arms the child was comforted by being told how the Heavenly Father cares for and watches over his children and how Jesus loves the little ones. When the magnificent woman tells to listening thousands that holy story, and then with a sob in her voice declares "My little bare feet going down the stairs were carrying me to Jesus" no man in the vast crowd feels like scoffing. Hers was as genuine a coming to God as when wild Billy Sunday, half-full of liquor, coming in off the street into a little meeting in the Central Mission in Chicago, "staggered into the arms of Jesus Christ." And God has used mightily both the innocent child and the reclaimed profligate ballplayer for the rescue of the lost and the boundless blessing of the world.

That Lewis Carroll revered the child's religion commends him to respect. He was worthy to receive the title "Doctor of Little Children," which was popularly bestowed in the fifteenth century upon Jean de Gerson, of whom it is chiefly remembered, not that he held the foremost scholastic position in Europe as chancellor of the University of Paris, nor that he was the controlling power in the great Council of Constance; but rather that he gave much time and strength to teaching the little children of the poor, telling them of their Heavenly Father and his holy will—thus gaining as his highest distinction the title "Doctor of Little Children."

Nothing is more natural than that the name of Lewis Carroll should be cherished and revered as it is in clean places and bright places and high places of the earth. Professor Sanday said in his memorial sermon in Oxford University, "The world thinks of Lewis Carroll, as of one who opened out a new and delightful literary vein which added mirth and refinement to life; and who poured into the literature of our time a rill bright and sparkling, purifying and health-giving wherever its waters flow." Frederick Harrison wrote: "My little daughter, like all young people in civilized countries, was brought up on his beautiful fancies and humors; but I was more impressed by his intense sympathy with all who suffer than by his wonderful and delightful humor. For my part I remember him mainly as a sort of missionary to all in difficulty and in need." But the most affecting and meaningful of all the tributes paid was that of two shy, sorrowing women who came together, looked a while at his dead face and silently departed, leaving on the casket a wreath with a card attached bearing these words: "To the sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes—from two of his child-friends." One likes to think that when, at the age of sixty, this white-souled man, who had gone through life attended by "blithe children's laughter ringing clear and children's merry voices," came to the end of this life's wonders, there must have been among "the bright intelligences fair, in circle round the blessed gates, that received and gave him welcome there," some of his child-friends gone before, who led him up through heaven's Wonderland which eye hath not seen nor the heart of man conceived. In a little volume of his poems published posthumously, one verse seems to sing of his own life's sunset, and is so singularly fit that we hang it now against his evening sky which is still splendid with the rich afterglow of a luminous though modest life:

I could not see for blinding tears
  The glories of the west;
Yet heavenly music filled my ears,
  A heavenly peace my breast.
"Come unto me, come unto me—
All ye that labor, unto me—
Ye heavy-laden, come to me,
  And I will give you rest."

In this world or any other, little children and their angels and all who love the gladness of the pure in heart will like to be In Lewis Carroll's Company.

Much of the interest Lewis Carroll felt in his later years was

in watching the development of his little playmates. Some were lost to him as they grew older, but others clung life-long. Some were so engaging they became engaged, and took upon themselves the holy bonds of matrimony—bonds which, rightly regarded, mean liberation and enfranchisement into life's largest ranges of privilege; and some passed on to the great chastity of maternity. Nearly all of them played a worthy part in the world; a few fell short. Some walked in paths of pleasantness, while others trod the Via Dolorosa and climbed up Heart-Break Hill, and some were shipwrecked off Cape Disappointment.

Not without anxious solicitude could he watch them, knowing this to be not a world of safety but of danger. When Harry Linder carved a marble garden-seat with a little girl sitting on the back of it and playing with her doll, while two winged cherubs gaze at her from either end of the seat, he told only part of the truth. The other part was intimated when Wordsworth said to a happy six-year-old, "I think of thee with many fears of what may be thy lot in future years;" and when Francis Thompson word-pictured the grassy oasis surrounded by the sinister Sahara, "a green and maiden freshness smiling there" all unsuspecting, while "with unblinking glare the tawny-hided desert" all around prowls and crouches and watches; and when a painter picturing a mother watching with maternal pride her little girl at play with a child's intentness among breeze-shaken blossoms by the brook-side, darkens the mother's face with a shadow of fear as apprehension flashes through her the horrid thought, sharp as a pang, of the harm that may be hiding along the pathway of those tender feet—hateful, hideous things lying in wait to hurt that happy, harmless head. What means that startled and anxious cry of the robins in the trees at dusk? It means that the owls, fierce and hungry, are beginning to stir abroad, threatening to devour the birdlings in the robin's nest. Wedekind, in his "Spring Awakening," a drama of adolescence, does not exaggerate; he simply pictures real life when he shows the slender and tender figures all aquiver with mystic intimations and wistful dreams passing on from childhood's garden enclosed, with a fragrant, delicate, shimmering charm like that of apple-blossoms, and gliding, sometimes unwittingly and involuntarily, from life's innocent morning into sin and shame, guilt and horror. From their first responsible years the young go peradventuring on through perils; and what their fortunes and their course shall be in after life depends on circumstances, influences,

and the individual will; oftentimes everything turns on the decision of a moment. For living materials illustrative of the wide variety of fortunes, the writer of this essay has no need to draw on Lewis Carroll: his own long observation and intimate pastoral knowledge furnish him with many human documents, from which he here selects a few.

Years ago a certain bright little parsonage girl was sent away to boarding school. For so young a child the change was very great and her new environment, so generous in its offer of valuable opportunities, was fraught with some liabilities. With several other equally inexperienced innocents she got into trouble by going on a harmless little "lark." There was nothing serious in it, but, as in the case of the other little lamb called Mary's, "it was against the rule." Frightened at what she had done, she went to the dean and confessed. He was so stern that she wrote immediately to her father, all about the matter, and warned him she might be sent home. When he received her letter he wired the trembling little malefactor this message: "Letter here. No word from Dean. You did right to own up. Cheer up. Take your medicine like a little man. Better days ahead;" and that dear "Daddy" signed himself "Yours lovingly." Imagine what that message meant to her. It meant so much that years after, when schooldays were over and she was making her way in literary work, alone in a great city, that precious old heartening telegram was exhibited to special friends as one of her most cherished treasures to be preserved forever. A glimpse of the girl in the midst of her hard-working and successful life is given in what she wrote to a friendly counselor: "I do feel the benefit of the outside reading I am doing. I can see the difference in last year's work and this, because of it. Perhaps I will not amount to much when all is said and done; but the paths I have chosen have been very beautiful, and perhaps, all unknown to myself, I have been really *living* as I went along. It has not been easy, but one can put fun into nearly everything—except sorrow." That she does "amount to much" and has made her way handsomely is pretty well evidenced by many tokens, among them the comments of the editor of a popular magazine on the first short story which she offered him: "Your story is remarkable, very human, and beautifully told. I took it home to my wife. She cried over it. Of course I'm immune, being an editor; but even I shed a couple of hard-hearted editorial tears over it. We cannot forego it, and shall certainly hope to hear from its author again."

And then he inquired very respectfully if seventy-five dollars would be a satisfactory price for that small first manuscript.

Thus endeth the first lesson; and the lesson is that it is best for a transgressor to own up; and that a good father, even if a thousand miles distant, is a very present help in time of trouble—under all circumstances a refuge to the child, as the high hills are a refuge for the wild goat and the rocks for the conies.

Another lesson. One evening a young mother brought her five-months baby to the parsonage, and the minister dedicated the child to the Lord, sprinkling the little head with clean water in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. A hard life, then all undreamed of, was before that mother. Widowhood was just ahead, and the struggle of a lone woman to provide for five fatherless children. Hardship keeps close company with a lot like that, but out of it character and strength are likely to come. After losing sight of the family for many years, the minister unexpectedly came upon the child he had baptized, now a grown woman, and asked for the story of her years; and in a place of peace and safety she told of her life. Very early she had entered the ranks of wage-earners, to fight for standing-room and bread. Her young feet sometimes had to tread rough ground. But she had the wisdom to cling close to the church, and in all her years of struggle it was to her a refuge; its companionships were her comfort and cheer; its society was refining and refreshing; its counsels gave her good advice; its principles were her protection; and above all the Word of God was a lamp to her feet and a light to her path. She lived with her Bible, and it kept her from falling down or going astray; its words were meat and drink in times of hunger and thirst. *Such* a Bible as it was that the old pastor caught sight of in this young woman's hands when he found her! Originally a good one, a well-bound Oxford Bible, it was now weather-beaten with use, which made it precious beyond rubies. It looked as if it might have been used for a pillow when her face was wet with tears, or might have served as shelter and shield when life was a driving storm around her, or might have been overboard in the breakers serving some soul as a life-preserver. Can anything exceed in beauty a worn and battered Bible that has been the refuge and the weapon of a buffeted and battling human spirit until the book looks as if it had withstood a siege from Satan or been flung at the devil like Luther's inkstand? The minister found this girl's Bible marked all through, many a

passage underscored or bracketed, especially verses from which a tried and troubled soul might derive courage and patience to endure. One was this, from the First General Epistle of Peter: "If, when ye do well and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. . . . Christ also suffered, leaving us an example; . . . when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously." Like many another, this brave girl knew what it is to endure not only hardship but hostility. This is a world where "Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes," and once malicious slander crawled hissing across her arduous path, flickered its forked tongue, and struck. But blamelessness made her reputation immune; when reviled, she reviled not again, but committed herself to him that judgeth righteously: and soon it was as when good Count Gismond smote the foul mouth of malice—"The lie was dead and damned, and Truth stood up instead." A *Holy* Bible, indeed, hers was; annotated by life's trials and victories, and margined with memories of divine help. The man who had baptized her, remembering that the life of a professional nurse is largely one of physical ministering, and desiring to make her Bible still more a daily help to her, took it from her hands and bracketed that wonderful passage in the thirteenth chapter of John: "Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God; he riseth from supper and laid aside his garments; and took a towel and girded himself. After that, he poureth water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." And on the margin against this passage the minister wrote: "Thus did Christ, the King." "I serve" was the motto of Edward VII, King of England, and for all Christ's disciples, as for the Master himself, the glory of life is service. Ralph Connor says of one of his finest characters, "She lived to serve, and the when and the how were not hers to determine. So with bright face and brave heart she met her days and faced her battle"; words equally true of the girl whose story we are telling. When the man who had baptized her was parting from this baptismal daughter he said, "Be true to God, my child, and he will take care of you." Her answer was, "I'll try," and through the years she keeps her word, as God keeps His.

Here endeth the second lesson; and the lesson is that it is a good thing to cling close to the church, to cherish its ideals, to prize its

associations, and to hug the Bible to your heart: and that a young soul, even though fated to hoist a somewhat lonely sail against the wind and tide, may steer by the right star, keep afloat, conquer a creditable and prosperous voyage, and safely make the desired haven.

And now a lesson too tragic to be fully told. In a certain Christian home an old physician, trusted for two generations as the family doctor, sat by the bedside of a lovely girl of sixteen, ill with a brief sickness. From infancy her mind had held unquestioningly the Christian faith in God and Christ and immortality. And she was

> "More rich in having such a jewel
> Than twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
> The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

Of that most precious jewel the grizzled old medical materialist rifled her trusting soul by filching away her belief in immortality, giving her by consequence a degraded conception of the meaning and worth of existence and a lowered estimate of the dignity and value of her own nature, desecrating her mind with the beastly notion that, like the beasts that perish, we are only of the earth, earthy, and that "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes" is all the ritual that befits us. Now the idea that death ends all, besides being beastly, is the most profoundly and utterly immoral of all beliefs. With the destruction of her faith in immortality went her sense of personal accountability to a personal God and all feeling of moral responsibility—a disaster which may draw all evils in its train. Darwin saw and said that "the conviction of an all-seeing Deity has had a potent influence on the advance of morality"; and Huxley wrote, "The religious feeling is the essential basis of conduct." Equally the conviction that man is better than the swine and that we do not die as the beasts that perish has had a potent influence in saving men and women from living like beasts. Tennyson said, "If I ceased to believe in any chance for another life, I should not care a pin for anything." When D'Alembert and Condorcet were airing their disbeliefs over Voltaire's supper-table, he sent his servants out of the room, saying by way of explanation to those infidel Academicians, "As I do not wish to be robbed and murdered to-night by my servants, I am anxious that the ideas of God and of a future state shall not be eradicated from their minds." To take away the faith in immortality is to impair if not to destroy the motives which inspire moral aspiration, which prompt and sustain

moral endeavor, and which exert moral restraint. It takes away all force from the appeal to "strive and attain to be good again, and a home in the upper world secure, all crystal and gold with God for its sun." It makes God a myth, religion a farce, and moral responsibility a burdensome and hindering invention of the priests. Judging by the results of his despoiling words, it is not harsh to say that this withered old materialist, destroying that child's faith, deserved to be brained on the spot as a violator of the supreme sanctities of life; for the final sequel showed that he would have committed a less injurious, less accursed crime if he had inoculated her with the germ of leprosy or slit an artery with his lancet and let out her young life in its innocence. For the ultimate fruitage of his act was deadly and damnable. Diabolic malice could have done no worse. There is high warrant for saying that it would have been "better for him that a millstone had been hanged about his neck and he drowned in the depths of the sea" than that he should thus have harmed one of Christ's little ones. In the name of all that is sacred and precious, let every home guard its doors against the entrance of the unbelieving physician no matter what his skill, for he may undo all the good that home and church have done by undermining faith and consequently morals.

When the hallowed glory of the Christian faith had been darkened in her soul by the denial of immortality, the logic of this denial began to work itself out by degrees to practical effects in this young girl's life. She lost all interest in religion, despised its admonitions, and discarded its noble motives. Forsaking entirely the altars of God, at which in childhood she had been dedicated to a good life, she plunged, when she was old enough, into the gay social whirl, exposing herself to its temptations without the protection of religious principles; and her life went the way it ought not to have gone. Her foolish feet took the forbidden path. Her dalliance with evil loitered at casements that looked on the foam of perilous seas; into which at last she leaped, and the whirlpool sucked her under. With white hands waving wildly she vanished with all her beauty in the vortex. And when I stood alone with her body in the room where she, cornered by the consequences of her sin, had taken her own life, my frightened soul, my breaking heart, heard an awful voice, more heavy and mournful than the tolling of a cemetery bell, sounding the verdict of a moral universe in the sentence, "The wages of sin is death." An evil and a bitter thing it is, a deadly thing, to lose one's religious

faith; and he who murders in another's soul that faith is guilty of a crime for which the righteous wrath of an avenging Heaven can have no penalty too great.

Thus endeth the third lesson; and the lesson is that the hallowed glory of the Christian faith is all that can surely save life from vitiation, degradation, overwhelming and irretrievable disaster. John R. Mott says: "I have asked the students of forty different nations to show me any power except Christ (who brought immortality into the light) that would save their life from sin and give them strength. Only one young man ever claimed knowledge of such a power. I said to him, 'I'm glad to meet you. Come with me, and give your message to the world. I need your help.' That same evening that young man came to me and said he was a slave of sin, and the power which, he had claimed, was able to save him—the strength of his own will—had not been able to save him."

Still another lesson. It was Sacrament Sunday morning. The service was over. The congregation had gone, except one mother with her little girl who lingered at the foot of the aisle just inside the door. The minister was still lingering in the altar. In a moment the child left her mother's side and went swiftly up the aisle to the altar, her bright, sunny hair afloat, her lovely face aglow. The minister saw her coming and waited. She stepped up on the kneeling-cushion, gave him both her hands, and smiling trustfully up into his face, said, "Please, may I join the Lord's Supper?" All her family except herself had partaken of the sacrament that morning; and she, though the youngest of the children and only seven years old, did not want to be left alone in the pew while the others went to the altar, and could not see any reason why she should be. The tall minister, looking down into her rosy face, and knowing there was no flower in all the world one half so sweet as she, said, "Bless you, darling, do you wish to very much?" "Yes, very much," she answered. "Well," said he, "I'll come and see you and your mother and we'll talk it over." That family circle did not long remain incomplete at the sacramental table. Very soon she too joined the Lord's Supper, and became a child of the sacrament. And who shall say that her tender lips had not as good a right to the consecrated bread and wine as had the withered lips of old Saint Jerome in the celebrated picture of his last communion, painted by Domenichino, which hangs in the Vatican? Nothing evil or unhallowed was cherished in the home which reared this blessed child. Hers was one of the homes—

and there are millions of them—which beautify and sanctify life for their children by Christian purities and loyalties. The fear of God kept it clean and Christian love made a warm and sunny atmosphere for them to grow up in. When this child of the Sacrament, this daughter of the Holy Communion, reached womanhood, and love and marriage came, they were sacred to her like the bread and wine of a sacrament. Her wedding harked back to Cana of Galilee, and Cana's guest, reverently invoked, was not absent from the marriage feast. When some happy years of wedded life had gone by, and fatal illness invaded her new home, she passed into still closer companionship with Christ, entering even into the fellowship of the Master's suffering in his Gethsemane struggle, as she put up her pleading hands to push away from her lips the bitter chalice of widowhood, praying, "If it be possible, let this cup pass"; yet, when denied her prayer, bowing her fair young head in submission, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt," as she stood at last beside the silent form of her dearest, who, having lived a manly life, left behind him a white name. The wine of Cana and the wormwood of bereavement—she learned the taste of both, and in both found something sacramental. For her the altar-cloth was broadened till it covered the earth.

A certain nobly useful and influential woman remembers the home in which she was born and reared as having been literally sacramental. In it was kept the silver communion set of the church —the tankard, the goblets, and the plates. In it was prepared the bread, made from "the finest of the wheat," for the Holy Communion —the Lord's Supper. This woman, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of her marriage, writes to an inherited friend: "From my earliest childhood I watched the laundering of the sacrament tablecloth by a humble devoted English woman whose service it was to come and do it at our house. I saw my father prepare the grape juice and my mother cut the bread, until I was old enough to make and bake that loaf and cut the bread and keep the silver bright." Without one additional word of description, we would know what kind of a home that was; and we know what kind of children and children's children might be confidently expected to come from such a home. And lo! in the second and third generation that same high quality continues in the descendants of that sacramental home.

Thus endeth the fourth lesson; and the lesson is that it is a good thing to make life sacramental, all along and through and through, and that the wisest homes are those that hallow life for

the children Heaven intrusts to them by leading the young feet early to the altars of the church.

One lesson more. A certain child grew up in a Christian home and in Wesley Chapel Sunday School, Cincinnati. Years afterward, womanhood found her in a distant city, mated with an unbeliever in the Faith of her Fathers. One morning, when a minister was at work in his study, the door-bell rang and he was called to the parlor to see the visitor, a comely and well-dressed young woman of thirty-five, whom he had not met before. She had called to see if he would come to her house and baptize her two little children. A few inquiries elicited the fact that she did not attend religious services anywhere; that she could not bring her children to church for baptism, because her husband, who was a Jew, would not consent; that, merely to indulge her wish, he was willing she should have them baptized privately, though he declined to be present at the ceremony. "Why do you desire Christian baptism for your children, when neither they nor their parents will attend any Christian Church?" inquired the minister. The young woman burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Because I think my mother would wish me to have it done." Her dead mother was the one cord which held her heart to the dear old Christian thoughts and things. "What would my mother wish me to do?" was the question with which the lonely girl was feeling her way through the dark in those alien years when she was far from her old home_like a captive by the rivers of Babylon. The instant the minister understood her motive, and saw through her action, he decided in a flash that, law or no law, with or without rubrical warrant, he would help this woman do this holy thing. The next day, in her home, a most uncanonical ceremony came near being perpetrated—the children of a Jew receiving Christian baptism from a Methodist minister with a Roman Catholic friend standing as godmother. The illness and absence of the proposed godmother modified the ceremony in that one particular; but it was still not such a ceremony as the ritual for baptism contemplates, assumes, and implies. Against any tenacious stickler for order and regularity who might question whether such irregularity was pardonable in an ordained clergyman, that minister sustains himself by the knowledge that his act helped one Sunday school girl, exiled into strange and un-Christian surroundings, to mind her godly mother's wish; which, we trust, seems not a very heinous offense. Now and here for this offense, as, in the day of final account, for a host of other things, he must appeal

to the clemency of the court. Will somebody please move that this man's character be passed, and that he be reckoned effective? Let no formal inquiry be ordered as to what extent and in what way he exercised the *jus liturgicum* to modify the baptismal ritual to suit the exceptional occasion.

Thus endeth the fifth lesson; and the lesson is that religious training and especially a Christian mother are things to be thankful for, and that "What would my mother wish me to do?" will generally give a clue to the right path for a girl, at any age, to walk in.

O, these Christian mothers! What guardianship they exercise, while on earth and when in heaven, over their offspring! Blessed is the daughter who enshrines her mother forever in her heart. A mother's picture kept near by may be a better defense than a legion of angels. One lone young woman of thirty who lay suffering in the open ward of a hospital in a strange city kept on the little stand beside her cot the photograph of her invalid mother, who was ill of a fatal disease, hundreds of miles away; and from that face she got more comfort than from doctors, nurses, and visiting minister. A bright girl, making her way alone in a Northern city, opens her watch, and shows, inside the case, the face of her mother, then in the far-off Southern home, but present in spirit with her child. An invalid girl in a sanitarium hangs on the wall above her bed, within touch, the picture of her mother, a truly great woman, who ascended to the welcoming heaven from a noble life on earth. That strong, wise face is both body-guard and counselor to her suffering child. Peace, purity, wisdom, comfort, and protection radiate from a mother's presence or a mother's picture or a mother's memory.

Such lessons as these one may learn in Lewis Carroll's fascinating company, in the company of the children of Christian homes.

With all of them, in the home or out in the wide, wide world, may the Suffer-Little-Children Christ, Thorwaldsen's Christ of the Outstretched Arms, ever abide to guard and to guide.

THE ARENA

APOSTLE, SLAVE, AND LOW-DOWN OARSMAN

Παῦλος ἀπόστολος, δοῦλος καὶ ὑπηρέτης.

To insure success in any vocation it is essential that a man have a true conception of the work in which he is engaged. The mason who would simply pile brick upon brick, endeavoring merely to lay the greatest number in a given time, is a failure. He must constantly consider the plan on which he is working, the destiny of the building whose walls he is constructing. If this is true in regard to a tradesman, how much more important is it that the professional man appreciate the true value of his labor. The dentist is not merely to cover up for the moment an exposed nerve in a tooth; he must relate his present work to the preservation of his patient's teeth for years to come. How very necessary, then, is it that the Christian minister have the true view of his peculiar work. Is it not true that some, even in evangelical denominations, have entered the ministry considering it simply one of the professions in which they themselves might choose to engage? How wrong that position is we see when we analyze what the great model minister of the New Testament reveals as to his conception of the gospel ministry. In the first instance, Paul never loses sight of the fact that he was divinely chosen for his task. The great majority of his letters begin *Παῦλος ἀπόστολος* or Commissioner Paul. That seems to have been the glory of his later life. He had not selected a profession, he served in a calling, and the call, the commission, had come directly from God's Son. This is not only implied but plainly stated by him. In the opening sentence of his letter to the Romans he says: "Paul—called to be *an apostle, separated* unto the Gospel." And in his first epistle to the Corinthians he says: "Paul, *called* to be *an apostle* of Jesus Christ, *through the will of God.*" And, as if that were not enough, we read in the opening greeting to the Galatians, "Paul, *an apostle*, not of men, neither by man, but *by Jesus Christ, and God the Father.*" Happy the minister who knows for a certainty that he has been commissioned of God, and who during all his lifetime and gospel labor will ever keep this clearly before his mind, making it the humble boast and constant inspiration of his ministry. The prophets of the Old Testament were wont to say: "Thus says the Lord." The New Testament minister must be able to say: "I, an apostle of Jesus Christ by the will of God."

In Paul's case the acceptance of his high commission was instant and thorough. This gives us the second essential characteristic of a true minister. From a persecuting enemy of the followers of the new sect, who gloried in the death of a crucified Galilean, Paul became the absolute *λοδοῦς* of Jesus Christ. Behold the change. Yesterday a Pharisee of the Pharisees, a distinguished member of the high caste of the Jews; to-day and for the rest of his life a willing bond-slave of the despised Nazarene.

The change in the one chosen of Jesus Christ to-day may not be as radical, inasmuch as he might have been brought up in a gospel home, but the effect of the call to the apostolate must be the same as in the case of Paul. The true Christian minister must be from the moment of his call and he must remain to his life's end, a δοῦλος of the Lord. No matter whether this self-imposed serfdom separate him from father, mother, home or luxury, or even lead him daily to be crucified with Christ, nothing but a constant bond-service of the Master, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light, will be acceptable to God or satisfy the heart of his commissioned representative. Such must be the attitude on the part of God's commissioners.

But such high service might make the apostle proud. He might, as in one of the branches of Christendom the priests actually teach, make himself the deposit of divine graces. To forestall all such thought in Paul's mind the Lord Jesus made it very plain to his servant that he was not to govern, but to occupy a most humble position in the economy of the Kingdom of God. For he said, "I have appeared unto thee to make thee a 'ὑπηρέτης.' Not a captain, Paul, not the steersman of the gospel craft, but a rower of the lower bench. You are not to give laws in the Kingdom; I do that; you are not to alter the course of the craft, for I have both drawn the chart and laid out the course. You are not to lord over other servants of mine. Come now, obedient slave, and occupy with many others, your equals, the bench of the rower. Strong arms are needed, stout hearts when the storms make work difficult. Give constant and close attention to the oar and take but little rest until the craft is safely in port.

Here, then, have we, from the Word of God and from the testimonies of his great model disciple, the three eternal essentials of the true gospel ministry; namely, the divine call, the willing submission, and the humble cooperate service.

Gerhard J. Schilling.

Santiago, Chile, South America.

A BIT OF A DAY IN A RURAL COMMUNITY

Wheat and oats! oats and wheat—to right of me, to left of me, in front of me! Oats and wheat everywhere! Cut and bundled. Lots of them. Ten-acre lots, forty-acre lots, hundred-acre lots. And these fields are yellow-ripe for the harvest and seem to lift and bow their golden locks at full tide to the God of nature in humble recognition and gratitude that they have come to such a day as this. The voice of nature has spoken to the industrious husbandman of these many fields, even as the fiery prophet of the olden times spake to the spiritual custodians of Judah saying, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe!" And into these fields the glad-hearted farmer has come with reapers drawn by a big quartet of horses abreast; and they are like the war-horses, scenting the battle from afar and neighing for the conflict. And they draw these

reapers against the ripened grain and the yellow cereal yields to the almost noiseless onslaught of these cutting devices.

A stalwart Swede has just made an "inning" in shocking up the ripened bundles of grain and has gripped the big brown water jug and is slaking his thirst with a gracious joy when I rein in my horse to inquire the way to Brother Smith's.

"Yohn Smeet! know heem? Yah! Take da fust road to da nort' an' he's da fust hoose an da aff site."

"An da aff site"! I meditated. This "off" and "near" nomenclature was always a kind of ox-driver's sphinx to me, and now that it has been a score or more of years since I was a "clod-hopper" my confusion is worse confounded by the big Swede's information. But I did find Brother "Smeet." The family had just finished an early evening meal and the big touring car had been backed out of the garage and was oiled, tanked, cranked, and all the other etcetera of this family vehicle, and the radiator was humming a thump! thump! thump! as if it were eager for the outing. I positively declined to interfere in any way with the intended and well-earned outing of this family, and having accepted my statement at its face value away they go and I drive into their rear and am soon invisible in the cloud of dust and exploded gas smoke the speeding chariot has blown into the air; and if they have not ascended, like Elijah, they have departed, and are no longer visible to me. I did not envy good farmer Smith and his family their needed outing for the evening, but I am also forced to reflect that such an achievement as the purchasing of such a luxury for a vehicle is too ethereal for me, and slowly my faithful nag trots on and in my leisurely way I am able to recognize—yes, recognize—everybody and everything and can say "howd'y" to the late toilers in the field, catch the soft cadences of the full-throated feathered songsters as they fly from tree to tree and flit from branch to branch, drink in the rhythmic music of the gurgling waters that tumble so rollickingly over the miniature cascades, hear the sheep nearby nipping at the grass and see them lazily toss their snow-white heads into the air at my approach, with an independence and indifference becoming this sacrificial species of field and meadow, as they would seem to say to me:

"Hello! Mr. Preacher! this is a fine evening and that is a woolly fine coat you have on, but it is only a second-hand one; we wore it a-fore you did! ba! ba!"

And that sheep lore leads me to reflect,

"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

But a real luxury is in store for me, and it is a real diversion to drive up to the big farm house of good Brother Corntossel and to accept the urgent and cordial invitation to share with them in their evening lunch and to be greeted by the good wife and mother of the home, who, though her metaphor was a little misplaced, perhaps, said in real generous fashion nevertheless:

"It's an ill wind that blows a-body harm, you know, an' I were jist

a-sayin' to Zeke 'at the minister hain't bin to see us fur quite a spell, no how."

But I must come back to that evening lunch at good Brother Corntossel's. Lunch, did I say? Why, my gentle reader, it was more like one of those big barbecues I used to attend in the days of my flesh, when a boy and liked big things like that: where all kinds of flesh, of the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, the beasts of the field and animals undomesticated, of the forest, were to be seen, were killed, cleaned, and eaten by the hungry multitude. And it was a real picnic to be at lunch with this family, of almost a dozen besides the half dozen men and women servants and the minister. At this evening lunch is a man, and native to the soil, too, who avowed he had not been tempted to taste chicken in forty years! And when his abstemious virtue is about to be called in question he positively affirms that it is no fou(w)l answer. At the suggestion of the pater familias he is voted a real hero, and the whole company agree that some benefactor should recommend him to the trustees of the Carnegie Hero-Fund for honors and to be decorated with the title of "The Most Wholly Abstainer." The vote is unanimous; and thereupon followed a burst of laughter in which all joined, from the pater familias down to the sweet little golden-haired four-year-old in her high chair, who clapped her chubby hands as a kind of accompaniment, while our bachelor hero's face was hidden behind a rising tide of crimson blushes that would have outdone those of the most bashful maiden, thereby achieving a second honor of outrivaling the diffidence of the fair sex.

From sweet repast we turn to prayer, to which devotional habit this household is not unaccustomed. And now, my visit ended, the dews are falling and adieus are in order. I mount my chariot, drawn by my faithful mare, and drive on to watch God finish this day. The sea-blue sky is clear and the stars are beginning to peep through the heavens' azure. The sun has begun to slip the day from his shoulders and take up the dusk into his burning chariot. I am driving through a wood that has been scrupulously thinned by the woodman till all underbrush is removed and the verdant grass has spread a carpet of green that would tempt the fairies at play-time under these trees, and in these trees the birds are beginning to perch and sing softly to each other their evening songs. The sun has pillowed his head of flame upon a western wave and the folds of night are tucked about his head gently as a mother folds the cradle-sheet around the sweet face of her first-born. The stars have donned their necklaces of silvery hue and make the evening merry for the traveler with their mute speech and silent laughter. The silvery moon has slowly and quietly climbed her way bashfully up above the treetops and with maidenlike blushes makes love with the stars. I will not intrude upon their love making with any irreverence of mine, but will join with them in a common fellowship with God, my God and their God, and watch him finish this day with such infinite satisfaction to himself and with an unspeakable joy and rapture to myself. Never did I feel the sweetness and divineness of communion with God more than I did on this evening as I drove past and watched how he finished this

particular day. And I thought, O if I can finish my little day, my infinitesimal span of time in this world he has given me to enjoy, with the smallest degree of perfection conceivable in comparison, how infinitely and unspeakably happy my spirit will be in those realms of light and joy beyond these material skies! And yet what a human spirit may enjoy and revel in on such a day as this one particular day may be the rich heritage of the soul on its every day on this earth. The climax of this closing day is reached when, by that spiritual discernment one may have in communion with the heavenly Father, he seems to say, "And you have really enjoyed watching me finish this day? Well, I made it for you to enjoy, and have not only done this one day, nor three hundred and sixty-five, but have been doing it for innumerable days and for multiplied millions upon millions of spirits like your own." And all these days have been as faultless as this one particular day. The splendor, grandeur, and beauty of Addison's hymn on the nineteenth Psalm touched me as it never did before, and it is well worth reproducing:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine.'"

And this is a bit of a day in a rural community. Such an experience presents its compensation alongside the urbanite who, at times at least, might be forced to sigh, "My one oasis in the dust and din and strife of city life is the freedom, bigness, and hilarity of a day with brooks and woods and fields."

S. R. Reno.

Curran, Ill.

THE METHODIST REVIEW*

I *did not want it*. To be sure it might be somewhat beneficial, but then there were so many things that would prove equally beneficial—and —but here the cold fact faced me; I *must* read it. I rebelled. It was but a short-lived insurrection, for one day by parcel post they came—the Methodist Reviews sent by a friend—and I sat down to supposed solitary confinement.

Presently I looked up. It was late. I remembered now hearing the good wife call and call again, but here it was about two o'clock in the morning, and I could hardly break with the chorus of friends voicing sweet music to me from the stately pages of the Reviews. How they held one in their grip!

First you were tip-toeing about a hospital "Somewhere in France." You were bending over the cot of some laddie, dropping a chocolate into his ivory-guarded mouth, or gazing with tear-dimmed eyes at the eager faces of the men from the trenches who were seeing their first Christmas tree—or with a heavy heart you were turning from an empty blood-stained cot which a beautiful boy of the desert had left for a land fairer than day. And the boxes—yes, you had been opening boxes from America—and what joy if you had seen some things you had sent on to the Red Cross. Who had ever thought the Review dull? Who had dared to plant such heterodoxy in a mind usually fair?

And then out from among the leaves you caught a glimpse of straggling sunny hair—a winsome smile—a voice that seemed to hold the music of bird and brook as Bishop Quayle smiled into your heart and reached down to your life springs to draw up precious drops that trickled down your cheeks, leaving you sweeter and fresher for the shower.

Yes—and then there was that review of "Fares, Please," and close at your side was sitting the light buoyant figure of Luccock and the fresh mind of the youthful author who has charmed a widening circle of admirers.

And then how strengthening to read the Editor's words about the Christ! How they burned into one's heart—how they lifted one strongly and truly close to the "God of our Fathers"!

Here Tennyson—sweet as the breath of the morning rose, trustful as the clinging vine that girdles the oak—Tennyson, in verse melodious as a child's voice holds true to the Christ of the Ages. Dear old man! How you love him as in his gentleness he softly lifts the leaves of life's book, and how he carries you with him when he rises to leave a company of doubters.

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*This eulogy of the Review is not offered by its author. It was not intended for publication, but for the Board of Examiners in the Conference Course of Study. Rev. W. A. Campbell, of the Troy Conference, who found it, sends it to the office of the Review. By the same mail arrives this testimony of a divinity school professor: "I had planned to spend this day on something else, when the morning's mail brought the May number of our Review. Lo! everything else had to go. I have spent all day reading it. I take several theological reviews, but the Methodist Review is the only one which compels me to turn everything else down till I almost finish it from cover to cover." These are sample unsolicited testimonials.

But who is this who comes with the air of a king among men? The matchless mien of Bishop Warren. How regal he appears! How stately, yet how truly good! And as we see, through the eyes of a very dear friend, the Bishop in his home life, we love him all the more. How the old tricycle on the back porch appeals to us—and we laugh with glee to see the Bishop riding for the mail, or smile approval as he dashes for his car. And then the hot tears start as we hear the crash of the tall pine in the forest—when the king went home.

But here comes a host of "Buttoned Up People." And the eloquent Bishop McIntyre plays upon the heart strings until we laugh and cry and smile through our tears at these folks, and reach down to unbutton our hearts a bit.

Here comes a friend with a rare verse. How it sings its way into our soul. And here the face and form of Tagore. The voice from India is sweet if uncertain. The heart is warm and the mind takes voyage to where the soft waves rush into the arms of the coral isle and the happy children play on the silvery strand.

Again the beloved form of large-hearted, bird-toned Bishop Quayle looms before us, and with quaint beauty of diction the dear old Bible is upheld and its charms again claim us so securely that we close the REVIEW and the Bishop's hands lead us to the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for His sheep. As we close the great old magazine and mount the stairs the night resounds with the music of many voices—is light with the faces of our beloved ideals—while close beside walks One who is the Chief among Ten Thousand. And as we close our eyes we pray: "Dear Jesus—our Lord—our God—we thank Thee for the METHODIST REVIEW." ROY F. DUNCKEL.

R. F. D. 1, Glens Falls, N. Y.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE CHRISTIAN TEACHERS IN CORINTH

1 COR. 3. 5-15

THE study of Paul's letter to the church at Corinth shows among other important things how similar the problems are which Paul was asked to solve then to those which arise in this modern age. The answers of the apostle to their inquiries may in substance, if not in form, yield valuable lessons for to-day. In a previous paper we have considered the parties which had arisen in the church, against which Paul uttered his solemn protest. 1 Cor. 1. 19-17 and 3. 1-4.

In the passage before us is shown the true relation of the Christian teachers to the church in Corinth. The factions in the church which had gathered around the teachers had greatly hindered the progress of the

gospel, and Paul felt called upon to rebuke this tendency. He does it by showing their true position. The teachers are reminded that they are not their own masters; they are under God's authority, and doing God's work and not their own. In the third chapter, fifth to the seventh verses, Paul says: "What then is Apollos, and what is Paul? Ministers through whom ye believed, and each as the Lord gave to him. I planted, and Apollos watered, but God gave the increase; so then neither is he that planteth anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." They were not the sources of gospel truth, but the instruments whom God sent to convey his message, and each one had his particular part in the work for which he was responsible to God. He employs an agricultural metaphor. Paul had sowed the seed and Apollos had watered it, but the increase was from God, and hence no glory or reason for vanity on the part of any of the teachers or on the part of those who gathered around them. The factions in the church had gathered around the three great leaders, Paul and Apollos and Cephas, and they were not successful except so far as God gave success to their labors.

He exhorts them to unity in their work. There is no indication of a lack of unity on the part of the great teachers in doing the work which had been committed to them; each had done the part that belonged to him; but it was their converts, who had gathered around these honored names and separated themselves into parties, who were causing the want of harmony. Paul himself had disclaimed any relation to such parties. In Chapter 1. 13-15 he says: "Is Christ divided? Was Paul crucified for you? Or were you baptized into the name of Paul? I thank God that I baptized none of you, save Crispus and Gaius; lest any man should say that ye were baptized in my name." He would destroy not only the factions but the spirit which animated them, and this he would do by giving to the teachers their proper position. As already said, they had gathered around the different teachers as though they were the sources of the gospel, whereas they were merely its ministers, through whom God communicated his message.

Paul now changes the metaphor from an agricultural one to an architectural one; namely, that of a building. He declares that his part, by God's grace, had been that of laying a foundation of the building only. Verse 10: "According to the grace of God, which was given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder, I laid a foundation; and another buildeth thereon. But let each man take heed how he buildeth thereon." He here affirms that it was not because of his personal ability that he was able to lay the foundation, but because of God's grace. According to Paul's manner, he attributes all his work to its original source: the God who called him to be his apostle. Only thus could he justify the use of his description of himself as a wise masterbuilder; he was not the foundation, but he put it in its proper setting; he did not select the foundation from the various materials which were at hand, and from which he might have made choice, but it had been already prepared, for he says: "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (verse 11). The foundation had been prepared by God and all the teachers had the

same foundation. It had already been placed there. Paul had laid it in Corinth when he came there to deliver his message. His message was a very simple one; it was Jesus Christ. He does not enlarge upon the aspects of Jesus Christ; he gives to him his full Messianic name, Jesus Christ. There could be no question raised as to the foundation; there was but one, and there could be but one. It is one of the mistakes of our age that we are prone to lay some other foundation than the real one, and this is one of the points on which he insists: that the Christian teachers should not busy themselves with any other work than that of erecting a superstructure on the building which had already been laid.

The vital question for the church was the character of the building which was placed upon the foundation, whether it was a building of enduring and beautiful material or a frail unsightly structure. "But if any man buildeth on the foundation gold, silver, costly stone, wood, hay, stubble" (verse 12). On a firm foundation it is possible to erect "a palace or a hovel." "Possibly the Parthenon, glittering with its painted and gilded columns of Pentilic marble, was in his mind," says Dean Stanley. Others suggest the thought may have been taken "from what would meet the eye of the traveler in Ephesus, where St. Paul now was, or in Corinth, where his letter is to be first read."

Ellicott remarks that "The reference is not to different buildings, but to a single building of which the different portions consist of different work and materials, some valuable and lasting, and some but of little value and perishable." It is a question whether the materials with which the teachers are to erect the superstructure are doctrines or the "moral fruits" of the hearers. That the reference is to the teachers and not to the results on the hearers seems clear from the context. The results from the hearers are the tests of the teachers; in general the teaching molds the character. "The church is built of men, not of doctrines" (1 Peter 2. 4, 5). "But to a great extent men are what the teaching they have received makes them; whatever tests the one tests also the other."

The character of the work erected upon the foundation will be fully revealed at the Day of Judgment, which is the world's testing time. The teacher whose teaching will abide, that day, will have God's approval; the one whose work will not endure the test of fire shall be deprived of the reward for his toil. He shall be saved out of the fire, but the building which he erected will be a total loss if it does not set forth the truth. "If any man's work shall abide, which he built thereon, he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved, yet as through fire."

While the teachers were to be joint workers, they were to be rewarded as individuals. Each shall receive his own reward according to his own labor. If he erects a beautiful and enduring building, on a true foundation, he shall receive the reward that is due, and it will not be according to the visible appearance of the work but according to the toil which he has expended upon it. If his building is a frail structure he will lose his reward, but he himself, because he has built on the true foundation, Jesus Christ, shall be saved. The humble toiler in God's vineyard whose

work is faithful, and whose success does not show largely in the published reports, shall, when the time of God's accounting comes, have a much higher recompense than the man of brilliant gifts whose fame and successes are widely heralded but who has failed to erect an enduring structure. The publicity department has no place in the final judgment of awards before the impartial judge, who, according to this passage, rewards his teachers according to their own toil. We have the lesson of the blessedness of faithful work.

THE BIBLE IN THE MINISTER'S PRIVATE LIFE

The Bible belongs everywhere; it is a universal book; it is the book for the public services of the church; it is the book of the Sunday school; it is the book of the Young Men's Christian Association; it is the book that is everywhere needed in all the relations of life. When the world is at peace it finds its great comfort in its beautiful teachings of love among men; when the world is at war it is the only book that meets the exigencies that arise out of the conflicts of men and points the way to the time when there shall be no war, but when humanity shall be a brotherhood. It is the minister's book when he is preparing for his public duties, but it is also the book which is essential to the completeness of his religious life. There, of course, can be no essential difference between the Bible in the private life of the minister and in that of the layman; its teachings and the spiritual impulse that proceeds from its personal use, belong to all men and are essential to the constant promotion of the spiritual life in all. The danger to the minister is that in the necessary study of the Bible for his public duties, he may neglect its use for his personal advancement in the divine life. He should use it reverently as well in his home life as in his public functions. Many admonitions come to us to avoid making the Bible a fetish, and we are gravely warned against the idolatry of the book. So far as appears there is no present danger in that direction; it is a book, but it is a book which carries with it divine authority.

There are times when he must consider it in critical aspects which the age requires of him; these problems which touch the intellectual world so profoundly in relation to it, he may not shrink from, but he must study with an open mind for the truth. All men love truth and the Bible is the fountain of spiritual truth; it is to him a sacred message. The Psalmist well says: "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver" (Psa. 119. 72). In the seclusion, however, of his private life, he would think of the book which he holds in his hands as more than one of the dialogues of Plato or the great masters in science or literature, or the beautiful thoughts of our great poets, but as a personal message from his King, telling him the wondrous story of God's love for the humanity which He has redeemed. If he would read the Bible to advantage, he should read it consecutively. The mastery of one book of

the New Testament throws its influence around all the other books. This is especially desirable in his private studies. He should prepare for himself choice selections from the sacred Word; the Gospel of John abounds in such precious passages, which may be regarded as the classics of the Christian faith. The Psalms constitute a wonderful collection of studies in the deepest realms of our human feeling. To one who considers it carefully, there arises astonishment at the breadth of that Book, although prepared so long ago, it seems so modern and up-to-date. It reveals to us the unchangeableness of human nature, because in the old poems of the sacred singers he finds the human touch at every point. The poets who represent the tender and beautiful in the human consciousness in their latest forms, find themselves anticipated in their choicest thoughts by the precious words of the Psalmist.

In the study of the Bible for private use, it is well to study without notes. One of the old philosophers, when enjoining upon his students the various books which they should study in order to understand his subject, he said that they should study them without notes. For critical study commentaries and learned treatises of explanation may be very valuable, but for spiritual purposes the study of the Word by itself, marking its important passages and applying them to the daily life, is one of the best methods of securing the happiest results for the Christian life.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

JERUSALEM IN WAR

Perhaps no city on the globe has suffered more and oftener from the ravages of war and the train of horrors inseparably connected with it than Jerusalem. And now as we pen these lines the Holy City, usually filled with pilgrims and religionists from various parts of the world, is once more crowded with soldiers and their cruel commanders from Berlin and Constantinople, while an army of the Entente Allies has taken possession of the main thoroughfares from the north to south and is encamped in the fertile fields and beautiful orchards along the Mediterranean coast. And thus another siege, with its famine, suffering, and horrors, is added to the many already endured. "The bare catalogue of the disasters which have overtaken Jerusalem is enough to paralyze her topographer." In addition to its more than score of sieges, it has had its famines, earthquakes, and calamities of all sorts, and as if these were not enough, another one is added—let us hope and pray it may be the last. Though its walls have often been breached, its palaces and temple ruined, yes, its very hills leveled to the ground and its ravines filled up with the debris, yet all these depredations have served only to hearten its inhabitants with the determination to build on a grander scale. So to-day we have faith to believe that Jerusalem, soon to be delivered from the power of the fa-

natical Turk and his ruthless ally, will pass to other hands more merciful and civilized and flourish again as the joy of the whole world.

The story of Jerusalem, like that of many an ancient city, loses itself in the mists of gray antiquity when legend and myth were inseparably blended with real history. Jerusalem was the habitation of human beings in the early stone age. The rude stone implements found in the immediate vicinity bear clear testimony to this thesis. Situated not far from the natural highway from the Euphrates to the Nile it became known very early to the invading armies marching over this great thoroughfare.

Jerusalem was fitted in many ways to become the capital of a small warlike people, and such small nations have always existed alongside or in close proximity to the great world powers. It was far enough from the regular military roads, east and west, to make war upon it difficult, and its topography was such as to render it a place of easy defense as well as of great strategic value. It was almost entirely surrounded by hills considerably higher than those on which it was built—this, however, would afford but little protection in modern warfare. Its isolation was its main protection. Another thing that made for the safety of Jerusalem was its water supply, for in addition to numberless cisterns and reservoirs there was also water brought through subterranean passages from living springs—such was the Pool of Siloam.

As already stated the story of Jerusalem is lost in the legendary. It is generally agreed that Salem and Jerusalem were one and the same place. Thus the capital of Melchizedek (Gen. 14. 10), who was a contemporary of Abraham (ca. 2250 B. C.), was Jerusalem. Whether this priest-king was an independent ruler or a vassal of Egypt, or whether he was in any way connected with Abd-Khiba of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, centuries later, who, we know, was governor of Jerusalem under Amenophis IV when the city was suffering from invasion, is not material to our subject. Be that as it may, Melchizedek was ruler of Jerusalem at a very early date. The eight letters found in the Tel-el-Amarna collection prove that Jerusalem was a stronghold when rebellion broke out in various parts of Syria and Palestine against Egyptian domination, and that the Khabiri (Hebrews?) waged a successful war against several cities of Palestine, and threatened Jerusalem and its king. The fate of Jerusalem is not stated. We know, however, that Egypt soon afterwards lost its grip on Syria and Palestine.

We read in the tenth chapter of Joshua that five kings fought the Hebrews on their entrance into Canaan. One of these captured and killed was king of Jerusalem. We also read (Judg. 1. 8) that after the death of Joshua, Jerusalem was taken by the tribe of Judah.

This capture by Judah was evidently only partial or temporary, for the Jebusites, a Semitic tribe, were not driven out of the city till the sixth year of David's reign, when he made it his own capital (ca. 1000 B. C.). It is impossible to say how severe the fighting was when the Jebusites were finally overpowered or how badly their citadel suffered at the hand of David. Though their stronghold was taken, the Jebusites continued to dwell in another part of Jerusalem. We must also remember

that the conquest under Joshua was far from complete, for it is known that a number of petty tribes, mostly Semitic, continued to dwell in the land for a long time afterwards. According to George Adam Smith, the Jebusite fortress or city was very small, only about 4,250 feet in circumference, or a trifle smaller than Gezer, another Canaanite city.

From the days of David to the disruption of the kingdom Jerusalem had comparative peace, and grew mighty under Solomon; but after the death of the wise king there were for half a century constant hostilities between Judah and Israel (1 Kings 14. 30; 15. 6, 16; 22. 24). Such hostilities encouraged foreign invasions. Thus in the fifth year of Jeroboam (ca. 928 B. C.) war was made upon Judah by Shishak, king of Egypt, who took many cities of Judah, including Jerusalem. He not only captured the capital, but plundered its palaces and temple, and carried away much treasure to Egypt, including the gold shields made by Solomon (2 Chron. 12. 4-9). Josephus mentions this war (Ant., VIII, x, 2) and so do the Egyptian monuments, if the word Rabbath (i. e., chief city) in the list of the cities captured by Shishak and engraved on the walls of the temple at Karnak is the equivalent of Jerusalem.

The next attack upon the Holy City was during the reign of wicked Jehoram (ca. 850 B. C.) when the Philistines and Arabians made war upon Judah, pillaged the house of the king and carried captive his wives and children (2 Chron. 21. 15ff.).

Fifty years later, when Hazael, the king of Syria, after subduing the Northern Kingdom and after taking many cities on the coast, invaded Judah and marched against Jerusalem, the city was spared from destruction by the payment of a great tribute to the king of Syria. This cowardly surrender of the king of Judah angered many of his leading subjects, who conspired against him and finally took his life (2 Kings 12. 17ff.). The next war recorded was between Judah and Israel. Their armies met at Beth-shemesh, where Amaziah, king of Judah, was completely defeated and Jehoash entered Jerusalem, broke down four hundred cubits of the wall, took all the gold and silver from the temple and royal palace, also many hostages, and then returned triumphantly to his capital, Samaria (2 Kings 14. 14).

There was now a peace for a century or more. The rulers of Judah were able not only to protect and strengthen their capital, but also to subdue some of the smaller tribes hostile to them. In the course of time, however, they commenced to feel the increasing influence and power of Assyria and yet, were it not for this great world-power, Jerusalem would probably have been taken from Ahaz by Rezin of Syria. It was Ahaz's alliance with Tiglath-pileser and a larger sum of silver and gold in the way of tribute that saved Jerusalem from another inglorious destruction (2 Kings 16. 5). The relief was only temporary, for some years later (701 B. C.) Sennacherib entered upon his victorious conquests south, taking everything in his way, including very many of the fortified cities of Judah. Hezekiah, king of Judah, sent messengers to the king of Assyria, then at Lachish, and also vast treasures as tribute (2 Kings 18. 13ff.). It is not quite clear from the language of the Hebrew historians that

the tribute, great as it was, satisfied Sennacherib, for we read of his general coming up against Jerusalem and besieging it. Did he come against Jerusalem twice? Granting that he did, there is no evidence that the city was captured by the Assyrians at that time. We have a lengthy account of Sennacherib's campaigns in the cuneiform inscriptions. He boasts of his having captured Sidon, Zareptah, Ascelon, Joppa, even some cities of Ammon and Moab, as well as forty-six cities of Judah, but does not mention Jerusalem. He simply says: "As to Hezekiah, the Judæan . . . him I shut up like a bird in a cage in Jerusalem, his capital." A pestilence and the revolt of Bel-ibni may have had something to do with his failure in taking the Holy City.

Another century passes, and as Judah, for the greater part of this time, was a dependency of Babylonia, Jerusalem fared comparatively well till the awful wars of Nebuchadrezzar. During these hundred years or more Egypt and Babylonia were fighting for the supremacy. For Egypt had its agents and friends in Jerusalem, which, of course, caused some discomfort to Judah. For a brief time, about the beginning of the sixth century B. C., Egypt was victorious over Babylonia. It was then that Babylon lost control of Judah. It was not long before Nebuchadrezzar conquered the entire west. He marched against Egypt and on his way besieged and captured Jerusalem, first in 601 B. C., and again eleven years later. After a siege of eighteen months the Chaldæans broke down the walls, burnt the temple and many important buildings and carried captive the best part of the population (2 Kings 25. 1ff.). From this time on Jerusalem played a very unimportant part in the history of Israel, though the patriotic and pious Jews never ceased to pray for the restoration and prosperity of the Holy City. True, Cyrus, fifty years later, granted the Jews many privileges, and among others, permission for all those who desired to return to Jerusalem, to rebuild the walls of the city and to restore the temple and the worship of Jehovah (Ezra 1. 1ff.).

But little is known of Jerusalem from the days of Nehemiah to the fall of the Persian empire. There is, however, a fairly well established tradition that Artaxerxes Ochus captured and sacked it 350 B. C. If we may believe Josephus, Alexander the Great, who overthrew the Persian empire (332-331 B. C.), and thus became the sovereign of Palestine, visited Jerusalem and even offered sacrifice in the temple, and granted many privileges to the Jews throughout his vast empire (Ant., VI, viii, 4). Whether this be true or not there is no reason for believing that he besieged Jerusalem.

The death of the great conqueror proved a calamity to the Jews—strange to say, this people is destined to suffer in all ages and countries—for, when the empire was divided between his successors, Palestine once more lay in the path of contending armies. It was but natural that the Ptolemies of Egypt and the Seleucids of Syria should both cast a covetous eye upon the little strip separating their empires. The first result of this division was the capture of Jerusalem, after a short siege by Ptolemy Soter in 320 B. C. He not only sacked the city, but took many of the inhabitants captive to Egypt (Jos., Ant., XII, i, 1).

In 198 B. C. the North once more triumphed over the South. Antiochus the Great defeated the Egyptians near Banias, and the Seleucids became masters of Jerusalem and drove out the Egyptian garrison on the Akra (Jos., Ant., VII, iii, 3). In this he was aided by the Jews and the result was that Jerusalem enjoyed many privileges. Jesus, son of Sirach, gives a glowing account of the civil and religious prosperity at this time under the priesthood of Simon ben Onias, who was a great favorite of Antiochus (Ecclus. 50. 1ff.). Indeed, this great priest was virtually a king. Jerusalem passed from the Ptolemies to the Seleucids with little damage to the city or people.

The Hellenizing party, as we see from the Second Book of Maccabæus and Josephus, began now to play an important role in Jewish affairs and caused quite a rupture between the people. The literary and the wealthier classes sided with the Syrians, while the poorer and more devout Jews favored the Egyptians or the Ptolemaic dynasty. The opposition of the populace angered Antiochus to such a degree that he in 170 B. C. marched an army against Jerusalem, and having sacked its palaces and plundered the temple, put a large number of the inhabitants to the sword (1 Macc. 1. 20ff.). Two years later, on his return from the conquest of Egypt, he sent another army to the Holy City, and again made liberal use of fire and sword (29f.). He added insult to injury and offered swine upon the temple altar. He was intent, as far as religion was concerned, to make Greeks out of the Jews. But as usual, religious persecution served only to incite the Jews to open hostility, which culminated in the unsuccessful rebellion under Judas the Maccabee. Though this great Jewish patriot fought bravely, Syria triumphed and Lysias, the commander under Antiochus, entered Jerusalem in 163 B. C. Judas, however, did not give up the struggle, but defied the armies of Syria for two years longer when he fell in battle. The Maccabæan brothers continued the war for emancipation for many years with varied success. Finally, however, John Hyrcanus was attacked in 134 B. C. by Antiochus Sidetes and ingloriously defeated. Jerusalem was once more taken and all the treasure found in the temple and city was carried away (Jos., Ant., XII, viii, 2-4).

We now come to Simon the Maccabee, one of the most successful of his family. He was the founder of the Hasmonean dynasty. He fortified Jerusalem on a large scale. He not only demolished the Akra, the citadel built by the Syrians, but leveled the very hill on which it stood, so that it was no longer higher than the temple. He also constructed many buildings, enlarged and beautified his capital. Unfortunately the Hasmoneans, as the Seleucids before them, quarreled among themselves; civil war followed, and that gave the Romans a valid excuse for interference.

So Pompey besieged Jerusalem and with his engines and battering rams broke down the walls, inflicted great damage upon the city, and succeeded in 63 B. C. in bringing Jerusalem under Roman control.

The Herodian family now found great favor with the Roman authorities, and Herod the Great was made procurator of Judea, 40 B. C. It was in this year that Jerusalem was captured by the Parthians, who

drove out Herod. Three years later Herod was made king of Judea, and after a siege of five months, assisted by Socius, he succeeded in retaking Jerusalem. "The last of the Hasmonean kings was carried away by Socius and put to death, and thus Herod became king of the Jews in fact as well as by title of the Roman authority." He was very ambitious and had kingly tastes. He strengthened the walls and fortifications, built himself a magnificent palace, rebuilt the temple on a grand scale. He also built a theater, a hippodrome or gymnasium, and many other public buildings. Herod ruled with an iron hand. One has well said that he was great in all but goodness. His successors were inferior to him. They had neither ability nor diplomacy, and made themselves, as well as the Roman power, hated by the Jews. Rebellion finally broke out, which Cestus Gallus tried in vain to put down. His failure was the immediate cause of another siege, the bloodiest and cruelest to which Jerusalem was ever subjected.

This awful war was continued by Vespasian, but as he was called back to Rome as emperor in 70 A. D., the task of taking Jerusalem was intrusted to his son, Titus, who after a violent siege of one hundred and thirty-four days broke down the walls, leveled the fortifications, burnt the temple, many other important buildings, and, indeed, the greater part of the city; and, according to Josephus, killed 600,000 (?) of the defenders (Wars, V, xiii. 7). The stubborn resistance of the Jews and their haughty rejection of terms angered Titus to such a degree that no cruelty was regarded as too atrocious. However, "the miseries of the siege and the destruction of life and property were at least as much the work of the Jews themselves as of their conquerors."

Titus dealt Jerusalem its death-blow as a Jewish city, for though Bar-Cochba and Rabbi Akhiba tried, sixty-two years later, to drive out the Romans, the rebellion led by them was a dismal failure. It was then that an imperial decree was issued forbidding henceforth the entrance of any Jew to Jerusalem on pain of death.

Little is known or heard of Jerusalem after the Bar-Cochba rebellion till the time of Constantine, who, ca. 333 A. D., erected the Church of the Anastasis. About 450 A. D. the Empress Eudoxia, who had made Jerusalem her residence, became greatly interested in the old city. She repaired the walls and built several churches to commemorate sacred spots.

It was in 614 A. D. that Chosroes II invaded Palestine and took the capital. He devoted much of the city, especially Christian buildings, to destruction. The Persian victory, however, was brief, for in 629 A. D. the Holy City was taken from them, and was once more governed by Christians—alas! only for a few brief years.

Jerusalem was surrendered to the Saracens in 637 A. D. Omar entered the city without doing it any harm. He was a wise, magnanimous ruler, and treated the Christians with consideration. Tradition says that he built the "Mosque of Omar."

Three more centuries pass in comparative peace, but in 1077 A. D. Jerusalem was captured by the Seljuk Turks, who, true to their semi-

savage nature, began their reign of blood and fire. Their cruelty brought on the Crusades, which culminated in the capture of the Holy City in 1099 A. D.

Godfrey de Bouillon was made the first king. His successors remained in power till 1187 A. D., when Saladin the Great, Sultan of Egypt and Syria, after a siege of only two weeks, entered Jerusalem as conqueror.

From that time to the present—with two brief intervals, 1229-1239 and 1243-1244 A. D.—the Holy City has remained in Moslem hands; and from 1517 A. D.—excepting 1832-1840—the Ottoman Turks have ruled Jerusalem.

The hand of Turkey has rested heavily upon Palestine all these years. For more than three centuries there was almost no limit to the tyranny, extortions, and maladministration of its governors. Conditions, however, thanks to Christian influences, commenced to improve in the early part of the last century, and continued to do so till the breaking out of the great war.

The old capital of Israel is about to be redeemed. It is only a question of a very short time before Jerusalem will have fallen into Christian hands, and when the unspeakable Turk will have been banished forever from the Holy City.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Is Christianity Practicable? Lectures delivered in Japan. By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D., Union Seminary Lectures on Christianity in the East. 12mo, pp. xvi+246. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The Justification of God. Lectures for War-Time on a Christian Theodicy. By P. T. Forsyth, M.A., D.D. 12mo, pp. viii+233. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 90 cents.

Events of such vast magnitude are taking place in the world that they can be interpreted aright in their religious bearings only by the prophetic critic, who must first "clear us of cant and phlegm," and then offer a constructive presentation of the eternal truth. This is done by Professor Brown and Principal Forsyth in the two books here noticed. Not long ago Dr. Brown wrote a book on Modern Theology and the Preaching of the Gospel. It consisted of lectures which were delivered to preachers and is a discerning summary of what is held by the progressive wing of the church. A careful study of these lectures on the Bible, God, Salvation, the Deity of Christ, and the present opportunity of the church, will help many a preacher to formulate Christian answers to the urgent questions that are being asked by the pew. The phrase "new theology" has been usually associated with radical vagaries. It is therefore well to have a discerning theologian like Dr. Brown remind us that it is new only in

the freshness of its appeal, in the breadth of its foundation, and in the sense that "every fresh experience of an old fact is new to the man who has lived it over again with that openness of mind, that attention of the will, and that large faith in the overshadowing presence of a God of wisdom and of truth which is the spirit of science at its best." He realizes in common with Dr. Forsyth that "there is nothing that the rank and file of the churches and of their officers need more than the exaltation and deepening of their issues." Two reasons for the decline of personal religion are, first, we have been too busy dealing with ills that lie on the surface and have not realized the need of inward renewal and of inner contentment and peace; and second, we have not been sure that God could give us the help we needed even if we were to ask him. The conception of God's relation to the world has been vitiated by a false understanding of the term "law." Law means uniformity of action or of method. Uniformity of action is inconsistent with personality, but not uniformity of method, which is the highest expression of personality. When we say that God acts according to law we mean that all is determined by a single consistent purpose. It is not that his acts never vary, but that his aim never varies. This is a fundamental distinction, and Dr. Brown expounds it in a way that provides a place for miracle in the divine plan of redemption. This involves the person of Christ, and, indeed, the very genius of Christianity. The modern theology, which is so engagingly interpreted in this volume, can meet the needs at home as well as the needs of the non-Christian world. How it does so is advertised in the lectures which affirmatively answer the direct question, "Is Christianity Practicable?" The motives which Christianity commands and the inspiration which it supplies have helped a multitude of men and women to overcome pride, self-will, and envy, and to produce rounded and harmonious characters. Its ideal has not yet compelled the obedience of the nations, but its spiritual dynamic is capable of doing so. "It is not the fact that we have hitherto failed to realize the Christian social ideal that should discourage us, but the abandonment of the attempt, and still more the theoretical justification of this abandonment on the part of those who in their private life still call themselves Christians." The lines of thought that must be followed in maintaining the affirmative and positive position are impressively indicated in four clearly thought out discussions. The issue raised by the war is met by the reasoned declaration that the principles of Christianity have never been applied. And yet as the Christian contemplates the mysteries of God's providence in history, he sees that God is at work for a moral purpose in the making and training of character. He next sees that God's purpose is social, in the establishment of the Kingdom, and the method is one of redemptive love which saves by vicarious suffering. "It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of the cross for Christianity. It dominates our theology. It sets the tone to our religious feeling. It gives the key to our theodicy. Where other religions have shrunk from pain as the supreme evil, or turned aside from it as the supreme mystery, Christianity looks it full in the face, and finds in it the price of salvation. In the Christian philosophy of history there is seen

thirdly, that God's purpose is religious and involves the training of men for fellowship with him, and man's consciousness of God's solidarity with him in all his experiences." This last truth has received innumerable illustrations from the trenches, and Dr. Brown makes good use of them. The lecture on "The Christian Program for Humanity" is a discussion of the influence of the kingdom of God—that new social order in which the principles of Christ shall dominate all the relations of life. It is universal in extent, spiritual in character, and it is to be realized through the fraternal activity of its members who are bound to one another by common ideals, aspirations, and experience. The criticism of the jingo spirit is quite in keeping with the exposition of the principles of the gospel of redemption, which differ totally from the present system of international anarchy. A large meaning is given to the thought of preparedness in which a share must be taken not only by the militarist but also "by the teacher who interprets to his countrymen the higher aspirations of men of other lands, the economist who exposes the fallacy of the policy of national exclusion, the lawyer who devises the machinery for the peaceful settlement of international disputes, the minister who reminds men of their common relation to a common Father." It is true that the church has evaded its responsibility for social reconstruction, and its influence has therefore not been as great as we might desire. Dr. Brown brings back a report from the Far East that the war has not shaken faith in Christianity among the non-Christian peoples, but that it has shaken their faith in the profession of the western nations to be Christian nations. This phase of the subject is discussed by Dr. Forsyth in his latest volume in the searching and stimulating fashion that is so characteristic a feature in all his writings. These lectures boldly espouse the cause of God's love and holiness in the light of the Cross, by which alone we can obtain the idea that is worthy of God. "A religious type which has abused, trivialized, and therefore desecrated, the idea of love by dropping from it the ideas of majesty, sovereignty, and judgment, is not one which can expect to keep the egoism of lusty man in its due place. . . . The chief failure of Christianity is indeed a moral failure, a failure to become a guide for modern society, a curb and a cure for its godless egoism. . . . We worship success, we do not believe in the omnipotence of the holy revealed in service. . . . We have been trying to cultivate sympathy faster than we provided an inspiration of sacrifice. . . . The favorite type of religion among the cultivated and earnest youth of both sexes lacks moral nerve in lacking a due sense of that which (if I may say it) grew upon Christ as he drew to his crisis—the awfulness, the devilry, the inveteracy of evil. . . . There are many unschooled thinkers who say that an awful catastrophe like this European war is enough to unsettle any belief in a God, a Father, a Kingdom of Heaven. Nay, but it is the other way. With such a Europe, with its negligence of God and his righteousness, with the levity even of the religious mind, the unsettling thing would be if there were no catastrophe. The disquieting thing would be if there were no judgment on materialist civilizations, poor pieties, and shallow politics, and gorgeous getting on, were there no rectification of things by a tremendous

surgery, no dreadful excision of the deadly growth that gathers within the nations that forget God." The prophet of the exile declared that the nations of his period would discover that the multitude of counselors who did not reckon with the living God "shall not be a coal to warm at, nor a fire to sit before" (Isaiah 47. 14). This is what the modern nations are also discovering. We quote a few sentences from Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll's heartening volume, Prayer in War Time, as indorsing Dr. Forsyth's contentions: "Is it not true that before the war we were losing Christ out of our national life? A steady drift was carrying us away from our true goal. We were forgetting God, and what that means we are beginning to understand. Professing Christians in eminent positions were to be seen on Sundays on the golf course. A quiet atheism was the temper of the times in many circles." All this applies to our own nation. A heavy responsibility therefore rests on the men in the pulpit as well as on the occupants in the pew to understand the whole will of God, who is at once Father and King; to reckon with Christ, who is both Saviour and Judge; and to regulate life by the thought of duty as it is moralized and spiritualized by the victorious Cross.

Conscience and Christ. Six Lectures on Christian Ethics. By HASTINGS RASHDALL, D.Litt., LL.D., D.C.L. 12mo, pp. xx+313. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

Christianity and Ethics. A Handbook of Christian Ethics. By ARCHIBALD B. D. ALEXANDER, M.A., D.D. 12mo, pp. xii+257. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, 75 cents net.

IT makes one reconsider his bearings when told that there is no finality in Christian Ethics. This is contrary to many a traditional conclusion as held more particularly by the Roman Catholic Church, whose *semper eadem* policies have blocked the pathway of moral progress. Even Protestant scholasticism has assumed such an attitude. It has laid the dead hand of the past on the present and has served us an injunction not to deviate an iota from the decisions of the fathers. Methodism at least cannot respect this mandate, for we recognize the superior obligation to study the times and apply thereto a modern interpretation of the teaching of Jesus, which has to do with fundamental, eternal, and truly ethical principles. The reason why there can be no finality to Christian Ethics is thus expressed by Dr. Alexander in his excellent volume which we place among the best introductions to the subject: "The problems of life shift with the shifting years, but the nature of life remains unchanged, and responds to the life and the spirit of Him who was, and remains down the ages, the Light of men. The individual virtues of humility, purity of heart, and self-sacrifice are not evanescent, but are now and always the pillars of Christian Ethics; while the great principles of human solidarity, of brotherhood and equality in Christ, of freedom, of love and service; the New Testament teachings concerning the family, the State, and the kingdom of God; our Lord's precepts with

regard to the sacredness of the body and the soul, the duty of work, the stewardship of wealth, and the accountability to God for life with its variety of gifts and tasks, contain the germ and potency of all personal and social transformation and renewal." The task and method of Christian Ethics, then, is intelligently to interpret and gradually to apply to all of human life and society the mind of Christ. He is the ideal who sums up in himself the fullness of God and man. In him are gathered up the wisdom of the Greek, the courage of the Roman, the righteousness of the Jew. He has satisfied the longings of all ages, and still continues to be the great Contemporary and Companion of the race. Dr. Alexander finely interprets the three dominant notes of the Christian Ideal, which are absoluteness, inwardness, and universality. He also shows that all non-Christian systems, before and since Christ, failed because they were unable to translate the ideal into Life. Jesus Christ alone has offered both vision and power; and the Kingdom which he inaugurated is at once a *gift* immediately bestowed by him, a *task* to be worked out by man in the history of the world, and a *hope* to be consummated by God in the future. The attempt of radical eschatologists to weaken the moral appeal of Jesus by regarding it as an *Interimsethik* is shown to be onesided and wholly unsatisfactory. Dr. Alexander is right in his conception of conscience, which is not a single faculty, distinct from the particular decisions, motives, and acts of man, but the expression of the whole personality. It is in constant need of enlightenment, and however high we may place this tribunal, it is not infallible. Who, then, is the judge? The answer is given by Dr. Rashdall in his strikingly original discussion. Jesus always made his appeal to the conscience, and in doing so he conclusively demonstrated his right to be the first guide of human life. It is a fact worth remembering that the history of the world is the history of conscience. If the healthy standards of Jesus Christ had always been before the Church, the mischievous results of casuistry might have been avoided. We need then a clearer understanding of the Christian ideal of character, and this is to be found "in the teaching, the mind, the Personality of Christ." As Dr. Rashdall so well says: "The Ethical importance of Christ and of the religion which he founded is based not merely upon the intrinsic value of his teaching, but upon the picture of a life which seems to be in complete harmony with that teaching." He further shows, and this is really the purpose of the volume, that this ideal still appeals to us in its essential principles as the highest that we know. The second lecture, on "Ethics and Eschatology," is a vigorous and incisive criticism of the *Interimsethik* theories. Christ's conception of the Kingdom is ethical and spiritual, and valid for all time. The attempt to show that Jesus combined a pessimistic contempt for the present life with optimistic hopes for the future is profoundly illogical and self-contradictory, and does violence to the witness of the Gospels. In another lecture he expounds the permanently compelling character of the ethical teaching of our Lord. Three great changes were introduced by Jews into the current moral ideas of his time. They were the separation of the genuinely

ethical from the ceremonial elements of religion; the establishment of an inward morality which condemned the uncharitable or unclean thought or intention as well as the completed act; the definite proclamation of the principle that one's neighbor is his fellow-man. The central truth in the Master's ethical teaching was the duty of universal and impartial love, in which the practice of benevolence is to be combined with that of justice. After a careful examination of this subject, Dr. Rashdall meets the objections to the moral teachings of Christ. The critics have not taken adequate note of the context, in which particular precepts are found; they have also interpreted them with bald literalness, without reference to the character of the speaker or the needs of those who were addressed. For instance, Jesus said to the rich young man, "Go, sell that thou hast,' but in the case of the rich publican he was satisfied if Zaccheus would make restitution in the spirit of his new Master. The lecture on "The Principle of Development" reckons with the distinctive Protestant truth of the freedom of the Spirit and the authority of the moral consciousness as enlightened by Christ. The closing lecture is a study of comparative ethics. It is a review of the contributions of Stoicism, Buddhism, Islam, and other systems, which leads to the conclusion that the last word has been spoken by Christ, who is the highest and completest revelation of God.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

An Evening in My Library Among English Poets. By HON. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. 12mo, pp. 217. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

THIS is not after the fashion of the usual books of literary criticism. It is less formal. The author invites us into his library, and wanders from shelf to shelf, taking down a volume here and there, and giving in a chatty, entertaining way his estimates and impressions. He is much at home with his books, having lived all his life in libraries, first, in his father's, which was magnificent, and afterwards in his own, which he counts precious. From poets of England and of America he quotes, sometimes at length, remarking that "the law of England permits a critic to quote from an author's work enough of the text to illustrate adequately the comments he may make upon it." Somewhat to our surprise, this English judge begins his comments with a little known American poet, Charles H. Luders, who wrote over the grave of a beautiful girl that he had loved and whom he soon followed, these four stanzas, which our author considers "among the loveliest in the world."

Wind of the North, wind of the norland snows,
Wind of the winnowed skies, and sharp clear stars,
Blow cold and keen across the naked hills,
And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films
And blur the casement squares with glittering ice,
But go not near my love.

Wind of the West, wind of the few far clouds,
Wind of the gold and crimson Sunset lands,
Blow fresh and pure across the peaks and plains,
And broaden the blue spaces of the Heavens,
And sway the grasses and the mountain pines,
But let my dear one rest.

Wind of the East, wind of the Sunrise seas,
Wind of the clinging mists and gray, harsh rains,
Blow moist and chill across the wastes of brine,
And shut the sun out and the moon and stars,
And lash the boughs against the dripping eaves,
Yet keep thou from my love.

But thou, sweet Wind! Wind of the fragrant South,
Wind from the bowers of jasmine and of rose,
Over magnolia blooms and lilied lakes
And flowering forests come with dewy wings
And stir the petals at her feet, and kiss
The low mound where she lies.

From this, which the author calls a perfect poem, he jumps to Dean Milman's poem, written at the age of twenty-one, on the Apollo Belvidere, which begins:

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace.

Then he criticizes twentieth-century methods of education which are controlled by utilitarianism and make material prosperity and money-getting the main object in life. Then he praises the Canadian Bliss Carman for his exquisite imitations of Sappho, his at-home-ness in Greek atmosphere, and his perfect taste. Then he turns to Robert Buchanan's "The Last Song of Apollo," which pictures poetically the fading and falling of the old pagan divinities "before the overwhelming advance of a far more august and all-surpassing Figure," the Christ of Judea and Calvary. The old gods are pictured at their revels wan and weary o'er their wine in their banquet-halls grown ghastly. And then there comes One, in mortal shape, bearing a heavy cross, his brow bleeding, his strange, sweet eyes with piteous look; and

Hark! oh hark! How his footfall
Breaks upon the banquet-hall!
God and goddess start to hear
Earth, air, ocean moan in fear.
Shadows of the Cross and Him
Make the banquet table dim,
Silent sit the gods divine
Old and haggard over wine.

And all the mythologic sensual deities of Greece and Rome bend and sicken and sink and fade away before the pure and glorious presence of the Crucified One. The author thinks these lines from Wordsworth's "Borderers" wonderful:

Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'Tis done, and in the after vacancy
We wonder at ourselves like men betrayed;
Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
And shares the nature of infinity.

Then we have a reference to Waller, of whom this is written: "There is something deeply pathetic in the splendid promise and untimely extinction of this young genius. One night as he lay in St. John's College with the consciousness of his approaching end heavy upon him, while the wind was roaring in the trees in Trinity backs hard by, in the solitude of his chamber illumined only by one taper, the poor lad with a weak and trembling hand leaned from his bed and wrote this touching sonnet on the little table by his side:

'Tis midnight—on the globe dead slumber sits
And all is silence in the hour of sleep,
Save when the hollow gust that swells by fits,
In the dark wood roars fearfully and deep.
I wake alone to listen and to weep,
To watch my taper, the pale beacon burn;
And as still Memory does her vigils keep
To think of days that never can return;
By thy pale ray I raise my languid head,
My eye surveys the solitary gloom;
And the sad meaning tear unmixed with dread
Tells thou dost light me to the silent tomb.
Like thee I wane—like thine my life's last ray
Will fade in loneliness unwept away.

It may be conceded that the chief function of the poet is to communicate pleasure, but one of the poet's functions is to express in a perfect and soul-satisfying form the sorrows and losses that visit us all, and, by clothing them with beauty, rob them of some of their crushing weight. When anguish ceases to be dumb, consolation is at hand; and when a poet has found it possible to translate his own griefs into a lyrical cry of sorrow, he has created an anodyne that will do something to assuage the pain of all those in like misery to whom God has not vouchsafed the gift of expression." From William Winter, an American, was taken the little boy that he loved, and, when able to lift up his soul from the pit where such a blow had sunk him, he gave to the world this little poem which we ought not willingly to let die:

Sore and sad has been my heart
  Since I laid him to his rest;
Hard, hard has been the path
  That my weary feet have pressed.

But the path is shorter now
  And the end is growing plain,
And it won't be very long
  Till I see his face again.

The world was bright and glad
  When he walked beside me here,
And if e'er a trouble came
  Or I ever shed a tear,
He smiled the cloud away
  With a single sunny glance,
Till my soul was full of joy
  And my heart began to dance.

When I walk alone at night
  In the paths that he has known
I can hear his little footsteps
  Falling softly by my own;
And his hand is clasped in mine,
  And his prattle fills the air,
And it breaks my heart afresh
  That there's only shadow there.

But the trees are turning brown
  And the sky is grey and cold,
And my locks are silver white
  And my world and I are old;
And there's silence all around me,
  And sunset in the West,
And it won't be very long
  Till I lay me down and rest,
Till I see his face again.

Being in America, Justice Coleridge catches sight of that uncouth, unkempt, unclean hobohemian Walt Whitman, to whom this judge on the bench metes out stern justice for his beastly treatment of human love, saying that the mental attitude of the Camden poet is no higher than that of a breeder of horses or dogs, and that the proper thing for such a man to do, as Whitman, according to his own confession, felt like doing, was to go and live with the cattle in the barnyard, relieving decent human beings from contact with his gross and malodorous person, the scent of which, blown across the Atlantic, made Edmund Gosse hold his nose and say, by way of explanation, "Something mephitic breathes from this strange personality." In the discussion of Lowell's poetry is this curious parenthesis on Lowell's beard: "Like most of the American poets, including Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant, only his eyes and nose were visible; mouth, chin, and cheeks being entirely concealed behind an unshaved growth of hair. These appendages cannot themselves have any distinction or beauty of outline or form, and they make it almost impossible for a man to leave a fine impression of his countenance upon the memory, for the mouth, which is the seat of expression, is thus degraded to the position of an invisible hole

from which muffled sounds emerge, and into which food is injected—not always with complete success. But what Lowell permitted us to see of his face was pleasing and serene." Did none of the great English poets wear a beard? How about Browning and Tennyson? Speaking of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" and Gray's "Elegy," our author says: "They are both specimens of the uninspired poem. Goldsmith's poem is, as far as my reading extends as a test, entirely original, a quality conspicuously absent from Gray's 'Elegy.' When I use the word '*inspired*' in relation to poetry I do not, of course, use it in the theological sense by which the idea is conveyed that the historian is divinely prevented from error, and the teacher from false doctrine, but I use it entirely in the literary and emotional sense, and an exact definition of it is difficult. There are ideas which one cannot imagine any amount of patient thought, or careful observation, or deep erudition ever producing by themselves in the most cultivated mind; such ideas arise star-like in the firmament of the poet's imagination he knows not how nor whence. They seem to come to the chosen as a free gift; these, and these alone, are the inspired. To take an example: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!' Could any labor, or observation, or learning produce in so few simple words the lovely idea that is here given us? Or again: 'Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death, jealousy as cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.' Here the majesty of love is transfigured before us in one unsurpassable sentence; no mere art can attain to this, and this is the voice of inspiration. The Bible is full of passages that learning, literary dexterity, profound knowledge, and a high nobility of mind would all be powerless to produce without the magic touch of the Spirit. Those who in this age have not yet allowed the pursuit of barren knowledge to deaden their hearts, or the idolatry of Science to destroy their imagination, must perceive that this is what it is called, The Book, supreme, enthroned where no mortal pen can ever displace it." Speaking of Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald's translation, Omar is described as "sitting in a lonely place doing nothing himself, and telling everybody else that it is no use to do anything. And when to this sterile and monotonous doctrine of negation there is added a recommendation to seek consolation in frequent cups of wine, we shall do well to choose another guide to life, however musically and with however stately a diction, the bibulous advice is given." One of W. E. Henley's "poems" is called prose, and is so printed in this book: "A late lark twitters from the quiet skies; and from the West, where the Sun, his day's work ended, lingers as in content, there falls on the old grey city an influence luminous and serene, a shining peace. The smoke ascends in a rosy and golden haze. The spires shine and are changed. In the valley shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun, closing his benediction, sinks, and the darkening air thrills with a sense of triumphing night—night with her train of stars and her great gift of sleep. So be my passing! My task accomplished

and the long day done, my wages taken, and in my heart some late lark singing, let me be gathered to the quiet West, the Sundown splendid and serene, Death." This, says our author, is an admirable piece of prose. We are told that Henry Crabbe Robinson in his delightful diary relates how Wordsworth, after requesting him to repeat Mrs. Barbauld's final stanza in her poem "Life" twice over, muttered as he paced up and down the sitting-room at Rydal Mount, "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines." This is the stanza so praised:

> Life, we have been long together,
> Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
> 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
> Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
> Then steal away, give little warning,
> Choose thine own time;
> Say not good night, but in some brighter clime
> Bid me good morning.

Robinson tells us that Fanny Burney repeated this stanza to herself every night. Of Southey this book says: "There can be no doubt that in the fifties of the last century, Southey had an apparently solid reputation as a poet which has since disappeared. It would now be quite difficult to find any man of letters who could honestly aver that he had ever read 'The Curse of Kehama,' or 'Thalaba,' or 'Madoc,' yet these immense productions, of dimensions comparable with nothing less than interplanetary space, were upon everyone's table and were universally admired in those days—which, it must be remembered, were days when crinoline deformed the fairest work of God, and all men praised the proverbial philosophy of Martin Tupper. Now Southey's poetry has gone where Tupper and the crinoline have gone." As an example of Coventry Patmore's best work, convincing in its tenderness, the author cites a little poem which must pull at the heart-strings of every father:

> My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
> And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
> Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
> I struck him, and dismissed
> With hard words and unkissed,
> His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
> Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
> I visited his bed,
> But found him slumbering deep,
> With darkened eyelids, and their lashes wet.
> And I, with moan,
> Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
> For, on a table drawn beside his head,
> He had put, within his reach,
> A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
> A piece of glass abraded by the beach
> And six or seven shells,
> A bottle with bluebells

And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with trancéd breath
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

We end quotations with one of Tom Hood's verses about his boyhood:

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Mysticism and Modern Life. By John Wright Buckham. 12mo, pp. 256. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

Sādhanā. The Realization of Life. By Rabindranath Tagore. 12mo, pp. xi+164. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.25 net.

The Inner Life. By Rufus M. Jones. 12mo, pp. xii+194. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $1.00 net.

The revival of mysticism is most timely. This spiritual emphasis on life cannot fail to give momentum to the movement for Christian union and to accentuate what is essential in Christianity. The prejudice against mysticism is largely due to misunderstanding of its purpose and its claims. Its basic conviction is that in spite of all diversity there is unity at the center and that this can be experienced as we realize essential oneness with God. Mysticism is truly catholic in its comprehensiveness, but there are two outstanding types. One is Oriental mysticism, which is inactive and quietistic; the other is Occidental mysticism, which has been associated with reform and revolt, and whose best representatives have shown energy and activity in the busy walks of daily life. "Mysticism has its pitfalls and its limitations, but this much is sound and true: that the way to know God is to have inner heart's experience of him, like the experience of the Son." To these words of Professor Jones we would add, from another part of his eminently illuminating book, this fine char-

acterization: "Religion, when it is real, alive, vital and transforming, is essentially and at bottom a mystical act, a direct response to an inner world of spiritual reality, an implicit relationship between the finite and infinite, between the part and the whole." The three books herein noticed supplement each other, and together acquaint the reader with the distinctive truths of mysticism. Professor Buckham writes as an historian. He passes in review the mission and influence of mysticism in the Christian church, and makes a special plea for its place in the modern church. Tagore, the Bengali poet, fittingly voices what is best in Eastern thought, and writes with a wonderful charm concerning the real acquisitions of life from the point of view of Hindu pantheism. Professor Jones is well known by his Studies in Mystical Religion; he is easily the leading American authority on this subject. His volume may be regarded as a choice voice of what is most precious in spiritual Christianity as understood by the Western world. Anyone who makes a careful study of these three volumes will know how to stress that which is noteworthy for the uplift and betterment of life. Dr. Buckham is thoroughly familiar with his entire field, and quotes extensively and with freedom from all who have written on the subject. He has produced a masterly and reliable introduction to mysticism. The chapter on "Health Mysticism" utters a necessary warning against the neurotic extravagances and fanaticisms of such cults as Christian Science, New Thought, and Theosophy, which are not only one-sided but morally incompetent. He, however, accepts the testimony of psychology as to the beneficial effects of a religiously composed temper upon both brain and body. The service of prayer in this direction is readily recognized. Part II, in four chapters, is an impartial examination of the tests of mysticism. One of its serious defects is the error of individualism, which treats of the self as isolated from others. Its corrective is the truth of personalism, which emphasizes the self in relation to others. Mysticism has also a limited vision of the life of humanity and a defective sense of history. But its weaknesses should not blind us to what is excellent. Normal mysticism, as distinct from the extreme types, is experimental and not speculative, unselfish in service, reverent and well-balanced in expression, free from occultism, theistic and not pantheistic, and it magnifies Christ. Among the lessons from the mystics, from which the present age will profit are the reality of the inner life, the value of true solitude, the wealth of simplicity, the joy of victory in self-sacrifice, the virtue of self-fulfillment and happiness in love. Here we touch on some of our shortcomings, and they can be removed as we make more of the mystical conception of life. The growing interest in Oriental thought is seen in the popularity of Tagore. His volume of essays attractively interprets what is best in Hinduism and Orientalism. There is nothing new in these pages, but the familiar thought is given a new setting and it refreshes one to read anything that commends the joys of the quiet life, more especially if it is written in a beautiful style. Here is an illustration of Tagore's writing: "Compulsion is not indeed the final appeal to man, but joy is. And joy is everywhere; it is in the earth's green covering of grass; in the blue serenity of the sky; in the reckless

exuberance of spring; in the severe abstinence of grey winter; in the living flesh that animates our bodily frame; in the perfect poise of the human figure, noble and upright; in living; in the exercise of all our powers; in the acquisition of knowledge; in fighting evils; in dying for gains we can never share. Joy is there everywhere; it is superfluous, unnecessary; nay, it very often contradicts the most peremptory behests of necessity. It exists to show that the bonds of law can only be explained by love; they are like body and soul. Joy is the realization of the truth of oneness, the oneness of our soul with the world and of the world-soul with the supreme lover." This is pantheism at its best. It is, however, defective in its conception of human personality, as in the chapter on "The Realization of the Infinite." As a result Tagore does not adequately reckon with the exercise of the human will, and this is seen in the chapter on "The Problem of Evil." We agree that "civilization must be judged and prized, not by the amount of power it has developed, but by how much it has evolved and given expression to, by its laws and institutions, the love of humanity." But his ideal has been convincingly set forth, not by the Rishis, who having won peace were satisfied, but rather by Jesus Christ, who said to his disciples, "My peace I give unto you," in order that they may pass it on to restless and troubled mankind. And so, while we are thankful to Tagore for emphasizing some truths which we are apt to overlook, we must turn to the Christian emphasis of these same truths because of its richer content, its deeper warmth of feeling, and its more varied adaptability to the needs of both Occidental and Oriental. In illustration of the contrast, read what Professor Jones writes on "The Kingdom within the Soul." How much more accurately is the thought of joy expressed by him than by Tagore. "Joy is, perhaps, not often thought of as one of the things men live by, as the soul's eternal wealth. Life is so full of sorrow and pain that joy seems like a fleeting, vanishing asset. But that is because joy is confused with pleasure. True joy is not a thing of moods, not a capricious emotion, tied to fluctuating experiences. It is a state and condition of the soul. It survives through pain and sorrow and, like a subterranean spring, waters the whole life. It is intimately allied and bound up with love and goodness, and so is deeply rooted in the life of God. Joy is the most perfect and complete mark and sign of immortal wealth because it indicates that the soul is living by love and by goodness, and is very rich in God." This is not pantheism but panentheism, as is so convincingly expounded in later chapters on the experience of God. The chapter on "A Fundamental Spiritual Outlook" should be read by every preacher. It is marked by philosophic grasp and prophetic insight. This combination of qualities is possessed by few men, and Professor Jones of Haverford College belongs to this elect company. We rejoice above all in his deeply satisfying presentation of the person of Jesus Christ.

Timothy. By L. M. Bennett, A.M. 16mo, pp. 32. Publisher: Rev. L. M. Bennett, Gaithersburg, Maryland. Price, paper, single copy, 10 cents; 12 copies, $1; 25 copies, $2.

Here is history, ancient and modern; also biography and perchance autobiography. Ministers and their families will read from cover to cover this clever story of the First Days of the Itinerancy. If it could be read by or to every member of every church the peace and unity and power and prosperity of Zion would be promoted thereby. We quote, as an appetizer, as much as we have space for.

The Man the Committee Picked: The minister at Corinth had publicly announced that he would move at the next session of his Annual Conference. To that his people seemed altogether agreeable, and accordingly, they appointed a committee to cast about for his successor. Taking up with great enthusiasm the task assigned them, they went to hear a large number of the preachers of the day—John Mark, Epaphras, Tychicus, Epaphroditis, Timothy, Apollos and others. The last named of these, however, was the one who finally emerged as their choice. On good authority, this is a fair inference from Paul's words: "But as touching Apollos the brother, I besought him much to come unto you." The choice was unanimous, and eminently a happy one. Born and reared in the city of Alexandria, with its magnificent library and other priceless advantages, he had been most carefully trained in its schools. The university of his native city, of which he was an alumnus, had been proud to confer upon him the degrees D.D. and LL.D., and from this point on we shall often speak of him as "Doctor" Apollos. A number of times he had been a District Superintendent, he always headed his delegation to the General Conference, and it was a foregone conclusion that it would not be long before he would be elevated to the episcopacy. The highest authority in the world describes him as "a learned man," who "taught accurately," "mighty in the Scriptures," "fervent in spirit," and "eloquent." The Sunday the committee heard him all things conduced to make a most favorable impression upon them. The day was beautiful, the choir, in the midst of a temporary suspension of hostilities, sang a lovely anthem, the house was packed, and the doctor, with a thoroughly congenial subject, had great liberty. When he arose in the pulpit, tall, finely proportioned, graceful in movement, and the people looked into his high-born and scholarly face, all instinctively knew they were to have a feast of fat things. Nor were they disappointed. As, from out of the fullness of the sea, when the tide is coming in, the majestic waves, one after the other, break upon the shore, so from out of the great deeps of his being the preacher's majestic thoughts broke upon the souls of his hearers. The sermon was like a perfect day, beginning with the promise and glory of the dawn; continuously bathing a veritable world of truth in revealing light; and coming to a close with the splendors of the sunset. When his last word died in the awesome silence which followed, the men from Corinth looked into each other's faces like those who had returned to the com-

mon earth from having been caught up into the third heavens, and they knew they had found the man of their quest. Hurrying forward to the chancel where the doctor was shaking hands with his admiring parishioners, they gave him, then and there, a most urgent invitation to come to Corinth. He thanked them, told them he would carefully consider the matter, and added: "But of course nothing final can be done until we ascertain the mind of the Bishop." While thus he did not commit himself, the committee felt that his appointment was about as good as made, upon the assumptions that no preacher would think of refusing to go to Corinth, and no Bishop would dare say "No" to so prominent a church. Accordingly they returned home, reported to the church, and from that time on everybody was impatient for the days to come when it would be theirs to delight themselves in the golden messages of the most sought-after minister in the entire connection.

But It Could Not Be Brought to Pass: At last the Conference met. The Bishop, who happened to be the Apostle Paul, and the entire Cabinet (referred to as "the brethren" in the passage with which this narrative opens) time and again summoned Dr. Apollos to appear before them, and "besought him much" to accept the invitation he had received. But he met all of their importunities with a point-blank and immovable refusal. He said he would take Thessalonica, Philippi, Troas, or almost anything else, but to Corinth he could not and he would not go. No one who knows the facts of the case can blame him for taking this stand. After the committee had invited him he began an investigation of the church they represented. That should have been unnecessary, in his case, some may think, for had he not had one of the most successful pastorates of his life in that very place? Yes, but that had been in the early days of his ministry; and since then sufficient time had elapsed for the personnel of the church to become quite other than it had been in his day, and also for entirely new conditions to arise in their midst. Whether these things had actually taken place or not, he did not know. For, like every high-minded minister of the gospel, he had supreme contempt for the performances of those of his profession, commonest of all common nuisances, who "creep into the houses" of their successors, and "take captive silly women" and men sillier still. Indeed, so anxious was he to avoid even the semblance of an occasion for this offense to be laid at his door that he steadfastly refused to visit former parishioners or even to correspond with them. When he left a church he *left* it. Hence his ignorance of conditions at Corinth which made it necessary for him to seek for light upon them. Happily, that is within easy reach. For his friend, the Apostle Paul, who had also been pastor of the church in question, is now, as we have seen, Bishop in charge of the Conference, within the bounds of which it is situated, and he is acquainted with well nigh the last detail of its inner and outer life. To him, therefore, Apollos goes. Now Paul knew that the brethren at Corinth were expecting a change, and so at the very time of the doctor's visit, he was deep in a letter to them, one purpose of which was to get things in good shape in the church, if possible, and

thus to smooth the way for the incoming man. He never forgot what a hideous time he himself had had there, and he shuddered at the thought of anyone else having to duplicate it. So, when Dr. Apollos asked him how things were among the saints at Corinth, he simply handed him the chapters of the first letter which he had already written, and told him to read for himself. Here are some of the things which his eyes took in: "It hath been signified unto me that there are contentions among you." "There is among you jealousy and strife." "That no one of you be puffed up for the one against the other." "Dare any of you having a matter against his neighbor to go to law before the unrighteous?" And worse still: "It is reported commonly that there is fornication among you, and such fornication as is not named among the Gentiles." And while these gross offenses were limited, doubtless, to comparatively few of their number, still, the whole church, pretty much, was rent into at least four distinct factions, with the respective slogans: "I am of Paul," "I am of Apollos," "I am of Cephas," and "I am of Christ!" Now, in view of these conditions, who will condemn the man for refusing to go to that church, big as it was, if, in going, he must plunge into such a maelstrom of civil war, littleness and moral obliquity!

As a Last Resort, Timothy: Well, if Dr. Apollos will not go, some one else must. Who shall it be? That was the question the Bishop and his cabinet wrestled with mightily. Demas, Titus, Aristarchus, Crescens, Pudens, and I do not know how many more were found to be of the same mind with Dr. Apollos. The preachers knew Corinth. At last, in sheer desperation, Paul thinks of one who has not yet been approached on the subject, and who, he believes, may be prevailed upon to take the place. He is about the last man in the entire Conference for it, and for that reason he has first put it up to every other one in sight. But they having all refused, something must be done. And so, to make a long story short, Timothy is put down for Corinth! Timothy, of all men! Let us become a little better acquainted with him. The Scriptures, which tell us so explicitly of the learning and eloquence of Apollos, when they come to Timothy, in these regards maintain an unbroken and kindly silence. There is no record anywhere that he had any degree of any kind or description whatsoever, not even a D.D. And what possible claim, I ask, can a preacher have to even common respectability, without that ministerial appendix? In writing to him Paul refers to his "tears." He was one of those preachers who cry in the pulpit. He had a much-disordered stomach, and possibly other physical defects which were responsible for what Paul speaks of as "thine often infirmities." More than once his father in the gospel had to exhort him to let no man "despise" him. He never wrote anything for the Methodist Review; was never even mentioned for the position of District Superintendent; nobody ever dreamed of voting for him for the General Conference; during the larger part of his ministry he was on circuits; and at no session of his Annual Conference, till the day of his death, was he ever known to make or even to second a single motion. We know the man. Delicate in body, often

sick, affectionate to tears, trying to keep himself in the background, shrinking from the proper assertion of his authority, liable to be run over by the strong men or women in whose way he might stand, and only mediocre in his mental equipment and in his pulpit ability. The church at Corinth asked for the towering and brilliant Apollos; it got plain, ordinary, commonplace Timothy! And why? The question is already answered. Happily there were better churches in those days. More than one of them enjoyed the "good name" which, by a church, as well as by an individual, is "rather to be chosen than great riches." Look, for example, at the church at Colosse, to which Paul wrote: "For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith." The preachers fairly scrambled to go to Colosse. But to Corinth——! Which of these two is your church like? But to come back to our story.

How the Church Took It: Having become acquainted with the new preacher and his congregation, let us see how the one was received by the other. Imagine, first of all, the state of mind of the committee. When they went to hear Timothy they were anything in the world but pleased. He had been sick the better part of the week before, and was poorly prepared. Unhappily he shed some tears before he finished, and that was one thing the fastidious saints at Corinth could not and would not stand in a preacher. The choir was right in the thick of the disturbance of its life, and on that Sunday morning not one of its members would even open his mouth. Only a few people were present, and several of those, before the preacher got well into "secondly," faded away into somnolent unconsciousness and never came to until about the time he reached those heartening and evangelical words, "finally and in conclusion." After the benediction had been pronounced the committee were the first to beat a hasty retreat out of the church, and in the report they made when they got home, they placed Timothy well on toward last of all. And now they will have to listen to him for a whole year! When they read their appointment in the morning paper, the things they said, while not altogether like what they were accustomed to give expression to in class meeting, were at least to the point, and not unintelligible. The Recording Steward fairly thundered it across the breakfast table at his wife: "What in the name of common sense does Paul mean by sending us such a man?" The Sunday School Superintendent grew sarcastic and inquired: "Does the Bishop think we are a sanatorium for dyspeptic preachers?" And the President of the Ladies' Aid Society! Well, she was the maddest woman in all Corinth. Leaving the breakfast dishes unwashed—a thing she never did in all her life before—she put her bonnet on, and rushed around, all out of breath, to the home of the secretary. To her she vowed and declared "If Dr. Apollos had been sent to us our society was going to paint the parsonage inside and out, paper every room in it from cellar to garret, put a new Brussels carpet on the parlor floor, and a lot of other things. But now, with *that* man in it" (meaning, of course, poor Timothy), "not one cent will we spend, *not one cent*, that is, if *I* have anything to do with it." Need-

less to say, after that, the prospects for parsonage improvements were —well, it is not necessary for me to tell you. You know as well as I do. Others there were who said they could stand a good deal, but that was a little too much for them, and so, rather than create a disturbance, they were going over to the Episcopal Church. "There is no society in the Methodist Church, anyhow!" Now to these people, to *these* people, mark you, Paul writes, "If Timothy come, see that he be with you without fear." Timothy—at Corinth—without fear! For my part I can as easily think of him being there without his bad stomach, or his lachrymal glands, or his very self, as "without fear." Why, if you except a much-used hope of heaven, his fears were pretty much all he had while he was with them, from the morning he preached his inaugural sermon, on the text, "I do exceedingly fear and quake," until he packed up his belongings and moved on to a new field. To those fears, therefore, we must now turn our attention. What are they?

This apt and ingenious Story of the First Days of the Itinerancy goes on with Timothy's experiences, in bright little chapters, entitled, "Grudging Givers," "Where Even Paul Had to 'Find' Himself," "What Every Preacher Needs," "The Glory of the Commonplace Man," "On the Toes of the Saints," "At the Wrong End of the Church," "The Vision of a Better Day," "The Happy Transformation." And there is a glimpse of the patient, forbearing, victorious minister, after he had overcome and outlived the trials of a troubled pastorate. The good man gathered together his sermons on: "I do exceedingly fear and quake"; "O, that I had the wings of a dove"; "I am the man that hath seen affliction," and many others which he had prepared the year before, and with them on the vacant lot back of the parsonage he made a merry bonfire. And then, his soul liberated and disburdened and caught up with a new inspiration, he went into his study and wrote some brand new sermons on such texts as: "I have you in my heart"; "Ye are my joy"; and "I am exceedingly joyful." Thus the happy unfolding of the man moved on apace. At the end of his fifth year at Corinth no one knew him to be the same man. His "tears" had become a mere tradition. His stomach disorder disappeared, root, stem and branch, long ago. It had never been organic, but only sympathetic, due to the fact, not that his food, but rather that his people did not agree with him. Nervousness of course ensued which brought on the worst form of indigestion. But the "perfect love" of his people "cast out" all his fears, and when they went his distressing ailment went with them. After that not even the Christmas festivities had any terrors for him. His form, once "so grated down and pared away" by past trials and tribulations, filled out almost to the ample proportions of a District Superintendent. He got so that he could spend well nigh twice the time in his study as in former days. With his extra salary he bought a lot of great books which he devoured hungrily. While thus his body and mind fared well, his soul fared even better. Every day his people prepared for him a table, and in the fatness of its bounty his soul delighted itself. They poured also into his cup so that unceasingly it ran over. Nor did they lose thereby. For

with what measure they meted out to him, to them he measured again. The rich supplies of appreciation and encouragement, of sympathy and love, which they were all the while passing up to him, were received into his beautiful soul, where they were transmuted into such full and blessed messages back to them as no man ever dreamed could come from him. What a preacher he grew to be! Every Sunday at the close of the service you heard such things as these: "Wasn't that a grand sermon!" "Isn't he wonderful?" And the chairman of the committee who invited the great Alexandrian divine to come to Corinth, went so far as to say: "I declare I'd rather listen to him than to Dr. Apollos." Thus the cloudless days came and went, and all dwelling together in gladness and singleness of heart, the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed. *So I saw a new people and a new preacher: for the first people and the first preacher are passed away. And there shall be no more pride, nor vainglory, nor envy, nor jealousy, nor malice, nor spite, nor factions, nor contentions, neither shall there be any more distress in their midst, for the former things are passed away!* Find the full story of this triumphant struggle in the little pamphlet itself.

The Centennial History of the American Bible Society. By Henry Otis Dwight. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916. 2 vols. vii+296; iv, 605. $2.00 for set.

In 1783 a child was born to godly parents in Torringford, Conn. When a boy he overheard his mother say: "I have consecrated this child to the service of God as a missionary." In 1806-09 he was in Williams College, and while there he gathered a band of students for prayer and conference. One day they were driven by a storm from the grove where they usually met to the shelter of a haystack, and he told his fellows that they could and ought to send the gospel to the heathen. They formed a society "to effect in the persons of its members a mission to the heathen." He with one or two others of this band went at graduation to Andover Theological Seminary, where they met Judson from Brown University, Newell from Harvard, and Nott from Union College, and together they united in a memorial to the General Congregational Association of Massachusetts, which resulted in the formation of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Later through the work of Judson the American Baptist Missionary Union was formed. Now the interesting thing about this young man, Samuel J. Mills, is that he was one of the chief factors in the formation of the noble society whose fortunes are told in this interesting and valuable book. In the fall of 1812 Mills and Schermerhorn were sent on a religious exploration of the South and West by the Massachusetts and Connecticut Missionary Societies. This famous journey was one of the chief causes of the formation of the American Bible Society by a union of all the local societies into a national, or rather by a new society climaxing and coordinating all the rest. "There are districts," said Mills, "containing from twenty to fifty thousand people entirely destitute of the Scripture and of religious privileges. How shall they hear without a

preacher? Never will the impression be erased from our hearts that has been made by beholding those scenes of widespread desolation. The whole country from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico is as a valley of the shadow of death. Only here and there a few rays of gospel light pierce through the awful gloom. This vast expanse of our country contains more than one million inhabitants. The number of Bibles sent them by all the societies (local Bible societies) in the United States is by no means as great as the yearly increase of the population. The original number of people still remain unsupplied. When we entered on this mission we applied in person to the oldest and wealthiest of the Bible institutions, but we could only obtain a single small donation. The existing societies have not yet been able to supply the demand in their own immediate vicinity. Some mightier effort must be made. . . . If a national institution cannot be formed, application ought to be made immediately to the British and Foreign Bible Society for aid." Mills was heart and soul for a new united society which could command resources large enough to do effective work for America and the world, and he saw his purposes ripen into noble fruition. On account of his health Mills was never able to become a foreign missionary. After five more fruitful years he was sent to Africa to select a place for a colony of freed slaves for the American Colonization Society. He contracted the African fever, and this hero and founder passed away on his ship on his return voyage, June 16, 1818, and was buried in the ocean off the west African coast. It is inspiriting to go through this rich and suggestive book, important for the history of religion in America, for the history of foreign missions, as well as for the history of Bible circulation. The difficulty with the Baptists with the word immerse is told fairly. Probably the line the society took was the only practicable one, though Baptists could not be blamed for translating all words in a way they believed literal and accurate, which cost them the formation of the American and Foreign Bible Society. Janes, of our Church, later bishop, did royal work for the society when secretary, and we had, and have, illustrious names on the list of secretaries, including the able son of Bishop Gilbert Haven, the Rev. William I. Haven. It is a matter of thankfulness that since 1904 the society is permitted to circulate not only the very defective so-called Authorized Version of the Bible, but the exact American Standard Revision. The society has helped to translate, print and circulate the Bible or parts in 164 languages. This reviewer has in his library History of the American Bible Society from Its Organization to the Present Time. By W. P. Strickland, one of the society's agents. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849, 8vo, xxx+466. The author was a Methodist minister from 1832 to 1865, and from 1865 to 1877 was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Bridgehampton, L. I., and noted specially for his editing the racy Autobiography of Peter Cartwright (1856). It is singular that there is no reference that I have seen to this history, nor acknowledgment of any help from it. Will the third historian, in 1966, also ignore both Strickland and Dwight? Is that literary fame and the fraternity of authors? Or did the present writer work up his material *de novo*, and know nothing of his predecessors?

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The Federal Council Year Book. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D. Pp. 250. New York: Missionary Education Movement. Price, 50 cents.

How many alert and cunning servants this wonderful old world is creating for itself. It is bent on universal mastery, and uses the human mind as its invincible conqueror. The domination of mind was never so evident. In science, literature, intercommunication, government, religion, commerce, industry, it devises its own agencies to accomplish its high purposes. A symbol is the Encyclopædia Britannica, a synthesis of universal knowledge, so planned that the deft fingers of an index cull instantly the particular things one needs. The student and lover of the Church finds, as he must find, the constant, ever-ready and trusty servant of his purposes in the Year Books, of which there are many. As a Methodist cannot conveniently have the Year Books of all other denominations to lay beside his own indispensable Methodist Year Book, that purposeful mind of which we have spoken creates a *directory of all religious bodies*, denominational and undenominational, Protestant and Catholic, and puts under his hand a million facts for instant use, as to ecclesiastical organizations and officers, church boards and their executives, educational institutions and their location, charitable and benevolent institutions, and how to reach them; interdenominational societies, and where they have their headquarters; all manner of peace agencies, and statistics innumerable, so to speak; statistics of home and foreign mission societies; of the churches, of the Sunday schools, and of all the world religions. One may cross the continents with the great Protestant Communions, the Anglican, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Presbyterian, and learn that the sons of the Reformation in this quadricentenary of Luther have become a mighty host of 200,000,000 or more. This servant of the Church is the Federal Council Year Book; its editor, known among all students of Christianity in all lands as an indefatigable, careful statistician, is Dr. H. K. Carroll; its publisher is the Missionary Education Movement; its price is fifty cents, and its date is 1917.

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1917

METHODISM FIFTY YEARS AGO AND NOW

In this discussion I will not attempt to review world-wide Methodism, but will confine myself to the changes that have occurred in the Methodist Episcopal Church east of the Alleghenies. In doing so, however, I am confident that I name the forces that are working in some measure in the universal church and that will ultimately determine its character and destiny. Nor will I attempt to contrast the material conditions of the church of to-day with those of fifty years ago. That would be both an easy and a pleasant task: easy because it would be chiefly statistical, and the figures are already compiled for my use; and pleasant because we have had an enormous growth. "The little one hath become a thousand and the small one a great nation." But statistical tables are not a true measurement of spiritual values. "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of heaven is within you." My purpose is to name the most marked changes that have occurred in the inner life of the church during the half century, and inquire whether they are the normal unfolding of that life or are a departure from the original inspiration of our fathers. I know no better way to picture the Methodism of fifty years ago than to summon before our memory some of the commanding personalities of that time; the men and women who embodied its life, breathed its thought, and by the might which stronger minds exert over those of weaker mold gave character to the mass of people who came within the circle of their influ-

ence. It is in them rather than in their book of Discipline that we know the inner life of the church at any given period. The people make the times. It is their thought and life that give character to their age, differentiating it from the past out of which they came and from the future of which they are the heralds.

Bishop Hedding and Dr. Stephen Olin, though sleeping in their graves more than a decade, were fifty years ago the predominant forces of the church, the ideal of nearly all our preachers; revered, imitated, and almost worshiped. Among the living bishops who most effectively infused the spirit of their personality in the church were Bishop Janes, with Attic grace of speech and singular clarity of judgment; Bishop Simpson, who combined with a rare gift of statesmanship an inspirational eloquence which perhaps has never been equaled in the history of our church, and Bishop Ames, who declined a chair in the United States Senate for the office of a bishop. Dr. D. D. Whedon, the acute metaphysician and commentator, was editor of The Quarterly Review. Dr. J. H. Vincent, whose creative genius marked an epoch in the educational movements of the church, was secretary of the Sunday School Union. Dr. J. P. Durbin, though not in office, was still among us with the cloven tongue upon his brow. Nathan Bangs and Henry Boehm, associates of Bishop Asbury, perpetuated somewhat of the old-time fervor of the heroic days into our time. Dr. Daniel Curry, who swung an Ajax hammer, was editor of The Christian Advocate. Dr. Gilbert Haven, whose elegant rhetoric carried the force of judgment thunders, was editor of Zion's Herald. Dr. Abel Stevens was finishing his History of Methodism. Wiley, Maclay, Butler, and Taylor are names immortal which represent the missionary passion of that time. Doctors McClintock, Strong, Cummings, Latimer, Merrick, Crook, Vail, Miley, Hurst are but a few of the many eminent educators. Sheldon, Bowne, Terry, Curtis, and Rice were already gathering the material for their subsequent theological, philosophical, or scientific works which have contributed so richly to the intellectual life of our age. Among the pastors were the brothers W. F. and H. W. Warren, C. D. Foss, E. G. Andrews, J. P. Newman, H. B. Ridgaway, Alfred Cookman, Anthony Atwood, C. H. Payne,

J. N. FitzGerald, R. L. Dashiell, J. M. Buckley, and H. A. Buttz. When I have written these names I have done more than designate a group of illustrious men. There issued from that godly company a spirit as indefinable, yet as real, as the fragrance that issues from the flowers, as vital as the oxygen that fills the atmosphere by which we live, as potent as the force by which the sun holds the planets. It was a creative spirit that pervaded the whole church, giving distinctive quality to its ministry, shaping the form of its thought, directing its energies, inspiring its songs, and deepening its worship. It was this spirit, incarnated in such men, that gave character to the Age, aye, which *was* the Age I would compare with our own. I am unable to analyze that spirit as I am unable to analyze the principle of life. But I can suggest the difference between it and ours by depicting three of its most significant elements: *Its thought-life, its ethical and spiritual life,* and *the ways in which that life is expressing itself.*

I. *Its thought-life.*

It has often been said that Methodism is not a doctrine but a spirit. It arose with no purpose to declare a truth new to the world, but to bring the familiar truths of the gospel into the conscious life of the people. It is evangelistic rather than educational, an experience rather than a dogma. Nevertheless all spiritual life has its root in truth, and the quality and form of that life are determined by the substance of the truth in which it grows. The mighty passion of our fathers could not have been sustained were it not fed by strong convictions, defined, weighed, warranted, and settled. The age that needs no monument because its work is monumental is always an age of monumental convictions. If the preachers of our day, most of whom have been educated in colleges and theological seminaries, think that they have a surer grasp of essential truth than their forebears, let them shake off that delusion. There is such a thing as book-learned ignorance. When our preachers had fewer books they pondered them well. They read less but thought more. They were constantly brought in the battle of debate with the prevailing Calvinism and the sacerdotalism of the older churches of our country, and they were compelled to hold themselves ready to answer the challenge of the

many forms of infidelity which were rampant at the time. The controversy forced our men to accurate thinking and a stronger mentality than is possible in the easy study of the classroom. Many of the plain circuit riders who embodied the spirit of fifty years ago were, within the limits of evangelical doctrine, virile theologians whose argument had the sharpness of a rapier and the impact of a cannon ball. The published sermons, Review articles and the editorials of the past generation easily rank with the ablest of to-day. It is impossible for me to draw a straight line of division through the middle of the literary output of the half century I am considering. The living thought of the one pours in deep floods into the other. Whatever changes may have occurred, the old Wesleyan spirit pulses in the blood streams of all our thinking. The latest Methodism still boasts, "We have Wesley for our father." But there are changes the character of which may be suggested by a review of the intellectual movements that occasioned them. I will name but three.

(1) The Reaction from the severe Calvinism which one hundred years ago dominated religious thinking, especially in New England. Mighty men like Freeman, Channing, Ripley, and Parker combated it with theological battle axes. They won to a gentler thought a great number of creative geniuses, such as Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell, who voiced the new spirit in essay, verse, and story. Universalist and Unitarian Churches multiplied, and were led by pastors of mental strength and deep spirituality. Many of the orthodox churches, while adhering to their credal forms, became saturated with the new spirit. The Methodist Church, while holding to its old forms of doctrine, could not wholly escape the influence of the free spirit from which the shackles of authoritative dogma had been shaken. Slowly but surely a more liberal spirit characterized its preaching. It became more and more impatient of metaphysical and controversial polemics and more tolerant of other forms of faith than its own. Even such an old-time Methodist as Father Taylor of Boston, who knew and loved Emerson, openly avowed that "The devil could find no place in hell for such a sweet spirit as his. He will not be damned, but he knew no more about New Testament

theology than Balaam's ass knew about Hebrew grammar." Methodists fifty years ago persistently preached the terrors of the Judgment and an eternal hell. Probably all our preachers still retain their belief in the dreadful consequences of unrepented sin continuing beyond the grave. They would not expunge the doctrine from our standards of faith. But most of them have laid it away in the attic of their intellect, an antiquated memory of the olden times, to be brought out occasionally for exhibition. Very few of our pulpits are blackened with the smoke or scented with the brimstone of a fiery hell.

(2) Another thing that is powerfully affecting the theological thinking of our time is the New Physical and Biological Science of the half century. The change is not complete but is in process, and already has differentiated our thought methods from those of our fathers. Many of the conservative school believe it to be a mark of decay, while others hail it as a renaissance, a new bloom that proves a deathless vitality presaging a glorious future. We are not compelled to await the final result in order to see which view is correct; for the change is already so far advanced as to indicate the character of the end. As a single illustration, notice the effect of the doctrine of evolution on our religious thought. I do not think that any of our representative theologians has committed himself without qualification to any of the theories of evolution, whether it be English, as represented by Darwin, or German, as represented by Weismann, or French, as represented by Bergson. Some of them stoutly reject them all. At least one of our eminent teachers still teaches that the world was made in six literal days of twenty-four hours each and that Eve was actually made out of a rib taken from Adam's side. But our younger generation looks upon such exploits as Quixotic, pathetic as they are ludicrous. I am persuaded that all our thoughtful people hold in some form to the principle of evolution, and, whatever the form may be, the theory is forcing a restatement of our relation to the Creator-God and the world in which we live. While in the process there has been much foreboding, the result is altogether beneficial. The new science, which fifty years ago seemed to threaten the simple faith of the Methodist Church, is really enlarging and establishing

it. We are sharing in our measure the intuition of the latest science: that the material universe is not dead matter controlled by mechanical laws, but is ensouled by an infinite Life forever unfolding itself in freedom, and that the innermost in man consciously communes with that Life and calls it *God.* I do not mean to say that all our people have thought all this out in exact terms, but I am sure that the essential principles of it all have permeated their minds and have brought them in closer union with Him who fills all things. The new science is not pushing God back from us over trackless æons, but is bringing him closer to our hearts; close as great Nature herself. It emphasizes the cheering fact that God is not simply transcendent, but immanent. Thus the old-time dread of physical science as threatening the inner life is rapidly disappearing, and in its stead is a joyous welcome of enlarged knowledge which deepens and strengthens faith.

(3) Another thing affecting the thought-life of the Methodism of our time is the place which Higher Criticism is taking in our biblical studies. It is by no means a new thing in the church; for from the beginning our scholars have believed that higher criticism, which seeks the origin and literary forms of the sacred text, is as legitimate as exposition, which seeks its thought content. Indeed, true exposition demands the facts which higher criticism searches. But the enlargement of our knowledge in archæology, philology, and history has made constructive criticism practically a new branch of study. How far it has affected Methodist thinking is difficult to state. We are by no means willing to accept the conclusions of all the higher critics. To do so would be to tear our Bible into shreds; and confessedly their conclusions are chaotic. I think that practically all of us reject *in toto* the destructive principle of the Wellhausen and Kuenen school, which rejects without proof the supernatural and miraculous elements of the Word of God. Nevertheless the historico-critical method has been approved by our leading thinkers, as is seen in our Sunday school literature, our books of exposition, and several stately volumes issued by our publishing house, and is openly taught in our theological seminaries. The most noticeable effect it has had on our ministry is that we have abandoned the method of our

fathers which to them seemed fundamental and vital; namely, the use of proof texts, taken almost at random from the Bible, in order to establish a given doctrine or a historic fact. The new Methodism can no longer base its faith on any such bald literalism in the treatment of the Scriptures. But our faith rests upon no such frail structures as the critics have erected. If higher criticism has knocked away some of the external props of our faith in the Bible it has in no measure weakened the certainty and authority of the ageless and changeless gospel which its pages unfold. The bridge which spans the gulf stands immovable when you have removed the wooden timbers on which its stones were laid.

The three factors I have named as powerfully influencing the thought-life of our age have made practically no change at all in the doctrinal standards of the church. Yet if a Methodist of the generation past could return and visit our churches and the lecture rooms of our theological seminaries he would notice what to him would seem to be very positive changes. He would notice a change in the selection of doctrines on which emphasis is placed. A more humane spirit characterizes our theology. He would notice a larger liberality in our judgment of other doctrinal schools. Such questions as whether the will is forced by the strongest motive and is therefore not free, or whether the motives are so balanced as to leave the will to make its own choice, will never enlist soldiers to fight another thirty-years' bloody war. We are not troubling ourselves about the metaphysical features of dogma. It has been said, with some measure of truth, that most Methodist preachers would have to search the dictionary to find out whether they were Arminian, New School Calvinist, or Semi-Pelagian. Another change he would notice is that the method of our theological thinking is scientific and practical rather than dogmatic and literally biblical. And another change which the visitor would notice would probably give him some serious concern, not because of what it has already accomplished, but because of its portent. While it does not appear in our Articles of Faith it is present in our disciplinary rules in relation to children and the scriptural version used in the ritual defining their relation to the Kingdom of God. Simple enough to all appearance, ultimately

we will be forced to a restatement of our doctrines of original sin, total depravity, and regeneration.

II. A second thing to be considered is the difference, if there be any, in *the moral and spiritual life of fifty years ago and now.*

We often hear it said that in this particular the past is vastly superior to the present, which is another way of saying that our Methodism is vitally decadent. I have no heart to dishonor our fathers. It would be a ghoulish task for me to search and expose the weaknesses of those heroic spirits whose shields and battle axes hang on the walls of our temple. But I do them no injustice when I say that those Elijahs were men of like passions with ourselves, and those Timothys, like our own, had their "often infirmities." In personal character the fathers were very like their sons. Nevertheless the sons are perceptibly diverging from the fathers both in their ethical code and their ideal of the spiritual life. The ethical code of our fathers was modeled after the Puritanic and pietistic standards. The ancient Methodism demanded a severely plain dress, forbidding all personal adornment. It frowned upon popular amusements and made the observance of the Lord's Day as slavish as the Pharisaic Sabbath. It excluded music from our sanctuaries and fiction from our libraries, and grew a hedge about the law of God. There were many breaks in the hedge, for no code can cover the wide breadth of the law of life, and the saints, restrained elsewhere, rushed in troops through the broken places. The Methodism of fifty years ago was largely influenced by the ancient ideal. I can well remember how stoutly our brethren denounced as worldliness things which are now commonly practiced without restraint. Our age is coming into a better ethical idea. It is coming to see that the true morality is not an artificial legalism, which is necessarily incomplete and must change with times and places, and is a constant restraint from without. The motive of the gospel morality is the inner life of the soul; and is no more to be identified with thoughts and codes than the blood is to be identified with the arteries and veins through which it flows. "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh." As to the spiritual life, some of our older people speak with regret of two changes that have occurred. They miss the

overflowing gladness, the unquestioning assurance and exulting spirit which prevailed in the church when its chief business was evangelism and the revival was the normal thing. It was a peculiar joyfulness, best described perhaps as "the joy of salvation." It was the joy of "captivity made captive." "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing." It was the joy of the returned prodigal. "It was meet that we make merry": a joy which God himself shared in the presence of his holy angels. We who remember the contagion of that mighty spirit in other days, and feel it now in occasional revivals which occur in our communities, have often wondered if our church has not made a needless sacrifice in dividing its strength to do other work for God than that which was the inspiration of its youth: the bearing the gospel of salvation to the godless masses. But how could we avoid it? Our very evangelism created a new order of recovered manhood and new conditions which demanded something more than the call to repentance. The conscience of our church forced us to a ministry larger than that of John the Baptist, and it naturally followed that as the one increased the other must decrease. I will speak of that more particularly under our next division. The point we have under consideration just now is the bearing of this emotional change upon the character of our spiritual life. There are those who argue that it means deterioration. They say that the joyfulness was due mainly to the fact that conversion was a supernatural experience wrought by the Holy Spirit in the profoundest deeps of our being; renewing the heart and transforming the entire life. It came to men like the awakening and outbursting life of spring, glorious with color and music. They call it "the new birth," and contrast it with the conversions of our day, which seem to them to be only an intellectual and moral change effected by culture and maintained by artificial methods. We certainly would have reason to deplore the decline in any measure of the old time joyfulness if it meant a corresponding decline in our spiritual life, and especially if it meant the substitution of religious culture for the recreating breath of the Holy Spirit. But does it? When the

blossoms of radiant spring fall away, and leave the small, green, hard, and unpalatable fruit, does that mean that the new life of the year has declined? On the contrary, it means a normal progress. The culture of the life, digging about the roots, fertilizing, pruning, and spraying, is not apt to fill the mouth with laughter and the tongue with singing, but the sober thoughtful toil it demands is far more needful than the dance and song about the Maypole. For us to doubt the genuineness of our divine life because we can remember no merrymaking for us such as was granted our wicked but repentant brother is sure to raise questions unworthy and to blind us to a greater joy that is ours. The origin of life is too mysterious for us to decide its quality by the manner of its coming. The Saviour's rule is infinitely better: "By their fruits shall ye know them." Far better than a feast is "Son, thou art ever with me."

Another change is frequently mentioned and deplored: we do not hear so much of personal holiness now as we did fifty years ago. Mighty spirits of precious memory, such as Steele, Bangs, Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, Mrs. FitzGerald, Alfred Cookman, E. H. Stokes, Benjamin Adams, George Hughes, and many others, were proclaiming the gospel of entire sanctification, calling it "the higher life." Our age takes no exception to the substance of that gospel. It is the blessed inheritance of the entire church, received from the Lord himself. The terms in which it was expressed and the forms in which it was manifested by the illustrious teachers I have named are very unlike those of our time, but in the passing of the school the essential thing survives. We are turning from its old-time over-introspection, its mysticism, its excessive emotionalism—much of it artificial; its exclusivism, and its habit of judging all other believers in a critical and seemingly uncharitable spirit. Above all, we refuse to allow the life of God in us, which breathes the spirit of the Infinite, to be reduced to a metaphysical dogma. Holiness is not a form of thought, nor a gush of pious feeling, but an inner Life; a principle of truth and duty reaching out in love and self-sacrifice to relieve the sorrow of this world and to sponge out its sin. It is not self-centered but Christ-centered, and can rest only when "He shall see the travail of his

soul and be satisfied." He who thinks that this spirit is disappearing from the church must be losing his vision. The spirit of consecration and the experience of union with God are as common features of our day as of the days of our fathers. You who read the prayers, the devotional and fraternal addresses, and the debates of the Conference at Saratoga must have heard the sound from heaven as a rushing mighty wind that filled the house where our delegates were sitting. I am sure that if our fathers had been there they would have sung the old-time chorus, "It is the power, the power, the very same power that fell on Pentecost."

I had purposed to name some of the chief men of our church whose presence makes one think of God and aspire after holiness as did Olin, Bangs, and Cookman a generation ago, but after I had begun I found that I must name a great host. Our most conspicuous leaders are those whose high office does not overshadow their spiritual power. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all the prominent churches from Portland, Maine, to Baltimore are manned by pastors who were chosen for their personal consecration and their evangelistic effectiveness. Truly the tabernacle of God is with us.

III. This leads me to a consideration of what probably is the most conspicuous change in our Methodism during the half century; namely, *the multiplied forms of its activity and the type of mind that fills them.*

The mechanism of Methodism fifty years ago was extremely simple as compared with the intricate complexity of that of our time. At that time our preachers had but little else to do than to shepherd their flocks. Their care was for individual souls rather than for communities. The world parish view of John Wesley had not captivated their minds, at least not in the sense in which it moves the men of our day. Their vision was microscopic rather than telescopic. The most vital organ was the weekly class meeting, where the sacred fires were kept alive in the hearts of believers. The one supreme passion of preachers and laity alike was to save souls. The revival was the commanding feature of each recurring year, and it was there that the church found its truest vocation and its noblest triumphs. Our people felt that to

keep alive its evangelistic enthusiasm they must live in close personal communion with God. Hence our churches were filled, our prayer meetings were alive, the testimonies of our class meetings had the clear ring of truth. The family altar and the closet were not the exceptional but the common thing in our homes. As I pause in my writing, memory brings the sweet spirit of the church of my youth sweeping through my toil-wearied heart like a breeze from the green hills. When I take up my pen again to picture the multiplied activities of the church of my riper years I feel as if I were passing from a watered garden, where the air is melodious with the song of birds, into a smoking factory noisy with rattling machinery. Does my feeling truthfully characterize the change? Were the former days really better than the present? Let us see.

A hasty survey of our ecclesiastical activities suggests an over-organization, a bureaucracy officered by hired men who work for wages. It certainly is not an inspiring thing for the average Methodist to visit the rooms of one of our great societies and breathe the commercial atmosphere that pervades them; to find the ledger excluding the Bible, the oratory displaced by type writers, to hear the speech of money changers in the courts of the temple of our God. No one thinks of reading that little book which is the supreme authority of our vast organism to feed his hungry soul. The mechanism of our church is appallingly stupendous. Fifty years ago we had but one missionary society for the entire church, including home and foreign fields. That work is now divided into four general societies, and if we include the Freedmen's Aid, five. Each of these is divided into several departments, officered by specialists; wheels within wheels, on and on through Conference, district, and parish organizations. Not to speak of our other so-called benevolent societies, which are organic features of our church, there are many great causes which command our attention and our gifts: Bible societies, Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Anti-Saloon League, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Epworth League, King's Daughters, Ladies' Aid Societies, Deaconesses, educational institutions from the kindergarten and Sunday schools

up to universities, which during this half century have developed into vast proportions and have revolutionized not only our methods but also the ancient theory of education. In addition to all these we have hospitals, orphanages, old people's homes, Boy Scout Leagues, men's forward movements, Chautauqua assemblies, neighborhood settlements, local missions, and many other interests aside from the regular work of the church on *ad infinitum.* "O wheel." Within very recent times a new science has been thrust upon our thought which has greatly stimulated this trend to a multiplication of organizations. Sociology is so closely akin to the implications of the gospel as to command a careful study of its theoretical tenets and its methods of activity. So far as it relates to Methodism, its avowed aim is to conserve the mighty fountains of spiritual energy which the evangelism of our fathers opened in the wilderness. The streams that flow from Hermon down over the plains beyond Damascus have produced a vast waste of swamp where the erection of dams, reservoirs, and canals would turn the entire land into beautiful and fruitful gardens. The new science has stimulated the church to dam-building and canal-digging. Its work may lack the brilliant coloring of what we call the heroic age of the church; but it demands just as genuine heroism and as thorough consecration and as unfaltering faith as that of the martyrs of the early church. Social service is of Christ. Methodists who have felt that their chief field was among the poor, and that their one work was to save men, have welcomed the advent of Christian sociology to help them solve the problems of evangelism which confront us under the new conditions in which we live. The new science has made it clear that we must consider men not simply as individuals but as communities; men in the mass; and that in dealing with such we must use methods other than those which were efficient in dealing with individuals. We can save drunkards by personal appeal; but we cannot in that way destroy that which makes drunkards—the distillery, the brewery, the saloon. The care we give to children by our usual methods will not rescue them from the cruel debauchery which the greed of the factory and sweat shops perpetuates. Not by evangelistic meetings alone can we stop men from accruing wealth by crush-

ing souls in slums and crowded tenements. To save men in the large we must use methods militant, economic, and political. Like the monks of Malta, we must throw off the cowl and put on the coat of mail and go to battle for the Lord with spear and falchion. The age calls for statesmen, politicians, policemen, financiers, nurses, teachers, cooks, washers of pots and kettles. We must make a place for the kitchen in our churches. The parish house must supplement the sanctuary. Let me add just here a single note of warning. Necessary as it is, there is a peril in all this: the peril of the secularization of the church. Usefulness cannot take the place of holiness. Oyster suppers, soup houses, picnics, these do not feed the hungry spirit. Church kitchens cannot do the work of the prayer room. Sewing circles do not clothe the soul in purity. The joy of the Sunday school baseball league and the church bowling alley is not the joy that sings in the heart which knows the love of Christ. All the finished results of our material work leave the spirit with a deep sense of want, unsatisfied desires, a discontent, and even a consciousness of deterioration. Nothing can take the place of God in the soul. For this reason we preachers, who are the called of God to shepherd his flock, must be something more than hewers of wood and drawers of water. We must ourselves live in the secret place of the Most High and come to our people with the glow of the mountain-top on our brow and the flame of fire upon our lips. The spirit of the prophet must possess us. Thus, and only thus, can the church keep its ancient life.

In closing I can make but a rapid summary of what these changes signify in relation to our beloved church.

First. The ready adjustment of Methodism to the new conditions proves that it has not lost its old-time vitality. If the forms in which the old life expressed itself had been made sacred and unalterable things, that would have meant that its life was spent and never again could be one of the spiritual potencies of history. By that process the once living Mosaism became a dead Pharisaism: and by the same token the Apostolic Church became the Roman. But that calamity has not overtaken Methodism. Everywhere the wide world round it is recognized as one of the chief

forces to be reckoned with in the destruction of iniquity and the establishment of righteousness. Secondly. The essential principles of our modern church life were already nascent in the Apostolic Church, and even its lines of activity were in large measure anticipated by Wesley himself. The social democracy of to-day is only another form of stating the universal brotherhood which Jesus taught. The modern social service enthusiasm, with its active sympathy with the poor and the distressed, is only the expansion of the passion of the early church which appointed its deacons and deaconesses to feed the poor and care for the sick and lift the burden off the shoulders of the heavy-laden. I am confident that a careful study of the transient and permanent elements of our Methodism will reveal the fact that the changes of the past few years are mainly the elaboration of a more efficient method for the accomplishment of the divine work which Christ himself has intrusted to our church. Thirdly. That the movement of the church at the present time is in the right direction appears in the might of its trend toward the fellowship of the churches. Denominational antagonisms, which were chiefly along the lines of metaphysical interpretation of doctrine and the observance of ecclesiastical rites, and which were sustained by the belief that the success of one church was at the expense of the others, were common fifty years ago. These antagonisms are rapidly disappearing. Where they do exist they are ridiculous. The new unity, however, is not due to any surrender of individual convictions, but to the discovery we have made, under the necessity of cooperation, that our aims, our hope, and our love are one. Fourthly. The vast institutionalism of our church, requiring an annual expenditure of millions of dollars, could not exist without the aid of the state or enormous endowments were it not for the healthful life of the people. What is it that casts all this gold into the treasury of the temple? Surely it is not compulsion, as in the payment of taxes imposed by the government, nor greed, as when we make investments for gain. The stream that carries these golden sands is the river of life. The dollars come from a people with convictions and a profound sense of their obligations to duty. Look upon these whirling wheels and ask why they move. But one thing can

explain it: there is "a spirit in the wheels." If ever our people lose their triumphant faith, the full consecration, the conscious experience of salvation, the clear unstammering testimony, the glorious assurance of Eternal Life of the former days, then indeed the sound of this grinding will be stilled; and we will hear the elegy of a desolated Zion.

But the music that stirs the Methodism of to-day is certainly not a Jeremiad. We hear the blare of the trump of war and the tramp of a great host marching to battle, but the song that rolls from our lips has the ring of purpose and confidence. "In the name of our God will we set up our banners."

A. H. Tuttle

CHIPS FROM EMERSON'S WORKSHOP

In a very literal sense Emerson's Journals—published in nine 12mo illustrated volumes, under the editorship of his son, Edward Waldo Emerson, and Waldo Emerson Forbes, between 1909 and 1913—were his workshop. That is, they were the place where he hewed out and pointed and polished the sentences which were afterward put together for the lectures that, in turn, were reshaped into the essays and books. He himself says in one of these nine volumes (under date of 1834), "This book is my savings bank. I grow richer because I have somewhere to deposit my earnings; the fractions are worth more to me because corresponding fractions are waiting here that shall be made integers by their addition." Again, in a letter to Carlyle (dated June 30, 1840), he writes, "My journals, which I dot here at home day by day, are full of disjointed dreams, audacities, unsystematic irresponsible lambeaus of systems, and all manner of rambling reveries, the poor drupes and berries I find in my basket after endless and aimless rambles in woods and pastures."

He set down here at random the oracles which came to his listening ear as he walked abroad (which he did most regularly), and the thoughts which the events and conversations of the day had suggested. It was a storehouse of thoughts on which he could draw freely whenever the necessity arose; a catch-all in the interest of thrift and economy, a mirror of his inmost life. Hence we come nearer to the man himself, here in this primary record, than in the essays which are more carefully purged of personalities and winnowed of crudities. He lets himself loose, so to speak, in the journals, talking without restraint in the study to the blank page before him, as to a most intimate confidential friend to whom he tells his ambitions and disappointments and casual notions, his romantic imaginings and religious reflections. Whatever impresses him in his reading (and he was always reading) went in, also whatever especially struck him in some colloquy with a guest or passer-by. He often copied in his journals passages from his

correspondence in cases where he had conveyed his thought with care and wished it for future reference. His early trial flights of song are here. It is most interesting to trace the growth of his power of expression, the expansion of his mind during the fifty years or so that the journals cover. We note how he improved the phrasing as he worked over an idea and developed it for more elaborate and extended use. Here, it is very manifest, is the soil out of which the essays and lectures grew. Here are the day-book entries set down—most scrupulously, that no smallest thing be wasted or omitted—to be afterward posted under appropriate general headings. He says, "It is only by the most exact husbandry of my resources that I am anybody." The journal plainly indicates this and is a lesson to us all, showing that even so masterly and original a genius as Emerson was not a little indebted to the most painstaking systematic industry, felt the need of it, and was conscious that without it the output would be much less than it should be. This journal entry and habit goes far to justify the remarks that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," "Genius is only great patience," "Genius is nothing but labor and diligence."

The editors do not give, in the nine volumes with which we are favored, the whole of the contents of the journals. They leave out, among other things, many paragraphs which were used, with little or no change, in the books, but they sometimes print the initial form of that which was afterward more adequately and finely clothed. Of no little interest are the lists of books appended to each chapter as those read or referred to in the period surveyed. They show what an omnivorous reader he was and how largely he was indebted (although so independent a thinker) to those who had written before. He makes not the slightest secret of this indebtedness, but rather glories in it. He avowedly borrowed from everybody, as did Shakespeare, and in no stealthy or shamefaced way, but somewhat proudly, as evidencing his power to lay under contribution and assimilate and make entirely his own whatever commended itself to his royal mind. He was easily monarch of the whole realm of thought, knew it, and conducted himself accordingly. He said, "The plagiarism to which scholars incline (and

it is often hard to acknowledge a debt) arises out of community of mind. Are his thoughts profound? So much the less are they his, so much more the property of all." He had this community in the largest possible degree. Have we not in this also a teaching on the subject of genius? The open quotations in his writings have been carefully counted and found to amount to 3,393, taken from 868 different individuals, Shakespeare, Plato, and Plutarch leading. The nine volumes are embellished and enriched with between thirty and forty pictures and portraits, giving us views of Concord, the battleground, the Old Manse, the Emerson home, his college room at Harvard, the Boston church where he was pastor for a time, his two wives, his mother, his children, and other relatives, together with his principal friends—Thoreau, Alcott, Channing, Ripley, Carlyle, Sterling, etc. The first volume is occupied with the years 1820-24, when he was between seventeen and twenty-one, and contains, of course, in this time of apprenticeship, only a little of any value. The last volume is labeled '56-'63, but there are extracts from the journals of a few later years when his period of productivity was substantially over. It was at its head from 1835 to '45. In the later years his powers greatly failed. The year 1867 was about the limit of his working life; he wrote no poems after that, nor much of anything else that was important. By 1870 the decay of his vital machinery had set in very decidedly. After a brief illness from pneumonia he passed peacefully away April 27, 1882.

One who looks over these volumes heedfully will find the extracts which he is led to make for preservation arranging themselves under some such general topics as the following: personal confessions, literary opinions, observations on life and human nature, humorous anecdotes, moral and religious thoughts, quotations. The personal confessions are not very many; and the editors have doubtless suppressed some that were originally entered. A few that open windows to a most interesting character we inscribe: "I have found that I cannot visit any one with advantage for a longer time than one or two hours." "I visited twice and parted with a most polite lady without giving her reason to believe that she had met any other in me than a worshiper of

surfaces, like all Broadway. It stings me yet." "I guard my moods as anxiously as a miser his money, for company, business, my own household chores, untune and disqualify me for writing. Literary men should have no manual labor; to them a grasshopper is a burden." "A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to me." "Traveling is a very humiliating experience to me. I never go to any church like a railway car for teaching me my deficiencies." He keenly felt this, for he had an immense amount of traveling to do; spending a large part of his time for thirty years in the lecture field, there being no other way to earn his living. He said sadly, "My life is frivolous and public. I am as one turned out of doors. I live in a balcony and on the street." "'He can toil terribly,' said Cecil of Sir Walter Raleigh. Is there any sermon on industry that will exhort me like these few words? These sting and bite and kick me. I will get out of the way of their blows by making them true of myself." "Could I spend sixty hours on each lecture instead of twenty-one they might amount to something." "A good sentence, a noble verse which I meet in my reading are an epoch in my life. They remain fresh and memorable from month to month. I remember a beautiful verse for twenty years." "It makes a great difference to a verse or a sentence whether there is a man behind it or no." "Negligence in an author is inexcusable. I know and will know no such thing as haste in composition. There goes a great deal of work into a correct literary paper though of few pages." "All writing should be selection in order to drop out every dead word. Save only the vital things, the spirited *mot* which amused and warmed you when you spoke it. Let the words be all sprightly and every sentence a surprise." "Carlyle is not a prophet, not a poet, but a master of that cunning art which can clothe any fact with a fine robe of words." "Bardic sentences, of guidance and consolation, which are still glowing and effective, which contribute to the Bible of existing England and America, how few!" It will be seen from this that Emerson would thoroughly agree with Robert Louis Stevenson, who said, "Authorship is the trade of using words to convey truth and arouse emotion." He would also be pleased with the remark of the Atlantic

essayist, Dr. Crothers: "To be interesting a thought must pass through the mind of an interesting person. In the process something happens to it. It is no longer an inorganic substance, but it is in such form that it can easily be assimilated by other minds."

Very similar in texture to these quotations must be another set which dealt also with literary matters, perhaps in a little less personal way, and yet whatever touched books and writing touched Emerson himself intimately, for they were his life. He says: "Skill in writing consists in making every word cover a thing." "Read and think. Study now and now garden. Go alone, then go abroad. Speculate a while, then work in the world." "The manner of using language is the most decisive test of intellectual power; he who has intellectual force of any kind will be sure to show it there." "A man's style is his mind's voice. Wooden minds, wooden voices." What sort of a mind had Emerson himself, judged by this? His style was certainly open to criticism. Carlyle, in a letter to his friend, found fault with it in this fashion: "The sentences do not always cohere for me. They do not seem rightly to stick to their foregoers and their followers. The paragraph is not as a beaten ingot but as a beautiful square bag of duck shot held together by canvas." To which Emerson replied that the stricture was just. "The paragraph *is* somewhat unconnected and inconsecutive. Your words are very gentle. I should describe it more harshly. My knowledge of the defects of these things I write is all but sufficient to hinder me from writing at all." "Fame is a signal convenience. The world selects for us the best authors, and we select from the best our best." "We read either for antagonism or for confirmation. It matters not much which way the book works on us, whether to contradict and enrage or to edify and inspire. A good antagonism brings out all one's powers." "All writing is by the grace of God. People do not deserve to have good writing, they are so pleased with the bad." "It takes twenty years to get a good book read." "Poetry is something more philosophical and exact than history." "The poet must eat bread for breakfast, bread and flesh for dinner, but for his supper he must eat stars only." "For the fine things, I make

poetry of them, and moral sentiments make poetry of me." "Learning without thought is labor lost, thought without learning is perilous." "One of the last secrets we learn as scholars is to confide in our own impressions of a book." "Do not read against your inclination. Those books which I crave are the books fit at that time for me." "When shall I be tired of writing? When the moon is tired of waxing and waning, when the sea is tired of ebbing and flowing, when the grass is tired of growing, when the planets are tired of going." "Books are apt to turn reason out of doors. You find men everywhere talking from their memories instead of from their understanding."

The journals abound with ethical sentences and religious reflections well worthy of being remembered. It is true that Emerson as a religious teacher leaves much to be desired, and so far as theology goes is by no means a safe guide, but that he was profoundly religious no one can justly deny. Religion was not with him something apart, some separate function or appendix of life, but the very warp and woof of his being and the main theme of his thought. He lived in the presence of the Infinite and stands forever in the front rank of those who dealt with human duties. He saw clearly the moral and spiritual relations of men to each other, to nature, and to God. He says, "The true meaning of spiritual is—Real." "Look at it how we will the most wonderful fact in history is Christianity." "The Bible will not be antiquated until the Creator is." "This old Bible, if you pitch it out of the window with a fork it comes bouncing back again." "The most original book in the world is the Bible. It owes its place in the world simply to the fact that it came out of a profounder depth of thought than any other book, and the effect must be precisely proportionate." "There is nothing in history to parallel the influence of Jesus Christ." "Without soul the freedom of our Unitarianism becomes cold, barren, and odious." He refers to "the cold crudities of Calvinism and Unitarianism," "the ice-house of Unitarianism." "The Lord is tedious but he is sure." "Religion is the perception of that power which constructs the greatness of centuries out of the paltriness of the hours." "Events are the clothes of the Spirit. We know God as we know each other

by our garments." "A religion of forms is not for me. I honor the Methodists, who find like Saint John all Christianity in one word, Love." In the journal of 1826, when he was twenty-three years of age, he says that the previous summer, when he had gone to his Uncle Ladd's farm in Newton to recover his health, he was talking with his companion in the hayfield, "a Methodist man named Tarbox, who though ignorant and rude had some deep thoughts. He said to me that men were always praying and that all prayers were answered. I meditated much on this saying, and wrote my first sermon thereon. This was preached in Waltham, October 15, 1826, and the next day in the stage coach a farmer said to me, 'Young man, you will never preach a better sermon than that.' "

"The whole power of Christianity resides in this fact: that it is more agreeable to the constitution of man than any other teaching." "Our reason is so distinct from the Universal Reason that we can pray to it, and so united with it that we can have assurance that we are heard." "Severe truth forbids me to say that I have ever made a sacrifice." "In the hours of clear vision how slight a thing it is to die; it is so slight that one ought not to accept the slightest disgrace in order to avoid it." "To be an enemy to Christianity is to be an enemy to one's own self, because the things it enjoins are those accepted by every theist." "My brother Charles has fallen by the wayside—or rather has risen out of this dust." "I know, against all appearances, that there is a remedy for every wrong, and that every wall is a gate." "In preparing to go to Cambridge and speak it came to me with force that I had no right to go unless I were equally willing to be prevented from going." "Morals is the science of the laws of human action with reference to right and wrong." "Right is a conformity to the laws of nature so far as they are known to the human mind." "Honor shall walk with me though the footing is too narrow for friendship with success or what is called power." "Every principle is a war note." "Beauty is in part a moral effect. It goes with serenity, cheerfulness, benignity, innocence, settled noble purpose." "The selfish man suffers more from his selfishness than he from whom that selfishness withholds some important benefit."

"The rain has spoiled the farmer's day—
Shall sorrow put my books away?
Thereby are two days lost.
Nature shall speed her own affairs,
I will attend my proper cares
Come rain or sun or frost."

It is very noticeable to one who peruses these thousands of pages that Emerson had—what scarcely appears either in his essays or poems—a keen appreciation of the humorous, a liking for spicy stories; so much so that he takes pains to enter them at some length. His essays are of the staidest and soberest sort, and so were apparently his lectures, with almost no letting-up by anecdote. The sole instance of humor in his poems, a very feeble one, is found in the laborious fable of the mountain and the squirrel, when the former called the latter "little prig" and the squirrel replied, "If I cannot carry forests on my back neither can you crack a nut."

One use to which the journals were put, as we have intimated, was for the setting down of those well-expressed ideas, those key sentences, those pithy phrases, which he came upon in his wide reading and prized very highly. We can do no less than give a few of these, for their value is not small or transient: "There are two that I cannot support: the fool in his devotions and the intelligent in his impieties" (Koran). "Paradise is under the shadow of swords" (Mohammed). Sydney Smith said of Whewell, that science was his forte and omniscience his foible. Saadi's physician said, "Thus much weight of food will carry thee; if thou take more thou must carry it." Dionysius the Elder, when some one asked him if he was at leisure, replied, "May that never befall me." Elizabeth Hoar affirms that religion bestows a refinement that she misses in the best bred people not religious, and she considers it essential, therefore, to the flower of gentleness. It was said that Webster's three rules of life were: (1) Never to pay any debt that can by any possibility be avoided. (2) Never to do anything to-day that can be put off till to-morrow. (3) Never to do anything himself which he can get anybody else to do for him. Jones Very said he felt it an honor to wash his own face, being a

temple of the Spirit. "Should is always great and strong, would is weak and small." "The spring of her economy fed the fountain of her bounty." "Every bullet will hit its mark if it is dipped in the marksman's blood." "Principle is a passion for truth." "The sinner is a savage who hews down the whole tree in order to come at the fruit." "When every man may take liberties there is little liberty for any man." "The road that luxury levels for his coach industry may travel with his cart." "A cripple in the right road beats the racer in the wrong one."

We have still left for exposition that large and prolific section of the journals which covers the numerous observations made upon human nature and the conduct of life in general. Emerson, philosopher though he was and transcendentalist, dealt very closely and consistently with practical matters, for he was a thorough New Englander, coming down from earliest Puritan times through many generations of cultured, conscientious ministers. He had a most loyal love for truth and was eager in the search for it, child-like, sincere, trustful, with a life above reproach and constantly devoted to human good. He was a born gentleman, most affable and fascinating, and everyone felt the charm of his personality. He had the utmost modesty, simplicity, and guilelessness of character. He could not be drawn into debate, would not argue or dispute. It was impossible to quarrel with him, or to resist the winsomeness of his smile. Visitors reported that at his house it seemed always morning. He was a most gracious presence in it, always cheerful, always optimistic. Here are some of his sayings:

"Hope is the true heroism and the true wisdom. The wise are always cheerful. The reason is that the eye sees that the ultimate issues of all things are good." "It is a happy talent to know how to play." "To be at perfect agreement with a man of the most opposite conclusions you have only to translate your language into his." "A meek self-reliance I believe to be the law and constitution of good writing." "There is a difference between the waiting of the prophet and the standing still of the fool." "No man can be a poet without cheerfulness." "The only way to have a friend is to be one." "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man." "Good manners are made up of petty

sacrifices." "Deference is essential to good breeding." "The silence that accepts merits as the most natural thing in the world is the highest applause." "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after your own; the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude." "He is greatest who confers the most benefits." "The true gentleman will not take an advantage, will not do a shabby thing." "We must distinguish between a hero's greatness and his foibles." "The greatest man is he that is not a man at all, but merges his human will in the divine and is simply an image of God." "The great man is he who hath nothing to fear and nothing to hope from another." "Take the place and attitude to which you feel your unquestionable right and all men acquiesce." "The greatest men have been most thoughtful for the humblest." "You cannot carry too far the doctrine of self-respect; lean without fear on your own tastes." "Be yourself, believe your own thought, write what you are." "Every vice is only the exaggeration of a necessary and virtuous function." "There are some men above grief, and some men below it." "Always pay, for, first and last, you must pay your entire expense." "Usefulness is always handsome, uselessness always vulgar." " 'Dead, poor fellow!' That is the sentiment of mankind upon death." "Love is only the reflection of a man's own worthiness from other men." "Popularity is for dolls; a great man will not be prudent in the popular sense." "Never a magnanimity fell to the ground." "The two most noble things in the world are Learning and Virtue. The latter is health, the former is power; the latter is being, the former is action." "All life is an experiment." "Character is that reserve force which acts only by presence, and not by visible or analyzable methods." "Do not waste yourself in rejection; cultivate the positive and affirmative." "Rings and jewels are not gifts, but apologies for gifts; the only gift is a portion of yourself." "Sanity is very rare. I can count on my fingers all the sane men that ever came to me." "Everybody likes a pronounced character; nobody likes a whiffler or a trimmer." "The just pride of a man stands herein: that the recognition of him by others is nowise necessary to him." "Cul-

ture is one thing, and varnish is another; there can be no high culture without pure morals." "It is not the proposition but the tone that signifies." "Persons are fine things. They cost so much. For thee I must pay me." "A new person is to me ever a great event." "The one fact which never loses its romance is the lighting of superior persons at my gate." "The world belongs to the energetic."

This article could be almost indefinitely extended. But perhaps we have collected a sufficiency of these chips from the mahogany and rosewood cabinet-making which went on for those many years in the humble home at Concord, where there was so much of plain living and high thinking, and from which have come such streams of influence that still fructify the world. But we can by no means close this contribution to the mighty memory of this "priest of the intellect," this "spiritual John the Baptist," as Bishop Bashford has called him, this serene philosopher whom John Tyndall pronounces "the loftiest, purest, most penetrating spirit that has ever shone in American literature," without adverting to those elaborate descriptions of Father Edward T. Taylor, the Methodist sailor-preacher of North Square, Boston, which fill so many pages in almost every volume of the journals. They are not referred to in the standard Life of Father Taylor, produced by Gilbert Haven in 1871, the year of Taylor's death, for at that time they had not seen the light, nor have they been printed, so far as we know, in any Methodist publication. Taylor and Emerson were very warm friends, and understood each other exceedingly well. Taylor loved Emerson dearly and expected to meet him in heaven, saying in his original fashion, "If Emerson went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him; the climate would change, and emigration would set that way." Nevertheless, he had, as we have seen, a very correct idea of the fatal deficiencies in Emerson's theology. Taylor well remarked, after listening to a transcendental discourse, "It would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul as it would quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk." But all this did not prevent heartiest respect and warmest affection on both sides. Emerson studied Taylor on every available occasion, esteeming him one of the rare

creations of God, incomparable, in a class wholly by himself. He looked up to him with unqualified reverence and open-mouthed wonder. He was never tired of talking about him, and omitted no opportunity of hearing him. He had him at Concord several times to preach on Sunday in the church and to lecture on temperance, keeping him at his house over night and delighting beyond measure in his private conversation as well as in his public utterances. There is no better description of him than that found on the various pages of the journal. We can make room for only a part of what is said:

"He is mighty Nature's child, another Robert Burns, trusting heartily to her power, as he has never been deceived by it, and arriving unexpectedly, moment by moment, at new and happiest deliverances. It is a perfect Punch and Judy affair, his preaching. He rolls the world into a ball and tosses it from hand to hand. The slips and gulfs in his logic would involve him in irreparable ridicule if it were not for the inexhaustible wit by which he dazzles and conciliates and carries away captive the dullest and the keenest hearer. He says touching things, plain things, grand things, cogent things which all men must perforce hear. He says them with hand and head, body and voice; the accompaniment is total and never varies. He is incapable of thought; he cannot analyze or discriminate; he is a singing, dancing drunkard of his wit. He is the single example we have of an inspiration; having a wisdom not his own, not to be appropriated by him, which he cannot recall. He sails by a gale of sympathetic communication with his auditory. There is his closet, his college, his confessional. He discloses secrets there and receives information there which his conversations with thousands of men never taught him. Not the smallest dependence is to be put on his statement of facts. Arithmetic is only one of the innumerable tribe of dancers he keeps. Obviously he is of the class of superior men. Everyone associates him necessarily with Webster. What affluence! There never was such activity of fancy. He runs for luck, and by readiness to say everything, good and bad, says the best things. With all his volleys of epithets and imagery he will ever and anon hit the white. His inspiration clothes him like an

atmosphere and he marches into untried depths with the security of a grenadier. He will weep and pray and chide in the tempest of passionate speech, and never break perfect propriety with a single false note.

"At Bartol's our club was enriched by Edward Taylor's presence. I felt in a higher degree the same happiness I have formerly owed to that amazing public discourse, the exhilaration and cheer of so much love poured out through so much imagination. For the time his exceeding wealth throws all other gifts into deep shade, and yet how willingly every man is willing to be nothing in his presence, to share this surprising emanation and be steeped and ennobled by a new wave of his eloquence. He gives sign every moment of a certain prodigious nature. No man instructs like him in the power of man over men. Instantly you behold that a man is a Mover, a Power, and in contrast with the efficiency thus suggested our actual life and society appears a dormitory. Yet I think I am most struck with the beauty of his nature; this hard-featured, seamed and wrinkled Methodist, whose face is a system of cordage, becomes while he talks a gentle, a lovely creature. He is profuse of himself. They are foolish who fear that notices will spoil him. They never made him, and such as they can never unmake him. He is a real man, of strong nature, with noblest richest lines on his countenance. He is a work of the same hand that made Demosthenes and Shakespeare, and is guided by instinct diviner than rules. His whole discourse is a string of audacious felicities harmonized by a spirit of joyful love. Everybody is cheered and exalted by him. He explains at once what Whitefield and Fox were to their audiences, by the total infusion of his whole soul into his assembly and consequent absolute dominion over them. How puny, how cowardly other preaching looks by the side of this preaching. He shows us what a man can do. If he were not so strong I would call him lovely. What cheerfulness in his genius, what consciousness of strength! He is a noble work of the divine cunning that suggests the wealth of nature. What teeth and eyes, brow and aspect! I study him as a jaguar, or an Indian, for his entire physical perfection. His vision, poetic and pathetic, is unequaled. A wonderful man, I had almost said a

perfect orator. What splendor! What sweetness! What depth! What cheer! How he conciliates, how he exhilarates and ennobles! Beautiful philanthropist! Godly piety! The Shakespeare of the sailor and the poor! God has found one harp of divine melody to ring and sigh sweet music amid caves and cellars.

"He spent a night with me. He says he lives a monarch's life, he has none to control him or divide the power with him. His word is law for all his people and his coadjutors. He is a very charming object to me. I delight in his great personality, the sway and sweep of the man, which, like a frigate's way, takes up for the time the center of the ocean, paves it with a white sheet, and all the lesser craft courtesy to him and do him reverence. Everybody plays a second part in his presence and takes a deferential, apologetic tone. In the church likewise everybody acknowledges command, and feels that to be right and orderly which he doth, so that his prayer is a winged ship in which all are flashed forward. The wonderful laughing life of his illustrations keeps us all awake. A string of rockets all night."

James Mudge

PURITANISM AND NATIONALITY

The recent visit to this country of the Indian poet and teacher Rabindranath Tagore was a deep disappointment to many who had looked to him for inspiration and uplift. As he spoke to great intellectual audiences in our cities, the choicest that any lecturer could wish for, there was an evident lack of sympathetic response. The seriousness of the warfare in Europe had led the thoughts of men and women back to the days of Lincoln, when that lofty spirit had appealed to national duty and the call of the flag; and it seemed as if the shadow of the martyred President stood behind the Oriental dreamer, in sad reproof, as he belittled nationality, terming it an obstacle in the way of the higher civilization. Some who had examined his philosophy closely, and had found there an ignoring of Evil—as if it were a possible intellectual "misunderstanding of things" destined to disappear before the more highly developed man—were not surprised that his music thus became a discord. For realizing the final truth of things, indeed, nationality is a necessity; the future of the world is a companionship of nations fighting against Evil. One of the most significant passages in Kipling's recent writings is to be found in his "France at War." The magnificent attitude of the French people, termed decadent by one of our pacifist lecturers a few short years ago, has been a great joy to those who, having Puritan blood in their veins, rejoice in a renewed and heightened nationality. Kipling points out the secret. "The French officer," he remarks, "is a good psychologist. One of them said, 'Our national psychology has changed. I do not recognize it myself.' 'What has made the change?' 'The Boche. If he had been quiet for another twenty years the world must have been his—rotten, but all his. Now he is saving the world.' 'How?' 'Because he has shown us what Evil is. We—you and I, England and the rest—had begun to doubt the existence of Evil. The Boche is saving us.' "

The intense individualism of the modern world has been at

once a strength and a weakness. While it is true that "man is the measure of all things," and that each one must develop on his own lines if he wishes to find himself, yet it is equally true that unless we share the life of others, in a complete sense, we can never understand humanity. We must stimulate and develop a national as well as an individual conscience. Readers of Plato may remember that at the close of the ninth book of his Republic, speaking of constitutions or commonwealths, he recognizes three: the constitution or republic of a man's heart which he seeks to have adjusted in a perfect way; the pattern-constitution laid up in heaven, which is the dream of saints and theorists; and the imperfect republic or constitution on earth. The last takes the form of a nation, which is of necessity a unity, speaking a common tongue and striving to realize a common ideal. In modern times this unity is symbolized by a flag, the Tricolor, the Union Jack, the loved Stars and Stripes. We should remember Plato's triple division when we come to study the kingdom of our Lord's parables: we shall better realize the significance of the teaching. People have, I think, been too prone to understand the term "kingdom of heaven" in a "churchy" or unpolitical sense; as if this kingdom, at least, had nothing whatever to do with earthly kingdoms, but was something remote from courts and capitols, from market-places and harbors and the busy life of humanity. The kingdom of God in our hearts, it is true, where we fight against evil, is something to be apprehended spiritually, through the infusion of a new life; and the pattern kingdom existing in the heavens is also a fond and cherished aspiration, "the home of God's elect" whence evil has been banished. But all of us who are patriots must long to realize, as far as possible, a kingdom or republic of God on earth which shall pattern itself after righteousness, and be worthy of the name of Christian; which shall be a channel for the energies of the Holy Spirit. The salt of our Republic has been the Puritan element which strove to found such constitutions in the seventeenth century. Without their labors the somewhat rationalistic and legalistic constitution of the next century—depending on a supposed absolutely fundamental rule of government, the separation of church and state—could hardly

have survived. This negative dogma has little finality about it, although it may possess a certain political value under particular conditions.

The term nation, in its modern significance, is a thing of the past few centuries. It grew out of the imperialism of Rome with the added influence of Hebrew ideals. Who can read the seventy-second psalm without feeling that Louis IX of France—Saint Louis—was a modern exponent of its teachings: "Give the king thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness to the king's son." The Old Testament, indeed, is constructive and helpful to the national conscience in a peculiar way and has not been superseded in this respect by the New Testament; rather is it complementary and essential. Here lies one of the gravest heresies of the Teutonic Higher Criticism, spoiling its flavor throughout. The French nation, the first to grasp the modern idea of nationality, was happily developed before such teaching had begun to assert itself, that the Old Testament conception of a nation founded and conducted in righteousness is old-world Jewish foolishness. To-day France is prepared to fight to the death for righteousness against Babylonian Evil. To hold the Teutonic opposite dictum is to convert an empire into Babylon. The Church of Rome—which has leaned so insidiously to the side of Berlin in the present struggle—is imperial in its instincts, and has always been at bottom antagonistic to nationalism. This has been conspicuously true of its advanced guard, the Jesuits, who have been expelled in turn from almost every nation in Europe. The Catholic idea of the kingdom of heaven on earth is entirely ecclesiastical; the church would jealously circumscribe the religious aspirations and consciences of men within the bounds of her own territory. She has thus usurped the functions of the Holy Spirit, who was sent to lead us into all truth. Rome has never heartily recognized the claims of a nation to be in herself an autonomy, working out her salvation with fear and trembling, God working within her to will and to do of his own good pleasure. The Jesuits, strenuously denying such a doctrine, were expelled for a century even from ultramontane, priest-ridden Spain.

And now to come to Puritan teaching and the Puritan con-

science. Springing up at the same home of learning and at the same time as Jesuitism—for John Calvin and Ignatius Loyola were students at the University of Paris nearly four hundred years ago—Puritanism stands for the antithesis, with true French thoroughness of logic. While John Calvin, more a Frenchman than his contemporary Ignatius Loyola, lost the day in the home field, and had to retire to Geneva, the disciples of his opponent were triumphant in France of the seventeenth century. By the close of that century the religious conscience in national matters was stifled in France, so much so that a patriotic Frenchman boasted that he would do unhesitatingly what his king ordered. "Right and wrong have no meaning," he declared, "when my king orders me to serve." Hence the wars of aggression associated with the name of Louis XIV, who summed up the state in himself. The state stood for Power divorced from conscience and morality. Absolute rule quickly converted Louis into a capricious despot. The morality of the nation cannot safely be handed over permanently to any individual, however well-meaning and able. Even from the physical side, the strain on any single mind which has the responsibility of a whole nation on his conscience is too heavy to be continued beyond a decade at longest. Great Britain, or rather we might say England, solved the problem practically, as is her wont, by the delegation of responsibility in Charles II's time to a cabinet who, while acting for the king, were removable at the call of the nation. When sovereigns objected to the arrangement, as limiting their powers, they were sent into exile. And so the people kept their morality in their own hands. Cabinets and the party system may be said to have preserved national morality in Europe and the world. Despotism and bureaucracy recognize no morality for the state except prudence and efficiency; power is the one thing sought for, the one end that justifies the means.

Louis XIV began his reign auspiciously, with excellent interior administration under Colbert and other ministers; but as time went on his temper changed for the worse, militarism took hold on him—although he was no warrior himself—and the magnificent France he had ruled in his prime was exhausted by

wars and left ripe for revolution. There was no saving Puritan element in the state to restrain him. The very name of *abbé* took an intensely worldly flavor. Puritanism meanwhile flourished in several small countries and dependencies. The Puritanism of Calvin, his constructive work as a statesman, as is well known, saved the Reformation. Luther was a great reformer, and a great divine and inspirer of men, but he was not a Puritan. He altogether failed to make any insistent demands on the state and its rulers that they should conform to strict religious requirements. His indorsement, for instance, of the secret marriage of the Landgrave of Hesse while his first wife was still alive remains a serious blot on his career. Lutheranism is not Puritan; it is always far too subservient to the powers that be. Calvin was the high priest and founder of Puritanism, and he made Switzerland the field of his constructive work. This small country, retaining its independence, has been able to develop forms of government of invaluable benefit to the rest of Europe. During these intervening centuries since Puritanism was established at Geneva personage after personage of the highest value to the neighboring country of France has emigrated to Paris. The best French critic of the past generation, Scherer, for instance, was a Genevan. John Knox, the pupil and friend of John Calvin, the year after his master's death was able to reconstruct the whole fabric of Scottish life and institutions, and make a new Scotland, the Scotland of the Covenant. In Edinburgh the whole nation, through its representatives, signed a document binding itself to the service of Christ and the establishment of a Kingdom founded in righteousness. Again, later in the century, under the great Andrew Melville, this was reaffirmed; and in the next century, when the rights of Presbyterianism were threatened from London, by Charles and Archbishop Laud, the whole nation rose in arms and signed anew the National Covenant. For two centuries Scotland cared more for its democratic church than for its political form of government; but in 1832, when really representative institutions were restored to the northern kingdom, Scotland responded quickly to the call. She has been the heart of sound British Liberalism ever since; she gave Gladstone the steadiest of support and has sometimes

contributed the bulk of the members of Liberal cabinets. It has been said that India would not have been kept for British rule had not half of her civil service been Scots, with the Puritan conscience.

Holland, also, which has done such marvelous things for the progress of the world and for liberal institutions, became a Puritan country, where every man was supposed to have a stake in a godly government; and in our own country here, the New England States, sheltered from outside interference for a hundred years and more after their founding, established commonwealths that regarded the religious aspect of the state as part of the business of each citizen. When a new and great republic was founded, mostly by Virginian leaders, on the excellent political principle that there must be no Taxation without Representation, a mode was afforded for the Puritan conscience to assert itself; which it has always done. How often do we hear it said that our Republic would have gone to destruction like other mushroom governments had it not been for the Puritan conscience. Liberty, we must remember, is in itself a negation; the "Thou shalt" and the "Thou shalt not" of Puritanism keep the body politic pure.

Unfortunately the Prussian state, erected into a kingdom in 1701, came into national consciousness when the religious spirit was dormant, except in individual circles. Frederick the Great, brilliant as a constructive statesman and as an efficient monarch, was an avowed atheist, and scoffed at religion. He, rather than Napoleon, who borrowed from him, placed modern jurisprudence on a systematic and logical basis. To him the Code Napoléon owes far more than is generally conceded. By his thoroughness of method and his insistence on clean-fingered officials he was the founder of a Germany that began to astonish the world at the close of the nineteenth century. But this Germany from the very beginning has avowed the utmost cynicism for Christian altruism or the Christian attitude in the state. "Christian morality," declares Bernhardi emphatically, "is personal and individual, and in its nature cannot be social." Still more assertive is Treitschke: "The state's highest moral duty is to increase its power. The Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher does not exist

for the state, since there is nothing higher than it." And again: "Among all political sins the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible. It is the political sin against the Holy Ghost."

The present war, as I understand it, is finally a clash between two types of human thought and character: the Puritan, who has always flourished in the small state but will in time have the final say in the great constitutional states of the world, and the Kulturist, who regards the material prosperity of his own state as his final object. His God is a God of Power, realized in a great and efficient state. The Puritan ideal has inscribed on the Covenant flag the motto of my Scottish ancestors, "A Kingdom that is Christ's."

James Main Dixon

A MODERN EXODUS

A third of a million Negroes have left their native Southland and are crowding into the uncongenial North. These hosts are to be followed by other hosts. The movement is but in its incipiency. It is of vast significance. It involves great social changes and readjustments. It is giving grave concern to thoughtful people both North and South. With the former it is a problem how to care for and assimilate these thousands of new comers; to house them, to provide work, to protect their physical and moral well-being. With the latter it is a problem to supply the places made vacant by these toilers of the sugar and cotton plantations, the rice fields and the lumber camps. For centuries the Negro has been regarded as a fixture in the South. It has been deemed impossible to separate him from its fertile soil and, above all, from its sunny skies. Now that he has yielded to this migratory impulse, torn himself loose from his native surroundings, and is pushing his way into the new fields, his old employers are filled with consternation. They are holding meetings, passing resolutions, uttering frantic appeals for new and prohibitory legislation against both the employment agent and the freedom of movement on the part of the Negro. This is in vain. It is hard for these men to realize that the Negro is not a serf, bound to the land, to do the pleasure of its owner; that he is as free to go and come as any other citizen. But the Negro himself understands this and knows that he is acting strictly within his rights.

It is exceedingly difficult wholly to account for this migration. It cannot be explained by a formula. It is not due to any single cause but rather to a culmination of many causes, some of them of recent origin, others operative for a long period of years. The present is the psychological hour. The advantages, real and imaginary, of the North exert their attractive force and the chronic abuses from which the colored race has suffered in the South exert their expulsive force. The people respond to the pull and the push and go. If one attempts to analyze the situation he may discover certain influences at work not any one of which alone

is an adequate explanation. The movement is not due, as some assume, to labor agitators. These were present, it is true, but they were quickly silenced by drastic laws or fear of personal violence. Nor is it due to the incitement of the railroads offering low fares. Some excursions were planned, and liberally patronized, but the pressure of public opinion soon put a stop to them. The recognized leaders of the race are not responsible. Not only have they not encouraged it, they have rather discouraged it. They are alarmed at the possible tragic consequences of this sudden shifting of a great population. Those may not be far wrong who say it is a divinely inspired movement. It certainly seems more like the great migrations of history where, influenced by some unseen but potent force, whole peoples have left their ancestral homes and have gone forth to establish themselves amid strange surroundings. Probably the one conscious motive more or less clearly recognized by these migrant multitudes is the desire to improve their condition; to enjoy for themselves greater privileges and to afford their children better opportunities. For this they are willing to make needful sacrifices, to leave their early home, to brave the uncertainties of strange communities, and to endure the severities of a harsh climate. A laudable ambition this. Those whom it inspires are to be commended, not blamed; are to be helped, guided, and protected. They, like the intrepid pioneers who settled this continent, may constitute a valuable element in our civilization. It is chiefly the enterprising that this movement affects. The lazy, shiftless, ne'er-do-well Negro is not influenced by it in any marked degree. This desire for personal and family improvement is intensified and strengthened by the reports of the early goers. These write "back home" glowing accounts of their successes. A pastor who told me that forty-eight members had gone out of his church said that a woman had secured a position in a laundry at eleven dollars per week for an eight-hour day. When her sister on the plantation, working fourteen hours a day for sixty or eighty cents, hears this she at once prepares to follow if possible. The husband of our washerwoman finds a position at three dollars a day, sends for his whole family and with high hopes they leave for this El Dorado.

Thus the subtle influence leavens the masses. More and more people are affected. The circle grows wider, ever touching new communities, until from Maryland to Texas there is a stir, an eager looking toward the North. In that direction lies hope. There is freedom, opportunity, remunerative work, enlarged manhood and womanhood. As individuals and in groups they make their simple arrangements and leave. Some of them give up good positions, even sacrifice their little properties. For it is not simply the underpaid plantation hands who are going, but many who are earning fair wages and who have accumulated some means; the bone and sinew and brains of the people. The fever seizes them and sweeps them off. The rising tide sucks them in and bears them away on its irresistible current. Attempts to stem the tide, to reverse the current, are largely in vain. In vain the leaders urge caution, advise against leaving certainty for uncertainty, point to fatal disappointments which many are bound to experience, cite specific cases of tragic outcome; in vain are obstacles put in their pathway, repressive legislation enacted, insufficient railroad accommodations provided, the contagion spreads, the flood sweeps on, in increasing numbers the people are going. However, it is doubtful if the attractions of the North, the glowing accounts of individual success, the spirit of adventure, the migratory impulse would, one and all, be sufficient to entice the Negro from the South, the place of his birth, the section to which all his traditions bind him, were it not for the conviction burned into his very soul that he cannot here have a fair chance. The Negro thinks, he thinks seriously, he thinks for himself. The fifty years of educational opportunities have not been fruitless. The Negro race is no longer a race of illiterates. A large majority of the people have the rudiments of an education and thousands of them have had the privileges of secondary schools and colleges. They know their rights under the constitution, even if they are deprived of them and are too weak to assert them. For years they have borne their burden with a dumb and unresentful patience, but now they have an opportunity to escape their oppression. They know they are not bound to the soil. Opportunity beckons; they exercise their right and follow.

The South is reaping now the results of a long period of unfair discrimination, of needlessly harsh treatment, of unequal administration of justice, of small wages grudgingly paid, of extortion, of oppression, of mob rule, including lawless tortures, hangings and burnings. The worm has turned at last. The Negroes, in the only way possible, are showing resentment of this age-long treatment. They cannot defend themselves by physical force; they cannot get justice in the courts. Public opinion will not support their complaints nor remedy the abuses. But they can leave. The scarcity of labor in the North caused by the lessening of immigration, and the employment of vast numbers in munition factories and in meeting other demands created by the great war, affords them their chance. They are taking it, hoping to escape the unjust conditions of the South from which they have suffered so many years. Better, they say, the rigors of a Northern climate than the chronic injustice of the South. If this movement results in arousing the South to a sense of the true conditions and leads to their improvement; if employers of Negro labor will establish more humane relations between themselves and their help; if communities will make more generous provisions for their colored citizens—if, in general, the abuses from which they have suffered are remedied, the exodus will prove the greatest blessing to the race since emancipation. There are signs of this awakening. The motive of self-preservation is making itself felt. At a meeting of the American Cane Growers' Association recently held in New Orleans it was declared that the exodus of the Negro to the North must be stopped in the interests of the Negroes as well as the whites in the South. In the interchange of views some interesting facts and opinions were revealed. Discussing methods of stopping the movement one planter proposed "good treatment and the protection of the laws." Others told of "inducing the Negro to plant home gardens with liberal aid, restricting the sale of liquor, and forcing more thrift, of raising wages, of selling goods to them almost at cost, and even installing school-teachers on the plantations."

An examination of these suggestions will show that they include many of the chronic abuses from which the Negro claims

to have suffered. It is a plea of "guilty" uttered by the planters, self-arraigned and self-condemned. Alarmed at the consequences of the treatment of their colored workmen who are now bent on leaving them, they are awaking to the necessity of remedying the abuses which they themselves have practiced through the years. Take, for example, the proposed remedy of "good treatment and the protection of the laws." Everyone who has lived in the South knows that this puts the finger on a sore spot. Even-handed justice for the Negro, especially when it is a controversy between him and a white man, is all but unknown. Said a judge of a local court to the writer, "Here is one court where the Negro gets justice." This is significant. In thus exalting his own court as a shining exception he implicitly criticizes the average tribunal, and deservedly. There is much outcry and dust-throwing about the question of "social equality." It is a matter about which the average colored man little concerns himself, but he is terribly concerned about his legal rights. The insecurity which he feels is one of the strongest reasons moving him in this exodus. He knows he is at the mercy of the mob. The law affords him little, if any, protection from its violence. His property is destroyed, his women are outraged, his life taken with most cruel and barbarous tortures, and there is no redress. For the cruel and savage lynchings which have disgraced this fair Southland, participated in by hundreds, scarcely a single white man has ever been punished. The law is defied and the men set to enforce it are terrified. It is a noteworthy fact that from a certain county where there have been no lynchings no Negro has left, while from the States where the incendiary speeches of Vardaman, Money, Tillman, Blease, and their kind, have kindled a flame of race-hatred tens of thousands of colored people have gone.

Consider also the suggestion of "increased wages and the selling of goods almost at cost." Here is also a significant admission. For decades the Negro has been systematically oppressed in his wages and robbed of the fruits of his toil. The field hand gets about eighty-five cents a day. Since the exodus began in some cases this has been raised to a dollar. This for an able-bodied man. A woman who "chops cotton" or "strips cane" gets from

fifty to seventy-five cents per day. For this amount they go to work before sunrise and work till dark. If perchance through illness or bad weather they are obliged to quit before they have labored four hours they receive no pay even for the hours they have worked. Out of this pittance they must maintain themselves and their families. In many cases they do not receive even their small wages in cash but in tickets redeemable at the plantation store where they are forced to pay three prices. In cases where the planter finances the tenant the results are equally, if not more, disastrous to the latter. Ignorant of bookkeeping, he is at the mercy of an unscrupulous landlord. As an illustration these incidents will serve: A man, his wife, and three children worked all one summer. The planter furnished them their pork, molasses, and perhaps some other eatables. They raised thirty-five bales of cotton, which at that time was selling at twenty cents a pound. This should have brought $3,500, to say nothing of the seed, a very valuable by-product. When it came to a settlement the man received $64 for his summer's work. A widow and her daughter made thirteen bales but came out in debt. This ingenious method of financing is a cunningly contrived plan to bind the unfortunate farmer to the farm in a practical peonage. Under such conditions is it any wonder that when these people learn of shorter hours, of higher wages honestly paid, they leave for that promised land? Every large employer of farm labor is not included in this condemnation, but the abuse is far too general and if the Negro is to be kept on the plantation it must be remedied.

A number of planters at this New Orleans meeting told of "inducing the Negro to plant home gardens with liberal aid." This, if acted upon, would certainly be a step in the right direction. The Negro is home-loving, dômestic in his tastes, is attached to this beautiful Southland, and would prefer to stay here. But who that has seen the "tenement" of the average plantation can wonder that the tenant feels no bonds binding him to it? A rough, board, one-room shack, with its smoking mud-mortared chimney and unglazed windows, standing either in the unshaded blaze of the sun or amid the malarial damp of a swamp, with not a tree or a shrub or a flower to relieve its desolation, it is the grimmest

satire to speak of it as a "home." It requires a wild flight of imagination to picture a family dwelling in such a cabin, gathering about the door in the gloaming after working fourteen hours in the canebrake or cotton field, and singing "Home, sweet home." To describe this condition is to indicate the remedy. Not only "home gardens" are needed, but homes in the midst of the gardens. The planter can well afford to build comfortable homes for his hands, give them a little plot of ground for a garden and time to till it, an opportunity to keep hens, a cow, and a hog, to eke out their wages. If his surroundings were made more attractive it would be hard to drive the Negro away. Some kindhearted and farseeing men are thus providing for their help. The result is profit for themselves and a happy and contented tenantry.

Some of these planters spoke of "even installing school-teachers on the plantations." The significance of this suggestion it is hard for one unacquainted with local conditions to appreciate. The intellectual destitution of some sections of the South is appalling. When one considers the handicaps under which the Negro has labored in his quest for an education it is little short of marvelous that to-day his illiteracy has become reduced from practically one hundred per cent to thirty. It is a tribute to his eagerness for learning and his ability to acquire it. He has overcome apparently insuperable difficulties and availed himself of the most meager opportunities. In many, in most, instances Negro schools are not worthy of the name. They are held in all sorts of makeshift buildings. In numerous parishes of Louisiana there is no public school building of any kind for colored children. They are taught by poorly prepared and underpaid teachers. The remuneration in some cases is as low as fifteen dollars a month, while for the entire State the average pay is only thirty-five dollars. The schools are without necessary equipment and furniture, devoid of any aids to culture, such as books, pictures, charts, models, etc. Poor as they are, they continue only a few months, sometimes two or three, the average being only four or five. In the cities the conditions are better, but in the country districts they are indescribable. The school funds are most inequitably divided. This State of Louisiana spends $2,000,000 on its white

children and $200,000 on its colored children—ten dollars to one. And this, when the colored children constitute nearly one half the school population of the State and their parents pay their share of the taxes. New Orleans in five years spent $1,750,000 for buildings, including two palatial high schools, for white children and in the same period the city spent for its colored children only $35,000, although they form one third of the school population. The city supports three high schools for the whites and none for the colored. Were it not for the denominational schools there would be no provision for a colored child beyond the eighth grade. It is these schools which must furnish teachers for the race for years to come. The Negro, appreciating the advantages of an education and desirous that his children should acquire it, resents this unjustice and, now that the opportunity is given him, flees from it. He knows that the schools of the North are of the best and that his family may have the advantage of them. A prominent colored man recently said to the writer, "I am planning to send my daughter to ——" naming one of the best New England colleges for women. "I want her to have the best I can provide for her." In this spoke the father. In no other race is parental love more strongly developed. No better proof of this is needed than the sacrifices which they make to send them to our schools. How heavily they tax themselves some of us know. The South is wise if it recognizes this and not only on the plantations but in the cities and villages meets this reasonable demand.

I have spoken only of causes which were indicated by this disposition, tractable and obedient. He is the best cheap help on earth. This Southland cannot afford to lose him. Kind treatment, legal protection, and a reasonable provision for his welfare will keep him here.

Charles M. Melden

WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO LUTHER—RESULTS OF THE REFORMATION EPITOMIZED

To realize what mankind owes to Luther for the work of the Reformation, we must look at what the world was when he threw down his challenge to the existing sacerdotal system, and compare it with the world as it has been and is since.

Although the formula of papal infallibility was not officially declared until the Vatican Council in 1870, yet it was recognized as fully existent. This investiture gave the pope the absolute right to interpret Holy Scripture. Once his decree had gone forth the decision must be universally accepted as inerrant. This practically placed an embargo upon scriptural exegesis. When the meaning of disputed passages was not to be decided by linguistic, historical, and critical tests, what use for the study of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and the investigation of manuscripts and scriptural learning? Consequently very little attention was given to searching out the true meaning, and opening up of the fountains of scriptural truth.

Moreover, as the right of "private judgment" was denied, and as all interpretation was in the hands of pope and priests, the individual Christian felt that he was in danger of committing sacrilege if he went to the Word of God for himself. Under these conditions, it is not to be wondered at that the circulation of the Holy Scriptures was neither encouraged nor facilitated, so that practically the Bible was excluded from the possession of the people. There could be no stronger illustration of this than the surprise and joy of a brilliant student like Luther, when one day he found an entire copy of the Bible chained to a shelf in the university. And so, later, "The Bible in the hands of the laity" became his powerful slogan.

Now when we remember that "the entrance of thy word giveth light," and compare the hundreds of languages into which the Bible is translated in our day, the circulation of copies by millions as the leaves of the forests, the cheap editions which the poorest can purchase, and the free distribution, we see the change

wrought by the Reformation, through Luther's demand that everyone's right and duty were to read and interpret the sacred volume for himself. We cannot expect Christians to be such in deed and in truth, unless they are informed and transformed by those Scripture truths which our Lord declares are "spirit and are life." And this one fact explains the far greater scriptural intelligence of Protestant Christians and the truer spirituality which characterizes their piety.

But again the Romish Church has abused the claim to infallibility for ecumenical councils and popes, by the teaching of false doctrine, corrupting the pure gospel teaching. By this perversion of the truth, she clouded the minds of Christians and *obstructed the way of life.* These errors taught by the church were partly the result of ignorance, and partly the lust for authority and power.

A primary one of these errors was that to the church alone belonged the forgiveness of sins. The next step was that the church could use this power over the souls and consciences of men to promote her own selfish and temporal interests. Thus came about what can truly be termed the infamous sale of indulgences. For money, then, sins great and small, sins past, present, and even in the future (the bold purveyors of them often proclaimed) would be pardoned.

To strike at this pernicious traffic was Luther's chief intent in nailing up his ninety-five theses, the twenty-first of which ran: "Therefore do the preachers of indulgences err when they say that by the papal indulgence a man is released and saved from all punishment." And in the twenty-seventh he delivers one of his cutting blows thus: "They preach human folly who pretend that as soon as the money cast into the chest clinks the soul escapes." And then Luther went on in these theses to declare that the Lord Jesus Christ had paid on the cross the full penalty of human sins, and that, therefore, any soul was freely justified. All that was needed was penitence and faith. Thus was opened up again the way of life, which had been clogged and barred by penances and indulgences and ritualistic formalities and meaningless rites, until it was almost impossible to find it.

And the freedom, the simplicity, the confidence, and the joy Christians now have in the Pauline doctrine of justification by faith alone, opening to them a new view and way of life, they owe to the blessed Reformation under Martin Luther.

The blessings of a *free state,* and of *civil* and *religious liberty,* are another heritage the world owes to Luther through the Reformation. In the Middle Ages, the church, through her claim to the spiritual primacy of Saint Peter, asserted her right to dominate the state. No sovereign could ascend the throne without her investiture, and through her bull of excommunication she could, at pleasure, release his subjects from their allegiance. Thomas Aquinas sought to show that "submission to the Roman pontiff is necessary to every human being."

And how this principle was reduced to practice is shown by Henry the Fourth of Germany pleading, bareheaded and cold, for three days at the castle of Canossa for Pope Gregory the Seventh to restore his forfeited crown. So, King John of England, in 1213, after a losing struggle with Pope Innocent, laid his realm at the feet of the pope's legate, "To receive it back as a fief from Rome." In his pledge he decrees, "The concession of the kingdoms of England and Ireland with all their rights and appurtenances to our mother the Holy Roman Church, and to our Lord Pope Innocent and his Catholic successors, receiving and holding them as it were a vassal, from God and the Roman church, we swear fealty." (The Political Theories of Martin Luther, Waruz, page 17.)

How fatal so preposterous a claim to freedom on the part of the state! How impossible under such a *regime* the development of mankind in the art of representative civil government? No wonder that under such a system there developed in Europe iron-clad rules in which the rights of the common people were utterly ignored; that all power, wealth, utilities, and ownership of land were held by a very few; that the princes, nobles, and great families led lives of absolute ease, selfishness, indifference to the welfare of communities, and spent most of their time in revelry and vice; and that the masses of the peasants possessed no rights that their harsh lords were bound to respect, and were doomed to lives of hopeless poverty, ignorance, and misery.

It was these wrongs and these unrighteous conditions that made the great heart of Luther bleed with sympathy, and that fired his courageous soul with hot indignation. In the boldest terms he challenges the claims of the church to dominate the state, and proves from the Scriptures that her kingdom is not of this world, and that she must confine her sovereignty to the spiritual sphere. And in his "address to the German nobility" he reproves the princes for their tyrannies and vices, and threatens them with an outbreak of divine vengeance, like one of the prophets of the Old Testament. At the same time he pleads the cause of the rights of the peasantry in the strongest terms.

And it was only under the colossal and continuous blows of Luther that these unscriptural and destructive claims of the church were relegated to the Dark Ages, and that there resulted the modern free state. And the boon of civil liberty, the cause of human rights, the welfare and happiness of the masses, and the signs of the coming rule of democracy everywhere, are our debt to Luther and his contemporaries alone.

And the same is true with respect to *religious liberty*. The pages of history are crimson with the blood that has been shed for conscience' sake. The noblest saints, and those whose characters have shed the rarest luster upon our race, have suffered the severest persecutions, and been broken on the wheel, or burned at the stake, for the only reason that they "feared God rather than man." The fires of martyrdom have lit up with a lurid glare the horizon from the days of the primitive Christian persecutions down to the sixteenth century. And even later in France, England, Switzerland, etc., this spirit of intolerance led to barbarous executions.

And it was alone owing to the inflexible stand taken by the German princes whom Luther's powerful personality had won to his support that he himself escaped death. But from that era religious liberty has prevailed in Germany, and thence has spread throughout all Protestantism. No more burnings of a heroine Saint Joan of Arc, or of a preacher of the pure gospel, John Hus, or of a noble Archbishop Cranmer, or exile of the Quakers from their native land, for conscientious religious convictions. Every

man now can hold such religious belief as he pleases and worship God as he thinks right, sitting under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest him or make him afraid.

And for this most inestimable prerogative of the human soul, that which affects more than every other his happiness and peace—religious liberty—enjoyed in these later ages, in all its fullness, we can thank none other than the indomitable hero of the Reformation.

A *scriptural conception* of the *church* was another rediscovery of Luther. His studies of the post-apostolic era and the primitive church showed that its office had been perverted from its original purpose. The church was designed to help, guide, and strengthen the believer in the Christian life. But, under the prevalent conception of Luther's time, it has taken the place of Christ, and stood between the believer and his Lord and Saviour.

The great theologian Schleiermacher thus defines the diverse theories held by Luther and his papal opponents. "According to the Romish conception the soul can only come to Christ through the church, whereas, according to the Protestant doctrine, the soul is led through Christ to the church."

When, through the Word, the believer has found Christ, then the church tenderly nurtures within him the new spiritual life. Luther by no means depreciated the church and her legitimate sphere and authority. Contrariwise, he laid great stress upon the importance of the church with her word and sacraments as the means of grace. By this scriptural interpretation, the church becomes, instead of an obstacle in the path of the seeker, a loving shepherd to nurture and strengthen him in the way of salvation.

An important practical result of the Reformation is the *change wrought* in *public worship.* It had, with the predominance given to the priest, and with the abnormal authority lodged in him, been taken almost wholly from the congregation. The officiating clergyman conducted the service mostly himself, and the part of the people consisted chiefly in routine formulas and inane repetitions; and, as the service was conducted in the Latin tongue, and not understood by the people, there was very little intelligent and real worship in it. Besides, the sacraments, with their forgiveness and

grace, being in the power of the priests, they reduced the preaching of the Word to a very secondary place.

But Luther changed all this. And by having the service in the vernacular tongue, and setting aside many of the meaningless and burdensome repetitions, and encouraging the congregations to join in the popular hymns he wrote for them, the service was simplified, it was made natural instead of artificial, and, inspired and enthused by Christian song, the worship of the sanctuary became free, spontaneous, joyous, and helpful.

Then Luther brought into the forefront the *prophetic office* of the *ministry. Preaching,* from being almost neglected, was given the chief place in the service. The art of preaching was again studied, effective preachers and expounders of the Holy Scriptures were sought after, and the churches were filled with ardent listening congregations. The liturgies of the past, and the usages of the universal church, free from corruptions, were retained, and the Protestant form of worship became an ideal one. This distinctive and this superior simplicity, directness, and popularity characterize, to a greater or less extent, all the branches of Protestantism.

The *worship* of the *saints,* which had become one of the greatest abuses and most universal practices of the church, was ejected. Luther tells us that "it took him twenty years to emancipate himself from the delusion of the perfect holiness and power of the intercession of the saints," so deeply had this fallacy been ingrained in him. Then he at last learned "to test even holy fathers whom he so much revered, as Saints Augustine, Jerome, and Francis, by the gospel of Christ, and he found them fallible men."

Hence suppliants were taught that the worship of the saints was contrary to the teaching of Scripture and to the usage of primitive church, and was an act of sacrilege. And, instead of going to the saints, who themselves needed intercession, the petitioner was sent direct to Christ, who, possessed of all power in heaven and upon earth, and sitting at the right hand of the father, himself presents our prayers to the Almighty throne.

Luther, moreover, gave us the true *ideal* of a *Christian home.* He protested against the false notion that God could only be served

by celibacy and retirement from the world into a cloister. He held matrimony to be "God's order and that of nature, and that therefore it was a holy estate." Hence he protested against the monks and nuns shutting themselves away from the active service of men and living at the expense of the community. And he held that it was desirable that the clergy should marry, and be familiar with the cares and duties, and also be recuperated by the pleasures of the domestic sphere. And Luther himself set the example of a charming and happy family life. Thus he glorified the Christian home, and, in contending that the humblest peasant could serve God and the church and society by fidelity in his lowly calling, as well as princes in their thrones, he upraised and sanctified the duties of common life.

Roman Catholics, intelligent and pious, will contest this picture of mankind's debt to Luther and Protestantism. The author's friend, the accomplished Dr. James J. Walsh, in his very able and fascinating volume, The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries, cites this eloquent description from the historian Frederick Harrison: "This great century, the last of the true Middle Ages, which, as it drew to its own end, gave birth to modern society, has a special character of its own that gives it an enchanting and abiding interest. It was in nothing one-sided and in nothing discordant. There was one common creed, one ritual, one worship, one sacred language, one church, a single code of manners, a uniform scheme of society, a common system of education, an accepted type of beauty, a universal art—something like a recognized standard of the good, the beautiful, and the true. Men utterly different from each other all profoundly accepted one common order of ideas, and could all feel that they were all together working out the same tasks" (p. 12).

This is a beautiful ideal, and such a universality and unity have a surpassing charm for us all, especially for conservative minds and cultured tastes. But, unfortunately, it is an ideal that cannot be realized until humanity is much more highly developed than anything we can conceive of now. As mankind is constituted at present, such a harmony would be of stagnation, such a unity can only be that of suppression, such a peace but that of death.

It utterly lacks the breath, the movement, the diversities, the activities, and the inspirations of life. That the gains of Protestantism have not been made without some regrettable losses cannot be denied. The unity of the Roman Catholic Church has many advantages over the divisions of Protestantism, but the price required to be paid for it far outweighs the gain. The right of private judgment and the individual freedom of the Christian often leads to a hurtful disregard of the necessity and proper authority of the Church.

It is a sad truth, exemplified a thousand times by history, that liberty is liable to abuse. The larger privileges men enjoy, to the greater danger of fallacies are they exposed. A strong government prevents disorder, but it is also hostile to free growth. In Protestantism we do suffer from the vagaries of individualism, and the large range accorded to congregations and pastors is sometimes taken advantage of by sensational methods and fanatical evangelists, by which means the Church is injured and the influence of religion weakened with intelligent and sensible people.

But these are disadvantages inseparable from the exercise of individual and ecclesiastical freedom. And they are not for a moment to be set over against the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty procured by the Reformation. Romanism has indeed the solid unity, the strength, the massiveness, and the immobility of a mighty fortress, but Protestantism is rather a majestic tree, its springing branches swaying freely in the winds of heaven, instinct with energy, virility, and growth—a tree of life.

Genius and the iron hand can no more harmonize than Napoleon and Madame De Staël could live within the boundaries of the same France. The spirit of man, to attain its loftiest flights, must have unclipped wings and unwalled skies. It is better to tolerate the vagaries of genius by giving it the open than to stifle its powers within the bars of a prison. Besides, if great wrongs have been perpetrated, and dangerous heresies held, in the name and through the exercise of liberty, how multitudinous and woeful have been the tyrannies, the persecutions, the repressions, and the outrages committed by authority? The bloodiest chapters of

the world's history record its monstrous enormities. And the experience and wonderful progress of the past four centuries have given incontestable proof that it is only when the human mind is unfettered by ecclesiastical and civil tyranny, that the race advances most rapidly upon the path of achievement, happiness, and prosperity.

So it is owing to the work of Luther in the Reformation that we live in a new world.

In passing from the Middle Ages to the modern period, mankind has left behind it darkness and entered upon an era of light. On every hand we see civilization taking greater strides. Absolute freedom of investigation has given an immense impulse to science, schools and universities and specialized studies abound on an unprecedented scale, government, not "by and for the privileged few," but "of the people, by the people, and for the people," is rapidly becoming universal. Religion, relieved of cramped uniformity, is more spiritual, vigorous, joyous, and true. The missionary spirit is bearing abroad the gospel to the nations near and afar.

In short, no such wondrous transformation in the condition of the race, no such new epoch in civilization, no such forward step in the march of the human mind, and no such revolution in the destinies, uplift, and happiness of mankind, have been introduced by any single personality in the world's history as that by Luther in the work of Reformation.

Junius B. Remensnyder.

CONCERNING A FAMOUS LECTURE

From passages in his historical writings, from his letters, from the anecdotes told of him by his friends—and by some who were *not* friends—and from a study of his portraits one may hope to arrive at a fairly accurate notion of Freeman the man. His nature was complex, resembling that of many a less celebrated scholar, and the exhaustive study of it may well be left to shrewd analysts of character. Certain traits stand out in conspicuous way. Two of these fix the attention at once.

He has as much heart as a "scientific" historian is entitled to, and possibly more. It has never been maintained that historians make the worse fathers of families for being historians. And truly there is no reason why they should fall short, in that particular, of standards known to have been attained by bank clerks, plumbers, and green-grocers. A historian who does most or all of his work at home may easily develop into a nuisance, but not so much from the nature of his work as from the fact of his always being about. The atmosphere of the home is distinctively feminine, and a perpetual masculine presence disturbs its finer harmonies. The wife has not only to manage her children and servants, but also to carry a dead weight in the shape of a husband.

The man who goes to business, or at least goes away somewhere, is to be preferred. He is never more fondly regarded by wifely eyes than when he shows his back, in a well-fitting overcoat, and there is no sweeter sound in all the world than that of his receding footsteps as he pursues the familiar path to the suburban station. Peace reigns—at least to a certain extent. A beloved but disturbing presence has been removed, and will not be felt again until the approach of the dinner hour.

Freeman was probably as comfortable a factor in the home life as the nature of his sex permitted. He liked children, and wrote for them an Old English History, a book meant for "particular children living in a particular part of the country," namely, the little folks at "Somerleaze," his home near Wells. Grown people afflicted with hazy ideas about the pre-Norman

period will find themselves helped by the reading of this small but meaty book.

His biographer did a happy thing when he reproduced in facsimile three of Freeman's letters to "his dear little Margaret." They are carefully "printed" with the pen, so as to be easy to read, and are adorned with illustrations. To receive letters containing pictures of goats, giraffes, an elephant, a walking bear, and a couple of dogs shaking hands would make a child respect even its own father.

He is said to have been "very tender-hearted towards all the lower animals, and very gentle in his treatment of them." At his first country-house in Wales, he had a miscellaneous assortment of beasts, from horses and ponies to dog, cats, and raccoons —or at least *a* raccoon. He used to record the births and deaths and other important events that took place in this "numerous family." No man would have been capable of this unless he were sympathetic, and had a sense of humor besides.

Another obvious (and contrasting) trait is brought out by any one of numerous anecdotes told to illustrate his pugnaciousness. I do not know that he was the sort of man to be described in an off-hand way as quick-tempered, meaning that he would fly into passion over small things as well as great; but Freeman was impatient, and when the circumstances were favorable and the provocation sufficient he could be depended on to explode handsomely and to the entire satisfaction of all beholders.

I have heard from an eye-witness an account of his address at Glastonbury Abbey, when he had the mishap with the chair on which he was standing. Probably one of the auditors laughed —there are people who will laugh anywhere, even at a meeting of an Archæological Society—and Freeman stopped speaking and went off in a huff. A version of the incident will be found in Stephen's Life and Letters of Freeman. The oral narrative was racier by far than is the printed one. We are told that in his outbursts—when, for example, he had been teased by impertinent questions, or irritated by a garrulous but shallow speaker—he would fall upon the unhappy offenders with crushing force, and was sometimes unjust as well as inconsiderate.

Nearly all of his books in my library are bound in a bright red cloth. They make a most cheerful glow among many sober-hued volumes of much lighter contents. One can almost see to read by them, so brilliantly do they shine. And one has come to feel that the publishers did very well to clothe Freeman's essays in this aggressive color; he was an aggressive man who wrote the books. If he was florid of complexion, so much the better; it carries out the color-scheme; everything matches. Certainly one thinks of Freeman as capable of swelling, of showing a face into which good red blood had been pumped until he seemed like to burst.

Would he have shown an angry countenance had it been hinted to him that his famous doctrine of the unity of history was admirably stated by an American man of letters some thirty years before the delivery of the Rede Lecture at Cambridge? Englishmen are not wont to receive with undisguised joy the suggestion that they are our debtors in any respect, though it must be admitted that their attitude is not so forbidding as it once was. But there the doctrine lies, in Emerson's essay on "History," to be read by whoever likes to study coincidences. Far be it from us to claim that Freeman was indebted to Emerson. He probably "never read the man," or he may have been in the position of the English author who had "never so much as heard of him."

The idea of the unity of history must be very old. Freeman says that he first learned it from Arnold. He himself was happy in having coined a striking phrase to express the thought, a phrase that is always associated with *his* name, and not with that of some other eminent historian. He was more than happy in his brilliant development of the conception; the Rede Lecture is one of the most taking things he ever wrote. And being Freeman he clung to his subject with bulldog-like tenacity until the world realized that the man and his doctrine were one and indivisible.

The gist of his teaching is contained in this sentence: "As man is the same in all ages, the history of man is one in all ages." Emerson treats the theme in a bolder fashion: "There

is one mind common to all individual men. . . . Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent. Of the works of this mind history is the record. Its genius is illustrated by the entire series of days. Man is explicable by nothing less than all his history."

Freeman, as a professional historian, had certain practical objects in view. For example, he wanted to persuade the world to cast aside the old-time distinctions between "ancient" and "modern," between "living" and "dead." There were no such distinctions, or at least, none worth recognizing. Years since scholars had built certain imaginary fences, painted them neatly, guarded them with pedantic care, and amused themselves by pretending that the civilization on one side differed wholly from that on the other. Freeman made it his business to break down these fences wherever they were to be found.

He begins his lecture with a tribute to the revival of learning in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and then passes on to a consideration of its "dark side." He shows that the revival of classical learning "both opened and narrowed the field of human study." It was exclusive. It laid too much stress on literature. Only Greece and Rome were taken into account, and they only within certain limits known as "classical." By not mastering what lay outside those limits men cut themselves off from an accurate knowledge of what lay within them.

With the discovery of the comparative method came new light. Freeman calls it the great contribution of the nineteenth century to the advance of human knowledge. It has taught the world that "the study of language is one study, that the study of history is one study. What was once supposed to be independent is now seen to be only a part of the whole: to be closely related to what went before and to what follows. "The history of the Aryan nations of Europe, their languages, their institutions, their dealings with one another, form one long series of cause and effect, no part of which can be rightly understood if it be dealt with as something wholly cut off from, and alien to, any other part."

He protests against the old-fashioned way of treating with undue reverence certain arbitrarily chosen centuries, while holding in contempt certain others. And he will have none of the conception of scholarship which assumes the need of special powers for the mastery of "ancient" history. One method serves for both alike, the "ancient" and the "modern." Then he invites the student to take all history for his peculiar province, a very liberal offer, and one that there is no way of politely declining. History is "one unbroken drama"; and the acts and scenes must not, so it would appear, be detached from their setting.

How this is to be accomplished he then explains. The student will choose his own period and master it, and he will know enough of other periods to be able perfectly to comprehend the relations in which they stand to his own In that way he keeps his breadth of vision, is saved from becoming parochial.

This is Freeman's argument in the main, though badly mangled in the process of condensing it. The illustrations begin before the argument is quite finished, and they multiply until the very close, with, however, constant and artful reiterations of the main theme. Some of them are of extreme beauty, such as that describing the experiences of Polybios. (One must adhere to Freeman's spelling of proper names.) It is a vision of the stupendous changes that may take place in the limits of a single human life. Another, only a little less impressive, is the panorama of the Greek colonies that carried Hellenic arts and letters into so many corners of the then known world. After reading it one looks upon one's fruit vendor across the way with a new interest.

Freeman has been taxed with a display of narrowness in the very lecture written as a plea for broad views. He is charged with having made "a fatal concession to classical pendantry and modern conceit" by limiting himself to the history of Aryan man in Europe (Frederic Harrison). I cannot see that he positively "limits" himself. The sentence doubtless alluded to runs thus: "Looking then at the history of man, at all events at the history of Aryan man in Europe, as one unbroken whole," and so on. It is as though Freeman had said, The history of man

is one; and we have only to look at that history in Europe to *see* that so much of it at least is one. He admits that the connection between European and Asiatic history is "occasional and incidental"; he never says that European and Asiatic history do not form parts of one greater whole; that follows as a matter of course.

But the question whether Freeman "missed a true philosophy of history" or not may be left to experts. They will deal with it after their well-known playful manner. If there is anything that can be punctured they will see to it that the puncturing is done. The object of this paper is to make The Unity of History better known to lay readers, to those who read for amusement, and incidentally to lament that it has not been reprinted in a cheap form, so that lay readers may have easy access to it if so minded. It is an uplifting conception of history, and has the additional merit of being in a high degree informed with literary qualities.

Viewing The Unity of History as a piece of literature, as an artfully composed essay or address, a thing designed to give pleasure as well as instruction, one is tempted to quote from it. The chief trouble is in deciding what not to quote. From end to end the little book is filled with passages which one likes to read over and over, merely for the pleasure one has in dwelling on them.

Truly is it an audacious attitude that the mere amateur of literature takes when he pretends to enjoy the works of the scientific historians. He knows full well that it was not for his private delectation that these formidable beings produced their weighty tomes. He has reason to believe that they are not always flattered by being told that they are entertaining, if indeed they do not absolutely resent the imputation of qualities so frivolous. They write mostly for one another, for a small esoteric body of readers, and for their pupils. To tell them that you enjoy what they have written is, in a way, to offer an affront. It is not that they desire to be obscure, but simply to maintain their tone of scientific aloofness, never to fail in the proofs of an overwhelming erudition.

Yet many of them have their unguarded moments, and are entertaining in spite of themselves. Others will unbend of a set purpose, and will become frankly literary. Now Freeman cannot be called a pleasing writer, as you would say that Macaulay, and Froude, and Prescott were pleasing writers, yet he often pleases, and never more than in the fifty-odd pages of The Unity of History.

The lecture was probably read from manuscript, and probably ill read; I never yet saw a historian who could read well, unless indeed he happened also to be a churchman. It contains a number of passages that are distinctly rhetorical, and which might be "declaimed" with admirable effect. The sentences are massed with a view to presenting a broad and imposing front. They pile up in rather a grand way, and have besides a masculine ruggedness that is perfectly in keeping.

One of the finest of these passages is where Freeman traces the influence of Rome down through all European history, and shows the folly of restricting the "life" of the Latin language to the few centuries denominated "classical," and of regarding it henceforth as a "dead" tongue. It should be read in its entirety. A brief extract will show the style:

"The old Saturnian echoes which sang how it was the evil fate of Rome, which gave her the Metelli as her counsels, ring out again in those new Saturnian rimes which sing the praises of imperial Frederick and set forth the reforming policy of Earl Simon. The truly distinctive character of the Latin tongue was not stamped on it by its poets, not even by its historians and orators. The special business of Rome, as one of those poets told her, was to rule the nations; not merely to conquer by her arms, but to govern by her abiding laws. Her truest and longest life is to be looked for, not in the triumphs of her dictators, but in the edicts of her Prætors. The most truly original branch of Latin literature is to be found in what some might deny to be a part of literature at all, in the immediate records of her rule, in the textbooks of her great lawyers, in the itineraries of her provinces, in the Notitia of her governments and offices. The true glory of the Latin tongue is to have become the eternal speech

of law and dominion. It is the tongue of Rome's twofold sovereignty and of her twofold legislation, the tongue of the church and the empire, the tongue of the successors of Augustus and of the successors of Saint Peter. It has been, wherever king or priest could wrap himself in any shred of her imperial or her Pontifical mantle, the chosen speech alike of temporal and of religious rule."

Assuredly passages like these ring true. They are literature at the point where it approaches most nearly to the pomp and splendor of oratory. Freeman continues his eulogium in the same liturgical vein:

"In the eyes of universal history the true triumphs of the Latin tongue are to be found in lands far away from the seven hills, and even from the shores of the Italian peninsula. The tongue of Rome, the tongue of Gaius and Ulpian rather than the tongue of Virgil and Horace, has become the tongue of the Code and the Capitularies, the tongue of the false Decretals and of the true Acts of Councils, the tongue of Domesday and the Great Charter, the tongue of the Missal and the Breviary, the tongue which was for ages in Western eyes the very tongue of Scripture itself. . . . It is this abiding and Imperial character of the speech of Rome, far more than even the greatest works of one or two short periods in its long life, which gives it a position in the history of the world which no other European tongue can share with it. . . . Of all the languages of the earth, Latin is the last to be spoken of as dead. It was but yesterday the universal speech of science and learning; it is still the religious speech of half Western Europe; it is still the key to European history and law; and, if it is nowhere spoken in its ancient form, it still lives in the new forms into which it grew in the provinces which Rome civilized as well as conquered."

In this fine tribute the historian amplifies and throws into a more grandiose form an idea to which he had given expression some thirteen years earlier. You might say that he had put his thought out at interest in 1859, and now, in 1872, he produces for our envious admiration principal and interest together. No grasping usurer ever realized such handsome profits on a com-

paratively small investment. Freeman's percentages went "beyond the dreams of avarice." The first setting of this idea will be found near the beginning of a review of Mommsen's Rome, in the "second series" of his Historical Essays; it takes up barely eight lines of print. When, however, it appeared in the Rede Lecture, seven and a half pages were required for its presentation.

And these seven and a half pages make exactly one paragraph. A different typographical arrangement would have been easier for the reader. The eye feels the need "to take breath" now and then. One often meets with tremendously long paragraphs and is appalled at the sight. Leslie Stephen, in his essay entitled "Johnsoniana," has a paragraph that runs to six and three-quarters pages. Since there are more lines to the page, the difference betwen Stephen and Freeman in staying power cannot be much.

Were one to quote from The Unity of History merely the passages that from a literary point of view are worth the trouble of quoting, it would amount in the end to transcribing half the book. Freeman knew well how to produce those impressive effects which come by the rolling out of sonorous names of history. It is a mere trick when used by the superficial orator, and as such it frequently disgusts or irritates; but when a scholar deigns to employ the device—a scholar who is at the same time a literary artist—it become eloquence. There is a pageantry of names, which may of course be vain and empty, as it may also be uplifting and splendid. The lecture contains many illustrations of the pageantry of names in the best meaning of the phrase.

Of "word-painting," as the literary device is commonly called, the lecture contains at least one fine example. In describing the scene when Basil the Second came to Athens to give thanks for his victories, almost any historian would have laid stress on the visible features of the spectacle, on physiognomy, costume, ceremonial acts, the decorative background, all that goes into the making of "a historical picture." But Freeman discards these first aids to the imagination; he will have nothing to do with theatrical wardrobes and properties, and there is not a single "color-adjective" in the arrangement of the scene. He conceives

the spectacle in a large-minded way, he thoroughly believes in its significance, his picture is impressive because of its naked grandeur.

And therefore the reader finds himself taking for granted the gorgeous dress, the glitter of arms, the gleam of marble, the blue of the sky, and is eager to look into the soul of the chief actor and to comprehend the full meaning of an event which, he has been made to feel, is an expression of the inmost soul of history. Whether or not Freeman made a deliberate choice of means to an end in this case, is a matter of no importance. He may have done so, as he may have worked instinctively, and found afterward that he had written better than he knew. He is a lucky author whose pen occasionally sets up in business for itself.

The passage is much too long to be transcribed in its entirety. An extract from the conclusion must suffice. Freeman shows how in tracing those periods when Roman and Teutonic elements stood side by side but had not yet blended, we come upon many scenes which show that European history is in truth "one unbroken tale." He asks us to take our stand with him on the Acropolis of Athens on a day in the early part of the eleventh century. He shows what changes have taken place since the days of Pericles, and even since the days of Alaric, how much has been swept away, and yet how much remains. Then follow these lines:

"It is a day of triumph. . . . A conqueror comes to pay his worship within those ancient walls, an Emperor of the Romans comes to give thanks for the deliverance of his Empire in the Church of Saint Mary of Athens. Roman in title, Greek in speech—boasting of his descent from the Macedonian Alexander and from the Parthian Arsakes, but sprung in truth, so men whispered, from the same Slavonic stock which had given the Empire Justinian and Belisarius—fresh from his victories over a people Turanian in blood, Slavonic in speech, and delighting to deck their kings with the names of Hebrew prophets—Basil the Second, the slayer of the Bulgarians, the restorer of the Byzantine power, paying his thank-offerings to God and the Panagia in the old heathen temple of democratic Athens, seems

as if he had gathered all the ages and nations of the world around him, to teach by the most pointed of contrasts that the history of no age or nation can be safely fenced off from the history of its fellows. Other scenes of the same class might easily be brought together, but this one, perhaps the most striking of all, is enough. I know of no nobler subject for a picture or a poem."

The pomp and beauty of these lines should be apparent to everyone. They may be read aloud, thereby putting them to the severest of tests, and they will be found to gain rather than lose in effectiveness. Possibly a word or two might be changed for the better—in the last sentence, where the same sound occurs once too often; but it is a mere nothing.

It is a great satisfaction to get one's history in this way, to imbibe "sound views" and taste good literature at the same time. What matters it if one has gained but a single fact? Other facts, naturally related, are bound to cling to the one, and each of these in turn attracts yet more facts. Given the time to read good books, and a memory not quite like a sieve, the amateur may hope for some very pretty accumulations in this sort. It does not follow that he would be justified in making a display of them, but he could gloat over them in private.

The present writer will always be grateful to Freeman for the picture of Basil the Second at the Church of Saint Mary of Athens. He could not forget that monarch if he tried. Basil has been an expense, has led to much squandering of time and eyesight in the turning over of books of reference. Only by looking on him as a historical luxury—and therefore a necessity—can the indulgence be justified.

And at this crisis in human affairs the present writer is immensely comforted by the reflection that Basil once smote the Bulgarians, smote them as Samson did the Philistines. He wishes with all his heart that some modern Basil might arise, with such strength of arm and will as would enable him to repeat the salutary chastisement.

SOME RELIGIOUS PAINTERS OF SIENA

I

Sienese art has a peculiar attraction for the lover of beauty. The observer has to be worked into its mood and attainment, for it is primitive, aristocratic, and religious; but once initiated, he can never escape from its spell. After commerce with the more abounding spirits in art, one comes back to its almost naïve prattle as a man comes to the talk of his children for refreshment, when tired of the sophisticated converse of the world.

"Soft Siena" was not invertebrate, for there are records in Tacitus of the early inhabitants illtreating a Roman senator who passed through the city; and we know that later city life in Italy was a breeding ground of passion. Many homicides were remarked in Siena by an old annalist. Its softness came of a laxity of life due to great wealth, for in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries it was one of the rich cities of the world, larger than Paris or London, and a competitor for the lordship of Tuscany. Siena's disposition was proud and aristocratic. She delighted in the color of life, which came upon her painting making her second only to Venice in this peculiar gift.

And Siena was religious. The cathedral localized the communal and religious spirit, forming a visible body for the religious emotion, which had found also a personal expression in local saints. Saint Asano dates from a period almost legendary, since he was said to have lived in a little village beyond the city walls about the time of the fall of Rome. Saint Francis is recorded as visiting the city in 1212. Saint Catherine is also authentic—a strange mystical person, yet endowed with common sense enough to become an adviser of the pope—a Joan of Arc of the spiritual life. And San Bernardino, who left many traces in Italian art, came about a hundred years later. "The Word of God," it is said, "was in his mouth a fire—a hammer breaking the hardest rocks." Above all Siena was the city of the Virgin. Even in Roman times the

city bore a feminine appellation and worshiped Minerva and Diana, which, according to an ancient diarist, was a thing to thank God for as a preliminary of the cherishing of Mary.

II

The origins of Sienese painting are in dispute, some deriving the art directly from Byzantium, others affirming a native school, but there is no doubt as to who was the real beginner. It was Duccio di Buoninsegna, born about fifty years before Giotto—in 1250. Compared with the resounding fame of Giotto, he is hardly known outside the ranks of the more serious students of art, though in many respects his work equals that of the Florentine.

Why does he remain so overshadowed by Giotto? Perhaps because Vasari, upon whom many generations have depended for biographical material, was a Florentine. For while Vasari is on the whole a broad-minded critic, he cannot altogether forget the eminence of Florence. Further, Duccio's work is hardly as accessible as Giotto's; and it certainly does not cover as large a space. At Assisi and Padua Giotto is supreme and dominating, but Duccio's chief work is a single altar-piece. Most of all, Giotto is a frescoist, and all the large tasks of painting are given in that medium. Duccio, moreover, came fifty years before Giotto, with the necessary limits that an earlier time puts upon the first comers; but apart from any extraneous considerations his work in itself is worthy of comparison with Giotto's.

In the first place Duccio is artless and unsophisticated. This is more noticeable in the series of paintings of the "Life of Christ" on the back of the "Majestas" than on the front of that glorious picture, for he is there less bound by ecclesiastical commands. The student feels the spirit of a man who looked at life with the frank gaze of childhood. These scenes preclude joyful singing because of the subject—and because Duccio belonged to the end of the Middle Ages, when men, even as worldly in view as Boccacio, had a tremulous fear of joy—but the scenes remind one over and over of Chaucer. Still Duccio is a *sadder* Chaucer.

In Duccio, moreover, there is a pleasant vein of sentiment which never becomes bathos since he is too direct and has too much

to say. His faces are not portraits; they define ideal qualities. The Madonna is a realization of abstract truth. The serving women of the "Majestas," who are probably saints, are almost typically Greek in pose and expression. Saint Peter, in the scenes of the Passion, is admirably conceived. And Duccio frequently makes his landscape fit the lines that define the central group and the dramatic movement, achieving a decorative emphasis that charges the picture with sentimental meaning—much freer and more human than mere symbolism.

Duccio's artlessness and sentiment lead him on to dramatic expression. Sometimes dramatic painting wearies as a tale wearies when told too insistently, but there is power in it when well done. And this means good management of the *group.* Drama depends more on the group than on the action or pose of the individual. Group composition *is* dramatic power. Of course, it is quite possible to get a group in violent action, like that of Raphael's "Entombment," and still miss dramatic power; it is also common to get a group combined in the inert similarity of the old miniaturists; but Duccio composes so that the observer has the story and the *moment* in the story. The "Burial of the Virgin" is a finely composed group; and the "Betrayal" is another illustration of this quality. While looking at the latter we can hear the solemn words, "The hour is come."

But Duccio, notwithstanding his interest in the story and his feeling for the moment, is always decorative. Interest in illustration often spoils decorative value, but Duccio, while absorbed in the story, does not forget that it is a painted story, and painting is decoration.

It is by use of the line that he chiefly makes his decorative appeal. In the "Betrayal" the waving lines of the fleeing disciples are beautiful, and the trees, set rather formally above the main group, heighten the interest and mark its distinction; and the spears and cressets of the soldiers are excellent—so excellent that they strengthen a motive that appears often in painting, most notably, perhaps, in Velasquez' "Surrender of Breda." In the "Sleeping Disciples" the trees again add decorative values; and in the "Burial of the Virgin" the lines of the background help in

decorative effectiveness. While Duccio's line is not as functional as Giotto's, it is more decorative.

More than anything else Duccio is a religious painter, and the first great master in Sienese religious painting. In spite of the lack of space in his backgrounds, which makes the country of the Passion seem too obtrusive, as stage foregrounds are apt to look, one still feels the impending world of fate; and though he sometimes thrusts in suggestive details, he leaves some room for the shaping spirit of imagination. The Passion laid hold of him and he makes the observer feel its pathos, irrevocability, and the curious inhumanity of earth. And in the "Majestas" there is the imperturbable calm of heaven. With all his strength there is a strange tenderness in Duccio, a compunction joined with a trembling hope of glory, that marks him as truly religious. He reverently puts his name on the edge of the footstool where the Virgin's feet rest in the "Majestas" and prays: "Holy Mother of God, give Siena peace and Duccio life because he painted thee thus."

There is something akin to the evangelic note in Duccio. His work is a close parallel with the narrative art of the Gospels. Though the representation is sometimes inadequate, or even almost ludicrous—as in a singular forgetfulness of perspective in the "Doubting Thomas" where the figures stand on nothing—the observer can hardly smile; he feels the solemnity too much.

Here is a believing art, and one that intends to make converts to the faith if possible. The very simplicity of the conception prevents a sneer. One might as well try to show the folly of childish representations of the mysteries of life, as to show the folly of Duccio's transcripts of his believing experience of the gospel story. It is simple and strange to us, but it is one phase of human life, and not an ignoble one, worthy of consideration by those bound fast in the rubrics of reality.

III

Duccio has a kind of moral earnestness, but it is the earnestness of the student who seeks wisdom mainly for himself. We come now to two brothers—the Lorenzetti—who were in earnest for others, one of them painting vast allegories on the walls of

the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena, and the other influencing the startling creations of the Campo Santo, Pisa.

The "Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santo was long attributed to Pietro Lorenzetti, but now it is generally given to men who fell under the influence of the Lorenzetti. The subject is the old one of world-weariness, the passing fashions of life, and the imminence of death and the Judgment—a subject often uppermost in worldly ages. It is the theme of Ecclesiastes, of Boccacio, and of Leopardi. Ages which pursue life greedily and are too faithful to pleasure, lose the taste of it. As Professor Dewey remarks, successes use themselves up. Wine, women, and song do not altogether disguise the fact that experience is "the article of the same." The contemporaries of the Lorenzetti would feel the old thrill, but sensation has been deadened by satiety. Having tried all there is in life, they would experiment with the adjacent borderlands, and at last with death.

It is this mood that the followers of the Lorenzetti represent. They show a distant elevated country, with the cells of anchorites hard by an open and flaming mountain, whither demons carry the dead in frequent flight. The hermits are busy poring over books or praying, their backs turned upon the horror, oblivious of the world's sad case. A deer is resting unmolested at the base of the mountain, and a hare, well drawn, though too large, sits quietly by. Below, in the foreground at the left, a gay cavalcade, out for a day's hunting, comes suddenly upon a row of open coffins, whose occupants are far gone in decay. At the right is a balancing scene, where a company of ladies and gallants sit talking under flowering trees, or listen to the playing of a lute by a fair woman whose face is one of the exquisite things of the time. Cherubs are in the air above, flowers below, and death—as we have seen—is busy all about.

"What an extreme of audacity," we cry, "this linking of earth and heaven and hell!" But to that age the common conceptions were so unified that there was no question about them. There were no inquisitive thinkers to disturb the solid and accumulated ideas of the time, or if there were they were not allowed to speak. To the men of the fourteenth century the world of faith was as

solid as the world of geography—more real, more irresistible; and added to this dogmatic nearness of the other world, there was the actual nearness of the Plague, which, strangely enough, urged men to eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die. And these fleshly urgencies were accepted in the most licentious manner, as almost incredible pages of history testify.

Notwithstanding Pietro Lorenzetti's almost brutal force, which determined such painting as I have just described, there is an element of beauty and tenderness in him. He can paint a cat stealing the scraps from the Last Supper, but at least the Madonna is not a Byzantine idol. The hieratic Madonna of Duccio, or the flowerlike Madonna of Simone Martini, becomes a human mother. While she has the long nose of the Byzantines, it is delicate and straight, and her mouth is expressive, having the charm of rather full lips. The ear is still large and conventional; but the eyes, while close together—one of Pietro's mannerisms—actually gaze thoughtfully at the child, who looks in return at his mother. Here there is clearly a growth in experience since Duccio, or else unusual freedom from churchly commands.

Ambrogio Lorenzetti is a greater master than Pietro—greater in technical power, and in restraint—though he was probably his brother's pupil.

His great work is the allegory of "Good Government," which decorates the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena, and stands as a reminder to the citizens that righteousness alone exalts a state. In the foreground a procession of city notables marches toward a heroic figure, watched by a crowd of baser people whose faces show great power of characterization. Above, on a dais, six large female figures are seated, one of whom, Peace, clad in white, is partly reclining on richly embroidered pillows. Her figure is rather heavy, and her face resembles Pietro's Madonna—the detail of the ear is surely his. She looks far away for the coming of the concord that must have seemed so distant to her troubled day, and that looks so far off even yet to men who love their kind. There is a dignity, strength, and proportion in the work, which, though decorative, intends to teach lessons by way of allegory.

"But is allegory permissible in art?" we ask; for as Peacock

remarked, we desire our moralists "to deliver themselves as men of this world." It *was* for the Italians of the Middle Ages, because they were inexperienced youth, and in a state of pupilage in morals. Even to-day, as those who know the limbo where rejected manuscripts wander, unsophisticated young persons with yearnings are likely to attempt allegory as a medium of their divine communications. Moreover allegory seems to be determined by a substantive conception of virtue and vice. The Lorenzetti and their followers conceive the virtues as entities. Virtues were at first abstractions drawn off the melting-pot of experience, then they solidified into entities which in turn could be personified. Only an age that has a substantive view could be allegorical; or a temper as concrete as Bunyan, for example, which is as substantive in essence as that of a mediæval scholastic. Our day is too aware of change and the consequent growth in morals to take allegory seriously; but for three hundred years allegory held sway in Europe, of which the chief example and influence is the "Romance of the Rose."

Ambrogio Lorenzetti took to allegory readily, for he is a preacher and not a poet. He does not attain the pictorial charm of the little corner of the "Triumph of Death" where we saw ladies and their consorts amusing themselves. He is really more serious than the moralists of the Campo Santo who protest too much. Lorenzetti is concerned with the virtues as well as the vices, and he really means what he says. Take him all in all, he is the most didactic spirit in Italian pictorial art, and unique in homiletic emphasis.

While it is true that illustrative painting often fails in the divine gift of decoration, and didactic literalism is gained at a high price, and one is tempted in a moment's respite from the seriousness of life to call Lorenzetti's work a "Cobden club pamphlet with swallow flights," it still has a place and worth. Ambrogio's work is able in distribution and in the detail of its parts; but more still it represents the idealizing quality of art when it does not stop at copying reality with dreadful accuracy, but believes in typical ideals as legitimate subjects for representation. It is possible to copy nature and yet miss its significance.

Here, of course, significance stares us brazenly in the face when we would rather search it out, and it impresses us less than if self-discovered; and perhaps also it does not extract the essence of the conception; but the age of Lorenzetti could stand direct preaching better than ours. We now shy at didacticism in art, because it was overdone in consciously pathetic painting of the nineteenth century, but all art was once didactic; and, as an impetuous critic has reminded us, even "art for art's sake" is didactic too.

IV

Giotto, as we all know, is the accepted expositor of the Franciscan legend. He sets down his story with a little of the emphasis of melodrama, and a certain heaviness of imagination. His art is essentially static; you feel its weight, thoroughness, and rude humanity, and just because of this you feel that he did not quite penetrate to the secret of the saint's heart. For Saint Francis was a knightly soul, one of heaven's aristocrats, a poet, a warrior, a dreamer, a mystic, a musician of the heart. It requires a more delicate gift than Giotto's to make him alive for those who know not only the written legend, but much more of him than Giotto could possibly know.

And this gift Stephano Sassetta unmistakably had. In looking at his pictures you feel the distinction of them, their fine aristocracy—Sienese art at the most exquisite—the delicate faces, the sweeping lines, the uncrowded canvas, the feeling for flight and movement, the gem-like treatment of interiors, the poet's song about all creation. Giotto never gave the equivalent of the Saint's Canticle of the Sun, but Sassetta always brings in the atmosphere and light. Even when painting interiors he opens a wall to let in the fine and golden view.

There are two great means used by this lyrical artist to reach his incomparable effects. One is the use of a moving line. He knows nothing of the later use of the tactile masses as in Venetian art, he depends largely for his effects on contours. His sweeping curve is not unlike that marking the lower edge of a bird's wing and it distinguishes almost all that he does—a line made by

draperies in upward flight as they sweep against the slightly resisting air. He ignores the heavy transcripts of reality by a curve we might call the lyric line. It is pure, virginal, ethereal, and no less joyous with a subtle indication of perfection. The search for its verbal equivalent is fruitless, for it is lyric in the most intense degree, the very "perfume of the soul," as Mr. Berenson suggests. Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark" is a distant literary analogue to it, or the emotion aroused by his "devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow." And this Giotto never reached.

Sassetta's other great means of capturing the elusive and transitory grace of the Franciscan legend is that of letting in the light of land and sky upon the scene. Space-composition accounts for much in his work. Most of the time we look out of doors—not into a quadrangle, and not into a country that crowds its acclivities uncomfortably near to the observer; but into a far-off distance that grows ever more peaceful as it recedes, and ever more aerial.

When we think of San Bernardino or Ercolani we think of them in the press of city streets where walls are high, the ways narrow, and men noisy and rude; but Saint Francis is a child of the open sky, a friend of the little brethren of nature, a succorer of simple people in distress. And Sassetta keeps this view. It is not a wild, unkept nature that he draws; and though he does not saturate it with history, he yet keeps some human interest, always setting a little castle or town in the distance, with walls as light and beautiful as cloud-capped pinnacles in the sky.

Another mark of Sassetta's fitness as an interpreter of the Franciscan legend is his skill in drawing the most delicate faces. His people are not merely refined, they are intellectual. Chastity in the "Marriage of Saint Francis to Poverty" has the high Florentine brow; Saint Francis is eager and delicate in profile whenever we see him. And the subordinate characters have the marks of complicity with the world's knowledge and weariness upon their faces, as the brother who stands by the saint at his espousal. Compare Sassetta's painting of Peter Bernardone's face with that of Giotto's. Giotto is a well-fed burger, who is a comfortable priest in the disguise of lay clothing, rather stupid and obstinate; the other is a face of a man of intellect and emotion

who feels that all his aims are frustrated and his dearest hopes faded forever. In the one case you get the bruise that stuns the duller soul; in the other the poignant agony of the man who has moved into the world of feeling and social estimation only to be thrust out again. Sassetta sees that Peter Bernardone is losing not only a son, but social eminence, the glory of a noble line, the permissible ambitions of a rich man susceptible to history and the beckonings of posthumous fame.

Perhaps even more evident is this delicacy in the faces of the mollahs who watch the saint attempt the trial by fire before the Soldan. Giotto's are but rude and heavy figures lacking expression; but Sassetta's are wonderfully grouped, and their faces betray something of the refinement that religion—even that of the Prophet—might supposedly give to its devout practitioners. Or is their astonished and worshipful gaze the reflection of Francis's own seraphic spirit? In any case the picture they make as they stand under that third arch is a bit of beauty and religious feeling suggesting to us some faint but conquering melody. Sassetta takes the stuff that lies too deep for tears and makes of it—ecstasy.

George Thomas Stuart.

MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL HYGIENE[1]

He who would learn the secret of a peaceful life must not only learn and practice the rules of bodily hygiene but those of mental and spiritual hygiene as well. The body may be in perfect condition, we may be able to digest our food perfectly, sleep soundly, and be free from all kinds of aches and pains and physical discomforts, and yet the mind may be uneasy and the soul full of discordant sensations, and as far away from peace and serenity as the east is from the west. This is especially true if the man is idle, has no regular occupation, nothing to occupy his mind and drive out the unpleasant thoughts that will not down. As the old childish saying has it:

> Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do.

There is no more important aid to the peaceful life than to find some congenial occupation, some work, either of head or hands that we love to do, that we delight in for its own sake, entirely independent of its rewards. "Blessed is the man who has found his work," says Carlyle; "let him ask for no other blessedness." If we have found our work, we have a sure defense against all attacks of ennui, of fits of blues, of insistent and nagging thoughts. There is no life so pleasant as that of the man who awakens in the morning with the thought "I have a man's work to do to-day," and who rises eagerly to get about his business; for whom the day passes in congenial duties, in work, however hard, which is made pleasant by the thought that he is doing something for himself and family and the world at large. In affliction and sorrow, how natural it is for a man to seek for something to do, something to take his mind off his own troubles. A touching example of this is seen in Longfellow, when he came home one day and found his wife and child burned to death, and in his utter despair, looking for something to do, began to translate the Divine Comedy of Dante, and found therein rest for his soul, an experience which he has expressed in

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[1] This article will appear in a book, The Peaceful Life, to be published this fall, copyright 1917, by Oscar Kuhns.

one of his most beautiful sonnets, in which he compares the Divine Comedy to a cathedral, into which the tired soul of man can enter and find rest:

> So as I enter here from day to day
> And lay my burden at the minster gate,
> Kneeling in prayer and not ashamed to pray,
> The tumult of the time disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away
> While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Even when old age comes on, work is a blessing, nay the greatest of blessings. It is inspiring to read of people who have kept up their work to the end. Thus the famous German historian Von Ranke began his History of the World after he was ninety years old. So Julia Ward Howe when ninety years old spent much time reading the Greek Testament and committing to memory the Odes of Horace, of which she learned thirty. And only a short time ago I read this attractive picture of active work in extreme old age, given by a man who visited John Bigelow, when he was ninety-four years old: "The western hemisphere held no calmer spot, no mellower block of human atmosphere than the lovely, book-lined room in which John Bigelow sat and over every inch of which his serene spirit presided. Time itself ticked reverentially on the mantel above the glowing coals. Thoughts of passion and of blood-letting, of strife and noise seemed as remote as the storm outside."

But of course actual physical labor cannot be carried on to such extreme old age, hence the necessity for everyone to find some mental occupation, something to do and think about when too old for the active business of life. There is nothing sadder, I think, than to see a man who has been active all his life in business, and then, when forced to retire, has nothing but endless days and nights of weariness of mind and depression of soul. Some years ago I read a letter in the New York Times written by a man, not so very old, but who had retired from business and now knew not what to do to kill the time which lay so heavily on his hands, and who asked for suggestions. Any suggestions to make? Yes, I have. Go back to the days of your youth. Substitute for the ambition to make a fortune that of seeing what life means, of getting a

glimpse of history and philosophy; not to fight for powerful positions or social rank, but to cultivate a taste for poetry, nature, and communion with your own soul. These are the things that never lose their charm and which fill our minds with pleasant thoughts which keep us from feeling lonely and banish that worst of our enemies in the later years of life, ennui.

Every man, then, should learn some kind of work that will keep his mind occupied even though his hands be idle. Yet we cannot always have our mind and body active, we need rest as well as work, and each one of us must learn how to rest and do nothing at the proper time. Says Thoreau in his Walden: "There were times when I could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work, whether of head or hands. I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes on a summer morning, having taken my bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon rapt in a reverie. I grew in this season like corn in the night, and it was far better than any work of the hands would have been." Professor John Tyndall describes a visit to the Alps after strenuous work at home. "The sun was high in the heaven as we rolled away from Bâle. Sooner or later every intellectual canker disappears before earnest work, the influence of which, moreover, fills a wide margin beyond the time of its actual performance. Thus to-day, I sang as I rolled along not with boisterous glee, but with serene and deep-lying gladness of heart. This happiness, however, had its roots in the past, and had I not been a worker previous to my release from London, I could not have been so glad an idler."

And this brings in the subject of what I have ventured to call spiritual hygiene. Just as thought and care and certain habits must be acquired to keep the body and mind in good condition, so the same thought and care and habits must be studied in order to keep the spirit in a state of health, for if the soul is not normal, there is no hope of a peaceful life. The one all important element of this spiritual hygiene is to keep the soul pure and free from those passions and sins that are fraught with disaster to the serene life. A pure life and a quiet conscience are absolutely necessary to a state of peace and quiet. O, the sorrow that comes from a

single false step. We can all look back on temptations we have almost yielded to, which would have made our whole lives a tragedy of remorse and shame. I think of Sir Thomas More, tempted to violate his own conscience and sense of honor by signing the Act approving the divorce of Henry VIII as so many others had done, and then overcoming the temptation and murmuring to himself as he entered the boat that was to take him to the place of execution: "I thank my God the field is won." I feel something of the same spirit as I look back on the things I might have done and which would have spoiled forever my peace of mind. Our youth should be warned from their earliest years not only to avoid outbreaking sins and crimes, which entail public shame and punishment, but those little sins and vices which though hidden from others, may make the unhappiness of a lifetime by the reproaches of our own conscience which will not down. They should be taught to cultivate a delicate sensitiveness in matters of honor and morality, so that when the time of temptation comes they may not make the mistake of overstepping that

> . . . line unseen
> That crosses every path,
> The hidden boundary between
> God's mercy and his wrath.

O, the unhappiness that comes from not having this delicate sense of honor, the one step too far and the life-long misery beyond. I think of that young minister in Boston, popular, flattered, successful, who was caught in the snare of the senses and to relieve himself of the threatened disgrace, gave poison to the fair young girl who had trusted him too much, and whose tragic death brought the minister of the gospel to the electric chair. I think of that president of one of our largest insurance companies, who was dismissed from office for malfeasance of funds, and who died soon after murmuring: "I know I have done nothing wrong." I think of that other man of wealth and high position who was convicted of dishonest use of funds and sent to the Federal Prison in Georgia, and yet who declared he had been sent to prison for doing what he would be proud to have his son do.

And so I say we need all our will power, all our efforts to cultivate a delicate sense of honor, to keep on this side of the invisible boundary between a life of remorse and shame and a life of peace and serenity. Lucretius knew the truth of this when he praised Epicurus as being greater than either Ceres or Bacchus, who invented bread and wine, for a man can live without these,

> "But he cannot live without a pure heart."

And so from earliest youth we should get this thought firmly fixed in our minds, that no greater aid to the serene life exists than the sense of doing right, the feeling that we have the respect of our fellow men and that greatest of all treasures, a spotless reputation. Then whatever may come, poverty or wealth, sickness or health, we can bear it all calmly and serenely,

> "Under the breastplate of a clear conscience."

This is the negative side of spiritual hygiene. There is a positive side as well. We must learn to retire into our inner life away from the noise and turmoil of the outer world and there cultivate those qualities which make for serenity and peace. As Carlyle says: "Welfare is possible for me in solitude only." It is the lack of this power to enjoy solitude that in the hours of leisure, of release from the ordinary occupations of life, leads men and women out into the world to dances and theaters and moving-picture shows, and alas! to the saloon and opium den. Schopenhauer declares "that the chief lesson of youth should be to learn to enjoy solitude, a source of peace and happiness. He should learn to be at home and at ease with himself." And again: "The man who has early learned to love solitude has won a gold mine." Never has there been a time when the cultivation of this form of soul-hygiene is more needed than at the present, when the whole world is nothing but a great buzzing confusion "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," when, in the words of Emerson, all society seems to be in conspiracy against the welfare of each one of its members. And so, to-day more than ever, the man who desires to attain to a peaceful life must learn to retire into the quiet precincts of his own soul, there to gather strength to meet the trials

and conflicts of life. We see this truth exemplified in the lives of saints and philosophers of all times. The Saviour himself, the greatest example of the serene life, retired from time to time to the mountains to commune with nature, with God and with his own soul. Happy is that man who not only accepts the teachings of Christ in matters of religion and morality, but who has likewise learned from the Son of man the fundamentals of spiritual hygiene.

In this quiet self-communion we must practice what Plato calls the gymnastics of the soul. As we train the body by athletics and gymnasium work, as we train the memory and will by mathematics, linguistic, and other studies, so the soul can be trained by reflection and contemplation. This dietetics of the soul consists largely in the cultivation of a sense of the abstract, of the Infinite, a constant dwelling in the world of the Ideal. For here alone is peace and serenity to be found. Emerson says: "Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect as truth. But all is sour if seen from experience. Details are melancholy, the plan is seemly and noble. It is strange how painful is the actual world, the painful kingdom of time and place. There dwells care and canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal is immortal Hilarity, the Rose of Joy, round it the muses sing."

So Schiller in that noblest of all his poems, "Das Ideal und Das Leben," has described in unforgettable words the peace and serenity that comes to the soul when it is lifted out of the lower things of life into the serene atmosphere of the Ideal:

"For in those serene and blissful regions,
Guarded by the bright angelic legions,
Felt no more is sorrow's bitter blast.
There the soul from joy no pain shall sever,
There all tears shall pass away forever,
There the spirit find its home at last.
Lovely as the rainbow iridescent
On the stormcloud's dewy breast,
Gleam through veil of sorrow evanescent
Azure skies of endless rest.

Perhaps the most inspiring of all the examples of men of our own day who have kept up the constant dwelling in the land of

the Ideal is Sidney Lanier, who all his life had to struggle against sickness and poverty, and yet who "high above all the evils of life, lived in a realm of ideal serenity," and who on his death-bed, when too weak to raise his food to his mouth, wrote these lines:

O, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee;
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee;
Never the reek of time's fen-politics
Hide thee.
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee;
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that has tried thee,
Labor at leisure in art, till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend sun,
The day being done.

Yes, the world of the ideal is no mere fancy; it is an actual realm which we may all enter and find rest for our souls.

"In us all," declares Schelling, "there dwells a secret, wonderful power by means of which we may retire from the changes of time, into our inner self, stripped of all that which came to it from outward things, and there under the form of unchangeableness, gaze upon the eternal. This vision is the innermost and most genuine experience on which alone depends all that we know or believe of the supernatural world." This power of the soul he terms "intellectual intuition." So Schleiermacher, in his Reden über die Religion, a book called by Schlegel "a work of infinite subjectivity," sums up the essence of all his teaching, the importance of the individual, the place of intuition, everything a revelation of the Universe, the universe itself, one glorious eternally active whole. "By going back in thought," he tells us, "we reach a mystical point beyond which we cannot go, but which is the source of all our knowledge. This is the touch of our spirit with the universe, whereby, like the touch of lips that love, there are larger mutual understandings."

And yet we must not be misanthropic. We must learn to live among men, to love them, help them. This solitude must be no monkish renunciation, but a means of acquiring health of

soul, for the purpose of higher service and love for our fellow men. As Eucken says: "We need an idealism which does not flee from the world and neglect it, but which directs its power to the visible world and permeates it without being absorbed by it, maintaining the superiority of the spirit and spiritual endeavor. To speak with Fichte, this idealism must be able to put eternal value into the daily life."

So Untereyck declares that the good things of this world may be useful to the devout man on his way to the Fatherland if moderately enjoyed and shared with others. And the Moravian Bishop Comenius in his Labyrinth of the World describes how the Saviour spoke to the Pilgrim: "Have a mind that is as much as possible lifted both upward to me, and kindly downward to thy fellow man. Use, then, worldly things as long as thou art there, but rejoice in heavenly ones only. Guard within thee the wisdom that I have granted thee, and outwardly the simplicity that I have counseled thee; have a resounding heart, but a silent tongue. Be tender in thy feeling for the sufferings of others, but hardy against the wrong that may befall thee. Let thy body be in the world, thy heart with me. If thou wilt but act thus, thou wilt be blessed and wilt fare well."

Such then are some of the elements of spiritual hygiene. If we follow these rules, great will be our reward. We can free ourselves from the nagging cares and worries of life, can live a life of quietness and sweetness, at peace with God, the world, and our own souls, and at the same time be of service to our fellow men. And this will be our reward that "the ideal shall be real to thee and the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain. Wherever snow falls or water flows or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung with clouds or sown with stars, wherever there is danger and awe and love, there is beauty plenteous as rain, shed for thee."

With this sense of beauty comes another experience, deeper and more blessed still, a feeling of universal love. It is a great thing for a man to grow in the knowledge of truth daily; it is a still more blessed thing to feel the great ocean of abstract beauty all about us, but more blessed than these is the deep flowing into

the soul of the tides of love, a sense of kindly feeling to all things, to man and beast, and flower and stream, that makes us to look even upon the hills with tenderness. Who can be unhappy who has once felt these wonderful things in his soul, who, like Browning, has his heart filled with the love of God, the love of the world of nature, which is his creation, and the love of all men who are his children?

Never, it seems to me, has this lesson of the supreme end of all our intellectual and spiritual upward progress of the soul been more profoundly or more beautifully expressed than by Dante in his description of his ascent from the lower circle of Inferno, over the Mount of Purgatory and up the ever ascending staircase of the Spheres of Paradise till he stands in the Empyrean, in the presence of God himself and feels himself filled with what in three incomparable lines he calls

Luce intellettuale piena d'amore,
Amor del vero ben pien di letizia,
Letizia che trascende ogni dolzore.

Intellectual light full of love,
Love of the True Good full of joy,
Joy which transcends all other sweetness.

Oscar Kuhns.

Wesleyan University.

THE POETS' INTERPRETATION OF WAR

Poets are not logicians but seers. To interpret life is their mission; not to collect and classify facts. The historian who does justice to the present world war will not overlook this fact. He will need the poet's vision. One is amazed at the amount of material that lies before him when he goes to a well-equipped library and asks for all the war poems that are "in"—and then to be told that there is a great deal more material that is "out"! Pardon me if this inspires too great a hope. We can give but one small draught from an exhaustless fountain.

Flowers and pretty maidens, sunsets and rippling rills—these are proper subjects for poems; but war!

> I think it better that at times like these
> We poets keep our mouths shut, for in truth
> We have no gift to set a statesman right.

Notwithstanding this view of W. B. Yeats, an army of poets has found its way to the front. Human nature is brought out by the war. It is seen by the poet to be very human and, on occasion, almost divine. Horror and glory, self-seeking and self-abnegation come to full fruitage in war. This has been very vividly pictured by Robert W. Service in his poem, The Twins:

> There were two brothers, John and James,
> And when the town went up in flames
> To save the house of James dashed John—
> Then turned, and lo! his own was gone.
>
> And when the great world war began
> To volunteer John promptly ran,
> And while he learned live bombs to lob
> James stayed at home and—sneaked his job.
>
> John came home with a missing limb;
> That didn't seem to worry him,
> But, oh, it set his brain awhirl
> To find that James had sneaked his girl!
>
> Time passed. John tried his grief to drown.
> To-day James owns one-half the town;
> His army contracts riches yield;
> And John? Well, search the Potter's Field.

In spite of all the extensive preparation for war the vast majority of mankind believed up until August, 1914, that civilization had advanced so far that a world war was impossible. But

We who had dreamed that life and love were one

were disillusioned when Belgium was invaded. Before that, to any advocate of war we would cry,

Fools, fools, fools,
Your blood is hot to-day.
It cools, when you are clay.

From the beginning of the war the cry of Belgium has gone out to all the earth. The response will go down in history as one of the glories of the war. What has America done?

This is our gift to the homeless; what shall it bear from me,
Safe in the land that prospers, girded by leagues of sea?
Tear-moistened words of pity, bountiful sympathy.

Is that all? Ah, no! Money and provisions must follow, and when the ruthless submarine sinks the ships carrying food to the starving, then armed neutrality and war:

For ever there comes a moment when destiny bids choose:
By the edge of the sword men perish, by selfishness all they lose.

I know of no more touching scene than that presented by Madame Vandervelde when she describes the Belgian children kissing the folds of the American flag.

The children? Oh, let them look for the sign
Of the wave-borne flag, thou land of mine!
On the old gray sea its course it holds,
Life for the famished is in its gift
And the children are crowding to kiss its folds,
While the tears of their mothers fall free and swift.
And what of the flag their lips have pressed?
Oh, guard it well—that flag is blest.

Well may the poets pay tribute to France. She has suffered beyond description, but

Though desolation stain their foiled advance
In ashen ruins hearth-stones linger whole.
Do what they may, they cannot conquer France;
Do what they can, they cannot quell the soul.

Half artist and half anchorite,
Part siren and part Socrates,
Her face—alluring and yet recondite—
Smiled through her salons and academies.

Lightly she wore her double mask,
Till sudden, at war's kindling spark,
Her inmost self in shining mail and casque
Blazed to the world her single soul—
Jeanne d'Arc!

From France we turn to Germany, for she too bleeds. Shall she die, or will there come forth from the war a new Germany?—a Germany that has renounced her guns and those who would rule by their destroying might? So thinks Percy MacKaye:

Bismarck, or rapt Beethoven with his dreams—
Ah, which was blind? Or which bespoke his race?
That breed which nurtured Heine's haunting grace,
And Goethe, mastering Olympic themes
Of meditation, Mozart's golden gleams,
And Leibnitz, charting realms of time and space,
Great-hearted Schiller, and that fiery brace
Of fiery brothers who first trailed the goblin streams—
Bismarck for those builded an iron tomb
And clanged the door, and turned the Kaiser's key;
And simple folk that once danced merrily
Their May-ring rights march now, in roaring gloom,
Toward that renascent dawn when the black womb
Of buried guns gives birth to Germany.

Those who trust in a just God, a God who holds the destiny of nations in the palm of his hand, believe that there will come a day of reckoning for all who,

Like gods have snatched the chemical might of the earth
And devised a killing and a crime.

They may boast of their superiority, and claim the right to rule because of their inherent strength; they may interpret their own desires and ambitions as the voice of God, but to one who has the ears to hear there is another voice:

We have made them fools and weak, said the Strong Ones,
We have bound them, they are dumb and deaf and blind,
We have crushed them in our hands, like a heap of crumbling sands,
We have left them naught to seek or find.

They are quiet at our feet, said the Strong Ones,
We have made them one with wood and stone and clod,
Serf and laborer and woman, they are less than wise or human.
"I will raise the weak," saith God.

"Ye have held the light and beauty I have given
Far above the muddied ways where they must plod,
Ye have builded this your lord with the lash and with the sword,
Reap what ye have sown," saith God.

Millions who are longing for peace, a peace that will see the guilty punished and the forces of a murderous militarism forever wiped out, find a voice in Lilla Cabot Perry:

The harvest ripens. Reaper, come!
God's mills grind thoroughly, though late.

The sacrificial spirit of youth finds expression in the poems of Rupert Brooke. In one of the best poems produced by the war he says, concerning the dead:

These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy and that unhoped serene
That men call age; and those who would be born,
Their sons, they gave: their immortality.

In his devotion to his mother country even unto death he sings,

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

Wilfred Gibson pays tribute to this young Englishman in a way that calls out another aspect of the life made radiant with the sacrificial spirit.

He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That, as he turned to go,
And waved his hand,
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone
And I was dazzled by the sunset glow—
And he was gone.

The volunteer method of recruiting is both unjust and inefficient, but it brings out one side of life that might never appear

under conscription. This has been set before us in two poems by Service entitled "The Fool" and "The Volunteer":

"But it isn't playing the game," he said, and he slammed his books away.
"The Latin and Greek I've got in my head will do for a duller day."
"Rubbish," I cried. "The bugle call isn't for lads from school."
D'ye think he'd listen? Oh, not at all; so I called him a fool, a fool.
Look at his prizes all in a row, surely a hint of fame.
Now he's finished—with nothing to show. Doesn't it seem a shame?
And I called him a fool; oh, how blind I was! and the cup of my grief's abrim:
Will glory o' England ever die so long as we've lads like him?

Not all Englishmen had the dash and daring of youth. Many were slow to awaken to the sense of danger. Such were quick to criticize the government. Once aroused England shows a dogged persistence and sturdy solidarity. She may curse herself, but at heart she is loyal. The volunteer speaks:

My country calls?—I like their cheek!
Me—mud-bespattered by the cars they drive,
Wot makes my measly thirty bob a week,
And sweats red blood to keep meself alive!—
Fight for the right to slave that they may spend?
Them in their mansions, me 'ere in my slum?
No; let 'em fight wot's something to defend:
But me, I've nothin'—Let the Kaiser come.

. . .

A fool, you say? Maybe you're right.
I'll 'ave no peace unless I fight.
I've ceased to think; I only know
I've gotta go! Bill, gotta go!

War is a remorseless leveler. It is not where we were born, but what we are, alone, that counts. Heroes frequently come from the extremes of society. Side by side the

Rich and poor, lord and boor,
Hark to the blast of War!
Tinker and tailor and millionaire,
Actor in triumph, and priest in prayer,
Comrades now in the hell out there,
Sweep to the fire of war.

Prince and page, sot and sage,
Hark to the roar of War.

Poet, professor and circus clown,
Chimney-sweep and fop o' the town,
Into the pot and be melted down:
Into the pot of war!

The indescribable horror of war is somewhat relieved by scenes such as Service sets before us in his description of the feelings of an Englishman who had mortally wounded a German:

Confound him, too, he wears like me on his finger a wedding ring,
And around his neck, as around my own, by a greasy bit of string,
A locket hangs with a woman's face, and I turn it about to see—
Just as I thought—on the other side faces of children three.
Oh, it isn't cheerful to hear him moan; but it isn't that I mind,
It isn't the anguish that goes with him, it's the anguish he leaves behind.

The outcome, what shall that be?

Naught,
Save after the great cataclysm, perhap,
On the world's shaken map
New lines, more near or far,
Binding to King or Czar
In fostering hate
Some newly-vassaled state,
And passion, pride and lust made satiate;
And just a trace
Of lingering smile on Satan's face.

To prevent such a calamity we are in the war. The rights of humanity must prevail over the claims of privilege else there can be no enduring peace:

For peace is the price neither of bravery
Nor cowardice, but of the will to see
That the earth is all man's, all,
And, so, can so be kept
Only when nations from their shrines have swept,
At a world call
That loud self-worship, nationality.

C. E. Scudder.

OVER THE TOP

A SHORT time ago I got word that one of my three best English friends had been killed in France. Another of the three lost the fingers of his right hand in an explosion in his training camp and was forced to go back into civil life. The third, kept by the government at his post in Nigeria, is nearly broken in spirit and in body by the thought of not being in the thick of the fighting beside his friends. "I am over-due for home," he writes, "but as they won't let us miserable Civil Servants do anything when we get there I am going to stay out here as long as the doctors will allow. I can't face England in these days when life for the civilian must be one long apology and explanation. I hear that —— [he with the mangled hand] is back at the Scottish office again, but I've not heard from him. And I've had no other news at all from our other Balliol friends. How glad I shall be if this war will only end while there are some of them left."

I can see these three men as boys at Oxford thirteen years ago, boys very different in temperament and powers, but very like in curt speech, quiet loyalty, fair play, simple grit, and clean living. And now one of them, a footballer and a *First,* has led his men over the top for the last time. Little he thought in those Oxford days, when he played his dogged, thankless part in the football *scrum,* that that same doggedness would be demanded of him in any such bloody game as this. But, as surely as if I saw him die, I know that he met the demand, know that he faced shell and shrapnel, bullet and bayonet, with the same stolid unconcern with which he so often met the knees of a flying half-back on Master's Field.

Over the top! We hear our own undergraduates repeat the phrase laughingly as they test the points of the bayonets or make playful lunges at each other with the rifles which so many American college men are now for the first time handling. "There's somethin' wrong," said one brawny veteran sergeant the other evening to a roomful of Bowdoin undergraduates whom he has

been drilling for ten hours a day during the past two months. "Why, not a one of us here'd have the heart to run these blades through cats, let alone human bein's just about like us. But we've *got* to do it. You get used to it. Yes, but there's somethin' wrong somewhere." His rather wistful tone was new to them and gave them momentary pause. To thrust those bayonets into the bowels of living, unknown men, to draw them forth, reeking, to thrust again and again and again, at every thrust breaking some parent's heart, ending some girl's dream, frustrating some wife's, some child's hope—all this had hardly entered their calculations yet as being a *real* part of what was still but a harmless and rather fascinating game. A game! *Must* it be a game? "But you've got to make a game of it all, you know, or else go off your head," I was earnestly told by a young fellow back from a year in the trenches. I wonder.

A few weeks before we entered the war President Hyde received from one of Bowdoin's young alumni a very remarkable letter. The personality of the writer made it the more remarkable. He is one of the most able men the college has graduated in the last ten years. A brilliant student, tremendously popular, a born leader and organizer, his list of "college honors" fills something like half a page of the college annual. Every Bowdoin man of his day remembers him as being one of the nerviest players he ever saw in a football suit. For a quarter or half of each game he would play like the proverbial demon, be picked up from the bottom of every pile—literally *every* pile, it seemed—and finally, when he had played himself absolutely out, he would be carried to the locker room, a limp, pallid weight. He was never a religious man, or even a Puritanically moral man, but as a champion of failing and dangerous causes he was a veritable Don Quixote. More than one bruising he gave—and got, no odds daunted him—in defense of some under dog or other. I say all this to make it clear that there is little chance of this man having become, in the few years since his graduation, a mental or physical weakling. And now to return to his letter. That letter was a flaming protest against military training in the college, a passionate plea for pacifism, no flabby, selfish, materialistic pacifism, but pacifism

based on what the writer felt to be the highest Christian ideals. I am sorry it is too long to quote here. A United States army officer to whom I read it remained silent a moment, and then said with emotion: "That's the noblest appeal for the impossible I ever heard."

But the pertinent thing in this letter is not the plea for what the writer deemed the only possible Christian policy, moving though that plea is. Nor is the pertinent thing the fact that a few million pacifists such as this man in every country—pacifists perfectly willing to go out unarmed against an enemy and die without resistance—might mean the end of wars, at least between reasonably civilized nations. The pertinent thing is that this man has made the discovery which, at my best moment, I feel to be the only discovery that really counts on this or on any plane: he has in some measure found God. "The figure of Christ grows," he writes, "and will not down. This war has made me a Christian, in the sense that I love Him." Christ or God, it matters nothing. Mistaken or not in his conception of the Almighty's methods, it matters little. The point is that this man has become conscious of something more in the world, something more in his own soul, than can be subjected to microscope or scalpel or solvent. He has come upon the Great Imponderable of life. Mr. Britling came upon it, and opened his eyes upon a new heaven and a new earth. The writer of some recent Atlantic essays came upon it, and burst into rapture meaningless to those who have not at least glimpsed the vision. A young undergraduate of my acquaintance came upon it, and, in his heart that peace that passeth all understanding, he hurried away to France to risk his life in the service of humanity, convinced that war to end war, war to uphold the principles of conduct which give human life all its divine possibilities, war to lay the foundations of good-will, was not a war, but a crusade.

Over the top! Must it then be a game? a game, or else a ghastly, maddening tragedy? Is it foolish to believe that to more and more men in these days is coming a light that never was on sea or land? Is it idle to hope that many of these lads who are to be our first five hundred thousand may be sustained by some-

thing better, higher, more steadying, more inspiring than any game can give? Of this much I am well-nigh certain: that to this young undergraduate now in France, to that young alumnus—who, for all his pacificism, will soon find his way to France, or I miss my guess—to all men who have once come upon this something and cling to it and cherish it, such a war as this will be neither game nor maddening tragedy, but rather a solemn duty performed soberly and calmly, yet without gloom or grimness. Sure that God is most where the most good is, sure of their own motives, sure that it is the immortal human spirit, not the mortal human body, their own or another's, that ultimately matters, filled with an abiding sense of fighting "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against wickedness in high places," doing or suffering they will have inward peace from the hope and prayer that a more unselfish world, a Christian world, may be helped to birth by what they do or suffer.

Paul Nixon

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A SALUTE TO THE VALIANT—I[1]

To Evelyn in heaven the poet says, with lifted eyes, rememberingly:

> "Your soul was pure and true.
> The good stars met in your horoscope,
> Made you of spirit, fire and dew."

To us the poet says:

> "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
> Sit by her side and watch an hour.
> That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
> She left that piece of geranium flower
> Beginning to die too, in the glass;
> Little has yet been changed, I think;
> The shutters are shut, no light may pass
> Save two long rays through the hinge's chink."

"Not an enticing invitation," thinks the average human being; "what can it profit me to sit by a dead girl's side and watch an hour? I pray thee have me excused."

Edward IV of England created the office of Poet Laureate, the prescribed duty of which was to compose odes for his Majesty's birthday and for other royal occasions. Long familiarity with the pathetic side of the human lot impels us to act for once as prose laureate to a truly royal family, the family of those who endure severe bodily afflictions with more than royal fortitude. We volunteer for once as annalist of invalids, not of the self-indulgent, languishing sort, nor the fretful, querulous, exacting kind, but of chronic sufferers patiently enduring painful and incurable illness, whose story calls upon us to exploit not the misery but the magnificence of suffering,

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[1] During twenty-five pre-editorial pastoral years the present editor of this REVIEW gave special attention to two classes in his parishes, The Children and The Sick, Suffering, and Afflicted, devoting to them much time and receiving from them so much benefit as to retain a sense of indebtedness. In May and July his tribute was paid to the Little Ones; and now in September and November to the heroic Sufferers.

sufferers who stand in noble contrast with certain sour and moping malcontents who have really little to complain of and much to be thankful for. We know a household in which the most afflicted member, totally blind and totally deaf and with a full share of other ailments, furnishes the final courage and cheer for the family. When the others are blue she blithely and grittily remarks, "Well, if *I* can keep my spirits up, I think the rest of you might try." Happily Providence provides us with a favorable opportunity to personalize in one concrete case a large and meritorious class, known chiefly to physicians, surgeons, nurses, good pastors, and private family circles, a class which develops hardy virtues to a high degree, hid away in seclusion, unnoticed by the bustling, boisterous, healthy world—the class of patient endurers of prolonged physical suffering. Our tribute, while immediately inspired by one particular character, also intends honor to the entire class few of whom are ever set in the limelight. By including the whole great class we secure spaciousness of theme and wide warrant for our tribute, using, as type and text for a meditation larger than herself, one who was vividly aware of her class and its bravery, counting herself a very humble private soldier of the Invalids' Corps. At this moment our feelings are like those of the biographer of Adolphe Monod when he said, "It is difficult to tell the plain truth about Monod's almost perfect character without seeming to exaggerate. There was in him a combination of natural gaiety with Christian seriousness, each balancing the other, which made a singularly gracious, appealing, and winning personality." Sidney Lanier wrote of a certain "May morning which no words could describe unless words were themselves May mornings." We will endeavor to write soberly without cant or maudlin sentimentality, and to tell no lies. If, when the facts are set in order, they stand, like Fra Angelico's tall trumpeting angels, blowing a eulogy, neither blame nor credit will belong to us.

"Why, that child limps!" exclaimed a fond father, watching his little two-year-old toddle across the floor in the Clifton Springs parsonage one day in the middle-seventies. That was what scarlet fever had done to the baby; and this darling of the Gracey home must go limping on into childhood, youth, and womanhood, because no orthopedic therapy then known could save her. Edmund Clarence Stedman, after his wife's death left him "old and lonely and afraid," recalled how, when he took her as a girl-bride, he vowed that the feet of his Laura should never tread rough ground. That bridegroom vow

he kept for fifty years. For himself life's road was sometimes rough, yet his stout strength held his Laura's feet above the sharp flints and the bruising stones. But neither strong man nor guardian angel could lift the feet of little Ida Gracey clear of hurt or make smooth the way for them. A Chinese proverb says, "A lame duck should avoid the plowed field," but the whole world is a plowed field for the cripple. Even a level road is uneven to the lame. Every step is a jolt, with no shock-absorber save fortitude. This baby was sentenced to drag the ball-and-chain of lameness all her life. Even doing her spirited best to offset her handicap and keep up with the sound-limbed portion of mankind, it was yet her lot through all her years to see their free swift strength go past her, while she took, in that respect, the dust of disadvantage on life's road. Yet beware of pitying this maimed little maid too much, for she had her full share of victory. She won all hearts. On the open road of the world she was so brave and sweet a figure that strong travelers stopped to regard her winsomeness, some of whom, like pilgrims pausing at a shrine, hung up tokens of reverent admiration around her. It is only fair to recognize how much loveliness has gone limping through the world; and those who knew her believe that Charles Lamb's description, "lame and lovely," never had fairer embodiment than in Frances Ida Gracey, who, despite her painful infirmity, triumphantly accomplished an active, useful, and beneficent life.

Fortunately, that tiny craft navigating unsteadily across the parsonage floor at Clifton Springs, with a sad list to larboard, was not altogether unprovisioned for life's voyage; some good stuff in the lockers below decks. The Gracey blood was somewhat ferruginous, enough iron in it to make an inward brace for the crippled girl's spirit, whatever the orthopedists might do or fail to do outside for the lame limb. She was a missionary's child, and glancing back along the family line we get a glint of the racial ore in an incident at the Philadelphia Conference in 1861, when a public farewell was given to young John Talbot Gracey, about departing as missionary to India, which, in those days, required intrepid faith and courage. The young minister told his brethren, in Conference assembled, how when Bishop Simpson had brought him the call of the Church to this far distant and perilous service, he entered upon forty-eight hours of secret struggle to ascertain, if he might, the will of God concerning him; how he emerged from that divine interview with the conviction that he must regard the call of the church as the call of God, even if it ordered him

to the ends of the earth; and how he then went to his aged parents to inquire their wishes. His father said, "My boy, go and do your duty, even though you die in it"; his mother said, "O my boy, I would rather die without a crust than that you should disobey the call of duty." So John T. Gracey and his wife, Annie Ryder—she no less selfless and sacrificial than he—embarked for a tedious five-months voyage in a sailing vessel, the ice-ship Elouisa, from Boston to Calcutta, to reach India and labor there seven years, amid exposures and hardships and perils unknown there in these decades, until broken health forced the family home, to give, however, through all after years their supreme enthusiasm and energies for the promotion of the cause of missions. Thus the blood of at least two chivalrous generations was in the veins of the baby-girl toddling lop-sidedly across the parsonage floor. Both heredity and example helped to give her some fine qualities. She was of high birth and breeding, born of the princeliest sort of people living the lordliest sort of lives, making the world a present of themselves, seeking not personal ease, honor, or gain, but only to "coin their blood in drachmas" for the enrichment of mankind. From her father especially she inherited force of will and the gift of laughter; from her mother especially her deep religiousness and strong faith. "The good stars met in her horoscope, made her of spirit, fire and dew."

Through childhood and youth this lame girl did her best to live a normal life and keep up with her companions at school and elsewhere, spending glad summers in the family cottage at the Thousand Islands when all the woods were green and all the waters agleam; she as spirited and lively as the rest, flying about on her crutches, climbing over rocks, chasing a runaway donkey, boating, fishing, and catching more friends than fish, playing coon-songs and hymns on her banjo, and winning everybody: a familiar figure often seen sitting in the sun with bright face and wind-blown hair on the upper deck at the prow of the "Islander," winding through the narrow channels among the beautiful islands of the Saint Lawrence. At times there were visits to New York for surgical treatment at the hands of eminent specialists, all unavailing to an incurable, just as in later and harder years, when her eyes were very bad and the famous oculist came from Ithaca to her darkened room at Clifton, examined and tested for an hour, and then sat on the edge of her cot, saying pitifully, "Well, girlie," because he knew that in this as in her other ailments nothing could be done to better her condition. The instinc-

tive cravings and hopes natural to a girl were frustrated from fruition. Once a deeply reciprocated love offered itself, but she had to repel it because, as she explained to a confidential friend, "When you're sick, you have to shut your heart"; adding, "It leaves an awful heartache." Her course through life was, for the most part, painful, like that of a fatally wounded fawn, and recalls George Meredith's poignant and pathetic phrase expressive of his pity for his afflicted wife—"the running of my deer with the arrow in her flank."

1. Her last four or five years were spent in bed and in a darkened room, wasting away in sufferings which grew more intense and incessant. To the average human being an invitation to visit such a room may not seem alluring. Yet this invalid's chamber was a popular resort. Here was an invalid whom everybody enjoyed. When the progress of disease prostrated her and confined her to her room and bed, she said, "I will not be cut off from my customary life and buried before my time. This room shall be my parlor where my friends may come as usual." And there, until the end came, she received both friends and strangers, often turning strangers into friends. Visitors of many kinds, lands, and languages sought the privilege of entrance there. On a summer afternoon when two friends sat beside her, one said to the other, half in play, wholly in earnest: "An admission fee ought to be charged here, and the money given to Foreign Missions. There are people who would pay more for a seat at this bedside than for a box at grand opera."

2. Not only was that room much frequented, but also its bedridden occupant was a far traveler. *She* "shut in"? There are no bars for such a spirit. The *missionary mind* is aware of the wide world and its sympathies range with its intelligence. That intrepid lone woman, Dr. Martha E. Sheldon, hid away in a corner of Bhot far up in the Himalaya Mountains on the borders of Tibet, was out of the world if anybody was, yet was *en rapport* with the human race, and wrote vividly: "I can feel the rocking of the North Pole when Peary touches it, and can feel the biting wind that blows in Shackelton's face as he toils on toward the South Pole." Likewise this missionary-hearted girl, almost hermetically sealed in her room at Clifton Springs, could hear the cries of little cripples on the opposite side of the earth and felt her own ribs crack when they were beaten. In the night their moans shook her secluded cot and sobbed themselves to sleep upon the shoulder of her sympathy. When the Zuni Indians were in Boston a large reception was given them by a philanthropist

at his home. One stalwart Indian, feeling almost suffocated by the close indoor air, abruptly left the crowded parlor in the middle of the evening and strode out into the street, saying: "Indian want room. Indian walk large." The *missionary mind* "walks large," ranges, explores, investigates, discovers; knows what is going on in the world and feels fraternal toward all mankind, toward "Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever doing something new, things which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do." The alert missionary mind of this imprisoned sick girl saw and heard more through her keyhole than some globe-trotters can bring back report of from a trip around the world.

3. Visitors to that room found there not a mere spectacle, but an experience. They met with some surprises. For one surprise, they found not a suppliant for sympathy, but a sympathizer. With lips all primed to pour out solicitous words you go in to inquire of her what kind of a night she had and how she feels to-day; but before you have time to begin she "gets the drop" on you and pops the question first with her quick, chipper, "How are *you* to-day?" And before you know it she throws you back on yourself, and gets you started on the one subject you are sure to be interested in; and presently you wake up to the fact that, instead of sympathizing with her, you've been talking at length about your own precious self and your affairs till you feel ashamed. As to sympathy she thought it more blessed to give than to receive. Well people, strong people, went to her with their troubles; hours and hours they sat beside her bed to pour out their heartbreak: and they testified that she was to them an unspeakable blessing. A young woman whose mother died in the morning fled to this sick girl for comfort, and spent nearly all day fairly clinging to her. She was a living soul and a quickening spirit, wise and experienced in sorrow and heartache and anguish, and knew just what to say and do for spirits in distress. A sanitarium guest who had heard of her, asked the privilege of an interview. "Ten minutes," said the physician. The next time she saw him she wrung his hand and said with tears, "How can I thank you enough for letting me see her? I'm a better woman forever. I'm ashamed of myself. I could see she was suffering, but she ignored it and talked sweetly to me with smiles. How can she do it?" A wise and tender Bible teacher, deeply versed in Scripture and in the grim experiences of life, came that way and morning after morning talked in chapel on the "Ministry of Suffering." He taught the guests some things, and may have hoped to

teach her something. He sat by her bedside and told her he understood her lot—he had once been ill and suffering for five years. But he could not teach her anything. He was surprised to find that she knew more about suffering and its consolations than he did. She had been a sufferer all her life.

From some human interviews we come away uplifted or in some way stirred; "shaken and elate" was William Vaughan Moody's phrase, after meeting on the ice at sunset, on a glittering January day, a young Irish girl, a perfect picture of rosy health. "I came away," he says, "shaken and elate. It is thus that angels converse. She was something absolutely authentic, new and inexpressible, something which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication." But men and women young and old have come away equally "shaken and elate" from a sickroom, proving that a wan and wasted sufferer, prone and powerless on her pillows, may also mix a draft "for the heart's intoxication" as potent as the red nectar of blooming health. "Give me health and a day," shouts Emerson, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." "Give me sickness and a night," this gallant girl could have said, "and I will splendor the darkness with a radiance outshining Arcturus and his sons, Orion and his sword."

And we are by no means intending to present her as superior to all her class, of which she is taken as a fine type. Richard Burton found a similar sufferer in Los Angeles and wrote the following verses:

I know a girl of presence fresh and fair.
  She lies abed year-long, and so has lain
For half a lifetime; flower-sweet the air;
  The room is darkened to relieve her pain.

There is no hope held out of healing her,
  You could not blame her if she turned her face
Sullen unto the wall, and did demur
  From further breathing in her prison place.

Not so; her sick bed is a throne, wherefrom
  She doth most royally her favors grant;
Thither the needy and the wretched come,
  She is At Home to every visitant.

They call her *Little Sister:* for her heart
  Goes out to each that takes her by the hand,
In sisterly devotion; 'tis her part
  To feel, to succor, and to understand.

One never thinks of woe beside her bed,
  So blithe she bends beneath the rigorous rod;
She does not seem like one uncomforted,
  Her prayers like songs go bubbling up to God.

Hers is the inner secret of the soul;
  Radiant renouncement, love and fellow cheer—
These things do crown her as an aureole,
  Making her saintly, while they make her dear.

When that tribute appeared in Scribner's Monthly in December, 1911, Ida Gracey's friends who saw it were startled at the close resemblance. All who knew her will agree that the verses fit her perfectly. Doubtless both these wonderful girls are exceptional, even in their heroic class, in blending the Spartan with the Christian virtues in a high degree, but they typify a large and noble class.

The man who wrote his friend, tortured by gout, "The pain in your foot I can bear very well"; and Madame de Pompadour, in whom Francis Parkman saw a similar "fortitude in enduring the sufferings of others"; and the lady of whom it was said, "Herself first, her pet dog a bad second, and the rest of the world nowhere": these represent the all-too-prevalent human habit. But Ida Gracey was of those who say with Madame du Chatelet, "I have a pain in my sister's side." She did not spend sympathy on herself but on others. No one ever heard her use words like those of Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh, "My own self pity, like a red-breast bird, goes back to cover all my past with leaves." She did not imagine herself exceptionally afflicted. Rather, she bore her lot of pain in the spirit of Longfellow's lines:

"My lot is the common lot of all.
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."

4. No one was surprised when Gladstone called his large comfortable library at Hawarden the "Temple of Peace." But you are surprised at finding the chamber of suffering seem like a temple of peace. You tap on the copper-sheathed door, and a clear, sweet voice like the voice of a child answers "Come." Entering you see in the little bed a dainty girl, dark-haired, dark-eyed, immaculate in white robe dotted with tiny pink bows, her mother's college-society badge pinned at her slim throat. Knowing that her body is often more pierced with pangs than Saint Sebastian's with arrows, and seeing a hand reached out to welcome you, so fragile you fear to touch it lest you break the thinnest hand you ever saw, you wonder that her face can wear so

serene a smile. Sitting down beside her you have the sense of something like a benediction falling from her face, and you might recall how Violet, in the story, when she was arranging the pictures on her walls, said, "Let us hang the Fra Angelico facing the door to give an impression of peace and beauty to all who enter"; but in this room there is no need of Fra Angelico's angels to give such an impression to the visitor, the ineffably sweet face upon the pillow being enough for that.

5. "Little Sanctuary," one called her room. On a Sunday morning a man past sixty, somewhat worn by labor and sorrow, religiously preferring her to the chapel service, sat an hour by her bedside in the stillness of that shaded room where the talk wandered casually along in a peaceful sort of way, without effort to make it particularly pious, ending in a kind of friendly gossip about life and folks and our nearest neighbor, God; the interview finishing with a tiny prayer of thanksgiving and entreaty and trust. Then the man, tranquillized and spiritualized by that serene interview, rose and went, saying, "The dearest kind of a talk!" and mentally naming that room "The Little Sanctuary." Many times it was so in perfectly simple and natural ways to many a visitor. To watch that sweet, white face on the pillow, while she recited George Müller's verses on prayer, was a holier experience than one has in hearing a priest intone the litany in a cathedral. It was such a sanctuary, with such a presence in it, as made one man's mind, as he came out of it one holy Sabbath afternoon, improvise as on an instrument this reverent sentiment: "White Ida, angel of the Lord on earth, minister to many souls, minister even to my soul, missionary to the ends of the earth."

6. Her room at times resembled a miniature Literary Salon, with readings of prose and poetry, sometimes by authors from their own works. Two friends remember a Kipling afternoon when she listened with eager interest to Kipling's "If," the one verse which appealed most to her being this:

> "If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
> To serve your turn long after they are gone;
> And so hold on when nothing is left in you
> Except the will which says to them, 'Hold on,'
> Yours is the earth and everything that's in it."

She had done all that times without number, and knew more about it than Kipling did. Likewise she was captivated by his "Song of the Banjo"—a song sung about itself by the banjo as Tommy Atkins'

favorite instrument, portable and tunable in all climates, as it was also hers. There was a spark like valor in her eyes when the banjo was telling how it cheers the British soldier to the charge "when the order moves the line and the lean locked ranks go roaring down to die." In her most tortured years readings from Emily Dickinson's quaint and naïve poems and letters, the gift of a friend, gave her keen pleasure. A newspaper reporter pictures Edison when he stood watching his million-dollar plant, nineteen buildings, go up in smoke, repeating the last verse of Kipling's "If"—

> "If you can make one heap of all your winnings
> And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
> And lose and start again at your beginnings,
> And never breathe a word about your loss,
> Yours is the earth and everything that's in it
> And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son."

The white-haired wizard of invention was at that moment losing and starting again, but he never breathed a word about his loss.

7. This invalid's room was a Center of Attraction. Things animate and inanimate were drawn there as if by a magnet. Flowers had a fancy for flying to her from near and far, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Rochester, Syracuse, New York and elsewhere, sometimes more than there was room for. Every spring, tiny Cecil Bruner roses, which the fairies tended in a nearby friendly garden, sent their earliest blooms to be pinned at her slender throat. Big bunches of white lilacs going down Main Street destined elsewhere changed their minds when they came abreast of the sanitarium and decided to go up in the elevator to keep company with this "Little White Lilac," as Mrs. H. W. Peabody called her. In May the apple trees sent their most blossomy branches to decorate her dainty pink-and-whiteness with their own. White waterlilies, nodding and winking to the morning sun from the bosom of Sodus Bay and Lake Ontario, pulled up their long stems, swam ashore, and automobiled to Clifton to lay their virginal sweetness beside hers; they the golden-hearted children of the sun in her sunless chamber. In October the most brilliant autumn leaves covered her white counterpane with gorgeous colors. At halloween big yellow pumpkins sat at the foot of her bed and made Jack-o-Lantern faces at her in the dark. All kinds of diversions came to beguile the tedium of invalidism. On the bed where sometimes she writhed in torture silly Billikins grinned inanely, Teddy Bears sat on their haunches, dolls disported, tiny chicks a few hours old and new

ducklings from her Peabody Duck-pond in West Park, funny little bunches of fuzz, cheep-cheeped and tumbled about her pillows and shoulders and neck, kittens and puppies played and live babies crept over her couch and cuddled down in her arms. The little Italian boy who danced for the guests in the foyer went up to her room to dance and sing for her. Visitors of many kinds who knew about her knocked at her door: dainty little women from China and Japan, and swart Hindu girls with glittering eyes and blacker-than-inky hair; not a few of what a little girl called "bignitaries"—such as bishops and judges and senators and authors and millionaires. A Supreme Court judge on his way across the State to hold court stops off at Clifton to sit at her bedside to pay court to her. Travelers bound for the Far East and the other side of the globe break their journey to hold her thin hands and talk with her an hour. A venerable bishop waiting between official engagements rests a week at Clifton Springs partly because of the wonderful girl of whom he has heard. All exercises in the sanitarium chapel—sermons, lectures, hymns, concerts, morning prayers, song services—went up the acousticon wire to lay themselves on her pillow close to her keen ear.

8. "Hilarity Hall" was the name given her room by one observer, who discovered that it was at times a place of merriment and glee. "Immortal hilarity, the Rose of Joy," is Emerson's phrase, though he was never hilarious. Sterne wrote to William Pitt, "I live in a constant endeavor to fence against ill-health and other evils of life by mirth, being persuaded that every time a man smiles, and much more so when he laughs, something is thereby added to this Fragment of Life." "She was the jolliest girl, and nobody else ever could be so patient and sweet," said the window-cleaner and vacuum sweeper, who pushed Ida's bed about with her on it to sweep. There were frolics and pillow-fights with such endearing epithets as "Imp-o-darkness" and "You scamp" hurtling through the air, and little screams and mice-like squeals, when a certain girl-friend, whom she called her Black-and-White Warbler and who lived in Oneida, in Hollyhock House, came to have a happy school-girl romp with her sick chum. It is impossible to imagine two such easy laughers as she and Bishop Warren being together in her room for an hour without mixing some happy laughter with their talk and prayers, his mellow and sonorous like the vox humana stop in a church organ; hers like the gurgle of a rill or the thrush's liquid note. "True laughter," says some one, "has at the bottom of it an element of faith and something also of love." The

right kind of laugh at the right moment is a divine intervention and may save a mind from madness or a soul from sin. But laughter in the chamber of suffering? Yes, surely! Why not? J. M. Barrie says, "The highest form of laughter is that which is born of tragedy." Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote, "A moan is a fine foil for a laugh." The truth of that was often felt in her room when sweet laughter rippled from lips that were moaning an hour before. John Bunny, whose name fitly rhymes with funny and whose profession was to make thousands laugh and cry, said, "The good of tears is to increase our delight in laughter." A laugh is often the token of a triumph over tears. And Minnesota's Falls of Minnehaha, laughing down the rocks ten thousand years, make less music in the ears of the angels than one victorious laugh twittering on a brave sufferer's lips. Oftentimes the best thing you can do for one in distress is to make him laugh. A young girl thought herself to be dying and made her family think so. The doctor could not be found. Her pastor came, sat by her a few minutes and decided she wasn't and wouldn't. His task was to dispel the panic. First he offered a simple prayer, through which ran the expectation that the momentary illness would soon pass safely by. Then he chatted gently and naturally for a while till the tension of that frightened young face relaxed; and presently said to the child, whose physical characteristic was extreme thinness, "I'll come and see you again in a day or two. You'll be all right soon. And if you take proper nourishment, you may be the fat woman in the dime museum some day"—a remark so unlike its author and so unsuited to her supposed condition as to bring a look of astonishment if not of indignation as it was intended to do; but in a moment a smile overspread that was like a silent laugh, and the panic was gone. He sat right still. Closing her eyes, she fell softly asleep. That was thirty years ago, and the family still say the minister saved her life that day. One day a friend going to Dr. Gracey's bedside found him in doleful dumps. "How are you this morning?" "O, miserable, miserable. I want to go home." "Can't you say, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come'?" "No, I can't. I want to go." It was necessary to break that unhappy mood. The friend, after vain efforts to divert him, when the sick man fell to wailing again "I want to go home," suddenly feigned sternness and startled the patient by asking abruptly in a loud sharp voice, "Have you dared to tell the Lord that?" "Yes, many a time." "What did he say to you?" A moment's silence, during which Dr. Gracey's

sense of the ridiculous was coming to his rescue, and then an explosive burst of laughter as he shouted through his tears, "He told me to mind my own business." The misery was gone. His ship was out of the doldrums on a shining sea, with a good breeze swelling its sails. "I'm thankful I haven't forgotten how to laugh," said the venerable servant of Christ.

No friend of Ida Gracey's can read, without thinking of her, De Quincey's words about Goldsmith, "He had a constitutional gaiety of heart which could not be bought with Ormus or with Ind, nor hired even for a day with the Peacock Throne of Delhi"; nor the similar words of Sainte Beuve about Cowper, "What a bright nature, eager and open to all impressions, full of fun and charm. At times his mirth is something like a squirrel. But the serious side quickly reappears, for this lovable being has a side that has been smitten by a thunderbolt." Sometimes our Clifton sanitarium sufferer was in a rippling mood, and all asparkle. When a noted purveyor of pure foods sent up fifty dollars to her room for her humane enterprise in China, her wit flashed instantly, "Why not fifty-seven to match his varieties?" Later, this strong rich man, expressing a wish to see her, was admitted to her room. When the interview was over, the nurses saw him wiping his eyes as he came along the corridor, wet with the kind of tears that cleanse and freshen and recreate.

9. A sick-room and a Health Resort, both in one, seems an improbability; yet here it was. A "sure enough" sick-room it certainly was—shades drawn to keep light from eyes that could not bear it; on the bed an emaciated sufferer, whose agonies were sometimes phenomenal, spectacular, paroxysmal, twisting and flinging the fragile form to and fro; an operating room for dentist, oculist, and surgeon; splints and bandages for dislocated patella; neck and face frequently bound up with antiphlogiston; odors of ointments, medicines, liniments. A new medical superintendent who had not yet seen this particular patient, passing along the hall, heard moans issuing from her room, and went in to relieve her. When he came out a half-hour later he said, "I never saw greater suffering or greater bravery." Undeniably a sick-room it was, scene of drastic experiences, and as unfavorable a place for attempting to establish one of Mother Mary Baker Glover Eddy's rose-misty Metaphysical Societies as was a certain Ohio home in which this was the situation—the husband and father, a physician, creeping slowly up from almost-fatal pneumonia; two children in scarlet fever, one of them with diphtheritic symptoms; an aged aunt

dying of senile diseases; the maid in bed with quinzy sore throat. To the wife and mother in that situation there came from an old school-friend who had fallen victim to rose-misty metaphysics and the hypnotic spell of meaningless words, a letter which said, "I make haste to send you the glad tidings; there is no such thing as disease." A sick-room unquestionably was Ida Gracey's; but a Health Resort? How could that be? Well, not a few testified that they found it to be so. A visit to her room was recommended by physicians, because of the altitude and the tonic atmosphere, as are Colorado and Asheville. Not weakening but bracing was the air of that room. All of her except her body, which was a very small part of her, was contagiously healthy. Diseased from head to feet, she was entirely healthy-minded. She was as good for a weak heart as a Nauheim bath. After inhaling her a while, people came away refreshed, stimulated and invigorated, ready to take up life with new zest and more courage. Her room was a kind of *sanitarium in sanitario,* as she was an example of *sana mens in insano corpore.* She was an antidote to what the captain of an ocean liner called "the mollygrubs." She indulged in neither drugs nor delusions, a hard-headed, common-sense little realist, temperamentally unfit for membership in the Imagination Club. She often deplored her *lack* of imagination.

10. This darkened room was a Business Office, transacting practical affairs. She did her own banking and bookkeeping neatly and accurately, paying her weekly sanitarium bills with checks drawn by her own hand, and this up to four days before her death. That wan, wasted remnant of a girl—"a scrap" she called herself—helpless in bed, unable to stand on her feet, was a "going concern," active and solvent, doing business twelve thousand miles away, dealing in real estate in China, drawing her check for $1,000 to buy a lot in Kiukiang, and negotiating a building enterprise on the south bank of the Yangtze-Kiang River. She kept in touch with the wide world. Her room was virtually a post office sub-station, with piles of letters under her pillow and something resembling a mailbag hanging over the head of her bed; correspondence arriving from and departing to the ends of the earth. That room was like a bureau of information; like an office of the Associated Press, the chief press agent in residence being her sister, an eager and expert newsgatherer, with a keen scent for the very latest. It was called a wireless telegraph station. "Where do you hide your wireless apparatus? Is it under the bed, or out on the window-sill?" asked a visitor spying to discover her secret means

of communication. The very latest news from San Francisco or Mexico or California, India or China was often in that room, sometimes before the missionary headquarters in New York had it. To some extent it was a branch office of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, initiating enterprises, devising ways and means and raising money, mixing prayers and plans, efficiency and economy, after the fine method of that canny and capable society; and she herself might be called an auxiliary. Before disease disabled and shut her in, she had been three years Secretary for Special Gifts in the Genesee Conference, collecting $6,000 each year from individual contributors, forwarding gifts to destination, writing to and receiving letters from each beneficiary, and making reports to the donors. During those years she superintended sales of oriental articles in various cities for the benefit of the society's work. For many weeks this angel of mercy on her crutches fluttered up and down the long steep stairs of the elevated railroad in New York while conducting such a sale in the Metropolitan Life Building. For her services and her character she was the pet and darling of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; and from year to year the great women of the New York Branch would not adjourn their annual convention, no matter in what city it met, without ordering a telegram of love and admiration and sympathy to their brave helper at Clifton Springs. A compact little business woman she was, though all her joints were loosed. Business men, personal friends who came from various cities to pay honor to her, were pallbearers at her funeral.

Most invalids do their suffering in seclusion, out of sight and unreported. Sidney Lanier and Robert Louis Stevenson and William E. Henley were invalids whose prominence in the world of letters brought their sufferings to publicity, and whose dogged fights with virulent disease made them a spectacle to mankind. But the little invalid at Clifton Springs would have made as good a showing in the limelight as they, though she wrote only one poem in her life. And those three strong men, had they known her, would have recognized her and given her the grip as belonging to their lodge and of the thirty-third degree in the masonry of suffering which has secrets all its own, unshared by the healthy, comfortable herd, incommunicable to the uninitiated.

If she and Lanier had met in the years of his hard endurance-test, one can easily imagine them exchanging friendly greetings. Perhaps he, the master musician, with failing fingers and broken breath,

might have blown her some exquisite strains from his orchestra flute, and she, the artless girl, just to reciprocate in kind, might have made childlike return by strumming "Old Kentucky Home" on her dear old banjo for him. Then at parting, he might have repeated to her, in the fellowship of their common faith, words which he wrote elsewhere: "Let us thank God, Little Sister, that in our knowledge of him we have a steadfast firmament of blue in which all clouds will soon dissolve."

Most published and popular of invalids in our time is Louis Stevenson, largely because his own pen put in print his long fight for life. One of his reports runs thus: "For fourteen years, I have not had a day's real health. I have written in bed and out of bed, written in hemorrhage, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and thus far it seems to me I have won. Sick or well, I have had a splendid time of it. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy inglorious one of the sick-bed and the medicine-bottle. I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head, but I have not failed." Here is another of his bulletins: "The inherent tragedy of life goes on working itself out from black to blacker and we poor creatures of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say that it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things. If you believe in God, where is there any room for terror? If you are sure that God in the long run means kindness to you, you should be happy. Go on and fail, and go on again; be mauled to the earth and arise again, try to rest at night with, for pillow, the half of a broken hope that somewhere the rough shall be made smooth, some time the balance be evened." Here is what he wrote, when sick and penniless, to his friend William Archer: "To me the medicine-bottles on my chimney and the blood on my handkerchief are accidents. They do not color my view of life. They do not exist in my prospect. I see a universe, a solemn, a terrible, but a very joyous and noble universe, where suffering is at least not wantonly inflicted, but where it may be and generally is nobly borne, where above all any brave man may make out a life which shall be happy for himself and so beneficent to those about him." We see Stevenson, a "knight-militant against gaunt pain," nearing the end, fevered and trembling, little left of him save skin and bones, leaning breathless against death's doorpost, still fighting with spirit undaunted; a gallant figure, yet not one whit more so than the little

heroine of Clifton Springs. Those prayers which Stevenson wrote for himself and his Samoan household in his last years were answered in her—prayers treasured now by devout souls throughout the English-speaking world. She came up from many a long hard night "eager to be happy and to shed sunshine round her if the day gave her half a chance, ready to endure with patience if the day proved severe." Friends saw her through the years "working at her great task of happiness for others' sake," and when she could no longer move among her kind even on crutches, she often showed, despite her weary nights, "a glorious morning face." Finding her so one day, her face, after hours of pain and tears, making one think of a dripping landscape sunlit after showers, a friend said to her, "How *can* you be so bright and dear and beautiful, when you suffer so?" "The attack only lasted two hours this time," she answered patiently and cheerily. "Only two hours" of torture! Louis Stevenson, had he known her, would have owned her as his peer in fortitude, and might have called her with tender admiration "Little sister."

Pathologically W. E. Henley's case is nearer her own than either Lanier's or Stevenson's, since his disease was identical with her own, a disease of the joints; and although amputation was not performed upon her as it was upon Henley, because her condition made it unsafe, yet she sometimes begged that it might be. No one could help pitying Henley with "his leonine head and splendid torso and those terrible twisted limbs"; and Louis Stevenson recorded his admiration for what he called Henley's "maimed strength and masterfulness under acute and crippling pain." Henley, in his most famous poem, describes his attitude toward life. In it he poses as model for a statue of Defiance. Out of the night that covers him, black as the pit from pole to pole, writhing in the fell clutch of circumstance under the bludgeonings of chance in a place of wrath and tears, he boasts that his head, though bloodied, is unbowed; he defies the punishments of Fate and the menace of the years. Now, all men must glory in the valiant will of the unconquerable soul. We feel a shiver of admiration when Henley's friends tell us how he sat up in bed in the hospital just after the amputation of his leg, talking as pleasantly as if at ease in a palace; and how, though his whole life had been a fight against disastrous odds, he stood at last unbeaten on the heights of literary achievement, whither the crippled and hindered man had climbed by dint of unrelenting toil. It should be impossible for any one, looking upon Henley's sufferings, to offer anything but sympathy.

We have no patience with those of his literary friends who criticized his poem of defiance as melodramatic, one of them lightly remarking, "Pistol redivivus," and another responding, "Yes, Pistol's Swan-song"; "Pistol" being one of Falstaff's men given to spouting fragments of tragic verse and talking large in "the Hercules vein." For comfortable, healthy persons to stand over an incurable sufferer and chide or ridicule him, would be despicable and damnable. Yet a fellow sufferer like Ida Gracey might properly question from her similar plight with a sufferer like Henley, whether the attitude of desperate or haughty defiance is the wisest and most becoming for such as they. If her invalid's-chair could have been rolled to the side of his cot in the old Edinburgh Infirmary when he was at his worst, that delicate pale slip of a girl might have had a right to say gently to the shaggy, broad-shouldered, square-jawed Poet of Defiance, "Big Brother, I am your Little Sister. Why grit your teeth so hard? Is not submission finer than defiance, and reverence than resentment? Is there not more comfort as well as more dignity in prayer than in stony stoicism?" That, or something like it, this Christian girl might have wished to say and have been warranted in saying to William E. Henley. And wisdom and dignity would have been with her rather than with him. Resignation of the right sort is nobler than bitter resentment. One of Louis Stevenson's characters, having heard talk of "a bed of pain which was a bed of *resignation,*" plays upon the double meaning of the word "bed," and purposely confusing a bed of suffering with a garden bed, says to the Scotch gardener with pregnant ambiguity: "John, do you see that *bed of resignation?*" "Yes, and it's doin' bravely, sir." "John, I will not have it in my garden. Out with it, and in place of Resignation put Laughter and a bush of Flowering Piety—but make sure it is the *flowering* sort, John: the other species is no ornament to any garden." Laughter and Piety of the flowering and fragrant sort bloomed in Ida Gracey's bed as in a garden. Her cheerful faith was this:

> "God never does, nor suffers to be done,
> But that *which we would do,* if we could see
> The end of all events as well as He."

Looking forward to increasing suffering she said, "I will dare to trust my Heavenly Father. I trust his word, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' When suffering comes he will be there, and some time he will give me rest—rest forever." She

indulged in no such miserable interrogatory as, "What can it avail to tell the naked stars the grief of man?" Rather she held, "There is a Pity sitting in the heavens that looks into the bottom of our grief." In that Pity she sweetly trusted; in the divine love and wisdom she rested, holding that "A loving worm within its clod were diviner than a loveless God amid his worlds." Once, when severe suffering had been continuous for a week, a friend said, "I am praying that you may have relief from pain." Instantly her eyes looked up at her mother's picture on the wall as if calling her to witness the truth of what she was saying, as she said calmly, deliberately, "I've not asked to have anything taken away. The cup that the Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" She had more and better reason than Henley to thank God for her "unconquerable soul." Although she said some weeks before the end, "My spirit is gone, I am worn out, I cannot keep up the fight," as Andrea del Sarto cried, "All the play and the stretch are out of me, out of me," yet the spirit and fire were not gone, they flashed up many times. Very early in the morning of a friend's birthday, only forty-eight hours before actual dying began, feeling a momentary flicker of strength from a brief sleep, she called suddenly, "Raise me quick. Give me pen and card. Perhaps I can write." With a spirited flash of the will, her trembling fingers wrote this birthday message, signing it with the name which had been given her:

" 'May the years that lie before thee
Be o'ershadowed by God's wing:
May His presence lend a beauty
And a joy to everything.'
Is the birthday wish of Kindchen."

There flared up her loyalty to her friends. To the very last that undying spirit showed no sign of dying. All the play was never out of her. To the end she was made of "spirit, fire, and dew."

THE ARENA

JAMES DENNEY, THEOLOGIAN

He is a rare man who, while understanding, appreciating, and acknowledging the past, is also intensely aware of all that is going on around him. One's pleasure at discovering such a man is all the greater when the man is a theologian. Theologians have not been wont to remember that the world moves on, and some of those who have happened to remember it have gone to the other extreme of forgetting or ignoring the historic forces that account for its movement. James Denney, preacher, teacher, scholar, theologian, seer, and first and last and always

a Christian, was every way a modern man rooted in the past and fearlessly facing the future. In his sermon on "The Voice of Jesus," he describes the case of many earnest people to whom the apparent identity of religion and an impossible tradition is a cause of offense. "What are we to say to souls in such a case?" asks the preacher. He answers: "Jesus says, 'Come unto Me.' What you need is not religion—in the shape that time and human traditions have given to it—but Christ. It is not other people's pieties, or creeds, or sacred customs, but Christ. God does not wish us to have the religion of our own ancestors, but to have religion of our own, and such religion is kindled in our souls when we drop religion as it is imposed by men, and come to him." These are brave words for a theologian, and brave because they are true. Yet Denney cherished the total Christian heritage, and he was jealous of its integrity. There were those who thought that he sometimes wavered, and in his eagerness to persuade the modern mind of the compelling reasonableness of Christianity surrendered vital elements of the faith. It is safe to say that Denney himself was never conscious of the least vestige of disloyalty of this kind. He made the entire New Testament claim, as he conceived it, without a glimmer of compromise. It was the writer's privilege to sit in his classroom for a period that was all too brief. The personal contact only served to deepen the impression already made by a careful study of his books. Whether he was preaching, teaching, or writing, Denney was never anything but a convinced and convincing evangelical theologian. He had caught the spirit of the New Testament to an amazing degree, and all his utterance reflected it. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no modern scholar surpassed him in his appreciation of the apostle Paul. There was the same sense of the tragedy of sin; the same sense, at the other extreme, of the tragedy of the Cross; the same conviction that here were the two moments of the supreme experience possible to a human soul. He had small patience with those who affected superiority to the Pauline gospel, or who undertook to study Paul "objectively." Thus of Deissmann's book on St. Paul, he said: "It does less than justice to that understanding of Paul which is lodged in countless Christian minds"; and of some of Deissmann's renderings of the passages in which Paul refers to the blood of Christ he said with characteristic incisiveness that they were "neither experimental nor elucidative."

Denney's attitude toward the Scriptures was that of a man who knew the problems that had been raised by modern criticism, and who knew the demands of the human heart and the implications of the Christian experience. Too often our critics are not Christian and our Christians are not critical. Here was a man whose generous scholarship could never lead him astray because it was the scholarship of one who sat humbly at the feet of Christ. The biblical criticism, he said, which on principle denies the supernatural, need not discompose one who has the "spiritual certainty" that throughout the New Testament history he is in contact with a supernatural person. The chapter on the Scriptures in Studies in Theology, although it was written over twenty years ago, sets forth a

position from which Denney never moved, and never needed to move. He renounced entirely the idea that the authority of the Bible rests upon its asserted inspiration. The Bible is inspired, it is therefore authoritative, and it is inspired because it claims to be—this is as vicious a circle as was ever invented. "It is as we use Scripture, without any presuppositions whatever, that we find it has power to lodge in our minds 'Christianity and its doctrines' as being not only generally but divinely true; and its power to do this is precisely what we mean by inspiration. We do not use the Bible, as it has been used in the foregoing lectures, because of an antecedent conviction that it is inspired; we are convinced it is inspired because it so asserts its authority over us, as we read, that we cannot but use it in that way. This, I am confident, is the only rational and experimental way of reaching and stating the truth." These are words of insight, and they are words of courage. Barely a decade had passed since the heresy trial and ensuing conviction of Denney's fellow churchman, William Robertson Smith, and the leader of the attack, Principal Rainy, was still living. To-day, Denney's view of the Scriptures is enshrined in the heart of the most influential evangelical theology, and because it is inductive and experimental it is destined to remain there. "Scripture has a greatness and power of its own which are most free to work when we approach it without any presuppositions whatever." So used, it "finds" us.

The point of view illustrated all through the Studies in Theology is maintained in what many regard as Denney's greatest book, The Death of Christ, first published in 1902. The reviews of the time were singularly unanimous in hailing it as a masterpiece of New Testament exegesis. It was the very book which the situation was demanding. The valiant Dale had fallen, and his great work on the Atonement, incomparable in some respects, had been written just too soon to take account of questions of New Testament criticism. What was needed was a fresh appraisal by a man who was thoroughly versed in the critical problems and who yet knew the secret of the Lord. The man for the task was Denney, and the book was The Death of Christ. Carrying easily a great scholarship, he contended throughout these pages that the burden of every writer in the New Testament was that forgiveness of sins was based absolutely upon the death of our Lord, and that John as much as Paul, the Gospels as much as the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Acts as much as the Apocalypse, had for their unifying principle and their sole *raison d'être* the certain conviction that "Christ died for our sins." To some this may not appear to be a particularly notable conclusion, because it is so obvious. But the value of what is said depends largely on the character and circumstances of the person who says it. Many an unlettered saint has discovered what Denney set forth in this book, and in the joy of that faith has lived out his uneventful days. The impressive thing was that the scholar should be willing to take his stand by the side of the rustic, and declare that the rustic was *right*—that there was no gospel without atonement, an atonement in whose light the Scriptures became unitary, the Person of Christ became explicable, the only satisfying idea of God became possible, and the moral task both of the individual and of society found at once its

ideal, its motive, its method, and its power. With apologetic purpose, Denney struck the same note in his little book Atonement and the Modern Mind, and one may with little risk predict that the barely finished Cunningham Lectures on the atonement will prove to be the fitting consummation of his work.

Jesus and the Gospel appeared in 1909. Its general position respecting the work of Christ is practically the same as that of the earlier volume. The author sets himself the task of answering two questions: (1) What is the New Testament attitude toward Jesus Christ? (2) Is that attitude justified by the self-consciousness of Jesus, that is, by his own belief as to himself? The answer to the first question is that all the New Testament writers agree in placing Christ on the divine side of causality in effecting redemption, and consequently agree also in ascribing to him a unique, incommunicable, and determining function in the relations of God and man. The answer to the second question is introduced by a searching examination of the evidence for the resurrection of Jesus. As Denney rightly says, "Without that resurrection there can be no Christianity at all." The conclusion reached here is that the fundamental evidence for the resurrection is in the fact of the New Testament life and faith, and that it is only when that fact is fully appreciated that we are in a position to approach fairly the resurrection narratives. A careful and illuminating discussion of the synoptic problem yields the result that Mark is the oldest Gospel, and is embodied almost entirely in Matthew and Luke; and that the material common to Matthew and Luke, other than that obtained from Mark, is to be traced to a document referred to as Q, this document being of equal authority and antiquity with Mark, and consisting probably of the Aramaic "Sayings of Jesus" compiled traditionally by Matthew the Publican. In answering his second question, Denney confines himself exclusively to these two oldest documents. What does he find there? He finds that from the hour of his baptism until his ascension, Jesus revealed in all his acts and claims a consciousness of himself as Son of God and Ideal King, as sole Lawgiver and Judge, as inconceivably transcending all common men, and as the Person in whom alone and through whom alone all God's promises and purposes are consummated. Briefly, Jesus believes of himself exactly what others believed of him. The inference is clear. The New Testament faith is guaranteed in the self-consciousness of Jesus, and since the faith of the modern church is identical in its attitude to Christ with the faith of the primitive church, the modern faith is guaranteed as well.

Enough has been said to indicate the value and importance of Denney's work. His supreme interest was with the Bible, and especially with the New Testament. He was not a "systematic" theologian. This is evident from his suggestion in Jesus and the Gospel that the essential creed of Christendom could be stated thus: "I believe in God through Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord and Saviour." The suggestion made it difficult to understand his rather savage review of "Foundations." It will be remembered that the suggested symbol evoked a trenchant criticism from Professor Curtis. It was not that Denney lacked either philo-

sophical insight or philosophical ability, although at times he displayed a curious unwillingness to express himself on metaphysical questions. No man who could write as he did of Balfour's Theism and Humanism could deny that he was in the succession of those who know. Only, he had more faith in the message of the Bible than in the entire body of laboriously constructed "systems," and in that faith he did his work. The same method marked his preaching. Of his volume of sermons, The Way Everlasting, a reviewer wrote: "This book is a preaching of Christ and him crucified. Dr. Denney's whole message is that of the Christ upon his Cross, of love bearing the sin of the world." The theologian-evangelist, the evangelist-theologian—this was Denney's ideal for the ministry, and he realized it in himself. How his preaching could search the heart of the hearer, the writer can testify from experience. The crowning wonder is that this scholar and preacher should have been, like Dale his forerunner and Lidgett his contemporary, a trusted and sagacious leader in the practical affairs of church and state.

George Adam Smith, Thomas Lindsay, James Orr, James Denney—what a faculty was that! It needed nothing more. "The most influential theological center in Great Britain," so said the London Times.[1] But Smith went to Aberdeen, and in rapid succession Lindsay, then Orr, and now Denney, *primus inter pares*, laid down their arms. A king has fallen in Israel, and not quickly will the staring gap in the ranks be filled.

EDWIN LEWIS.

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CONFERENCE COURSES OF STUDY—DIRECTIONS AND HELPS

THE first impression concerning the new course for traveling preachers is the seriousness of purpose to make full use of this unique opportunity for ministerial training. Another impression is the practically efficient plan to show the young preachers how to study, and also to bring to their attention some of the best books of recent date. The plan hitherto in operation was to impose a series of examinations, when what the men most urgently needed was instruction which would help them to grapple with the problems of the day. The primary purpose of education is not to pass examinations but to perceive and understand the truth. Where the popular idea has prevailed, men "did pass but didn't know," to quote from Huxley's scathing criticism. The truer idea which underlies the new course will enable those who follow it to have a larger view of life and to meet modern needs with the gospel of Jesus Christ, as it is interpreted with adequate catholicity.

When it is remembered that an alarmingly large percentage of men in the ministry of our Church are without college and seminary education, we can appreciate how much this course will do for them. When it is further remembered that over three thousand men will be taking this

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[1] Speaking of the Free Church College at Glasgow where these men taught.

work, the significance of such a theological school gives a sense of responsibility and privilege to all concerned. The selection of books to be read and studied is very commendable. The fact that any book is included in the list does not necessarily imply that all its positions and conclusions are indorsed. The test by which only "safe" books should be chosen is contrary to the very genius of Protestantism. The way to study theology is not to cultivate the memory and commit a series of dogmatic propositions, but rather to develop the reason and encourage independence of thought, in harmony with the essential truth of the gospel. Any other method would introduce an index expurgatorium and reduce us to confusion and obscurantism. All probable dangers in undermining the faith of the untutored and unwary are anticipated in the "Directions and Helps." These five little volumes suggest ways of study, review the books in question, point out the shortcomings of any particular volume, and relate the books to the work of preaching. What is said on Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible expresses the attitude and purpose of these five guides into the realms of knowledge: "A student should understand clearly that the position of these articles is not necessarily approved in all details by those who have selected this book. A Bible dictionary is the joint production of many men. These differ largely among themselves. There are very conservative articles in the book, and some that are quite radical. The student must learn to read and to judge for himself." The "Directions and Helps" are what their name implies. They give timely and constructive criticisms which encourage the student-preacher to clear and consistent thinking. They are not ready-made capsules to aid defective intellectual digestion.

The greatness of preaching is enforced on every possible occasion. "No part of the minister's work is more important than that of preaching. It is his supreme opportunity and his great obligation. And no man can be equal to that task who does not pay constant attention to it. It will not do for him to think of his preaching only when he sits down to prepare a specific sermon. He must develop the 'homiletical instinct.' His mind should always be open to suggestions that can be used in preaching. His pastoral work, his general intercourse with people, his reading and study, all should bring to him helpful truths, themes and texts, illustrations, and the like. It will take careful attention and cultivation at first. Later it will become a habit, an instinct, an open door through which will flow in all manner of treasure for his use." The functions of the preacher are also forcefully emphasized: "In the most effective preaching the teaching element holds a large place. It may be said that the constructive and permanently helpful preacher is also a teacher. Those principles of psychology which serve the purposes of the teacher serve with like fitness the preacher in so far as his preaching approximates a teaching ministry." Again, "There is a great deal of exhortation in our pulpits, a good deal of general and rather vague discussion, but of simple, strong, consistent teaching on these great themes there is not very much." The reference here is to Bowne's *Studies in Christianity*. A true and timely word is frequently uttered on the subject of doctrinal preaching. Why is it that

the preacher often puts on the highest shelf the books on theology? "Sometimes it is because he thinks people want practical sermons and not doctrinal teaching. Sometimes it is because he feels that the doctrinal discussions are so far removed from real life and its real needs. It is of little use to ask who is at fault, theologian, or preacher, or people. The fact remains: the right kind of theology should be the most fruitful book in a preacher's library and should mean most for his preaching. We are not simply to entertain men or even to exhort men. We have a message of truth to bring." In keeping with this purpose considerable space is given, but none too much, to books on theology. The directions on Sheldon's Christian Doctrine are fuller than on any other book in the entire course. As supplementing it, attention is given to Clarke's illuminating Outline of Christian Theology. These two books are to be studied in the fourth year when the thought of the young preacher is more mature and he is better able to discriminate the relative values of truth. The spirit of study and investigation is indicated in the reference to the subject of life after death. "Our greatest need here is sobriety and modesty in our claims of knowledge. Christian thought has commonly held to an intermediate stage, but there is very little in the Bible upon which to build up a doctrine concerning it. We must avoid the elaborate and mistaken Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory. We may well draw back also from the fanciful speculations of some Protestant theologians, or at least recognize that they are but speculations." If this principle had been followed, many of the dismal theological controversies which have rent the Church could have been avoided; and many an un-Christian anathema would not have been uttered. We are still in need of counsel in this matter, for the heresy hunter appears in all manner of unexpected places, and, as it has so frequently happened, his viewpoint is lacking in Christian catholicity and courtesy.

The preacher's point of view is considered in all the "Directions and Helps." Compare, for instance, the notes on the life of Phillips Brooks. The general suggestions which preface each of the five booklets are models of concise and pointed counsel. The sections on Homiletical Suggestions in the second, third and fourth years are well done. They directly relate the various books studied to the task of preaching and let it be clearly understood that the value of the books is solely determined as they stimulate and make for better preaching. The enthusiastic references to books constitute another excellent feature. Thus on Smith's Historical Geography of the Holy Land: "While this book may seem expensive to the minister with a small salary, it is one of the best investments that he can make. Rightly used, it will be of permanent value throughout his ministry." The entire course is further regarded as a self-consistent whole so that the references to books read in the earlier years of the course quicken thought and show the student how to relate all his studies and use it all in the work of preaching.

All the directions, however, are not of uniform value, and could have been improved by careful editing. In some cases the instructions are so detailed as to miss the scope and aim of the book studied. While written

work is rightly regarded as a method of study and as an aid to accurate thought, clear style, and command of the subject, an excessive amount of it, as is required in all the courses, will fail of the desired result. If the former courses required too little, the requirements in the Directions for the present course are far too exacting. I say this from my experience as an examiner. It must not be forgotten that most of the men who take this work have charges and that it is not possible to devote their time exclusively to study. Better require less and secure it than expect too much and be compelled to condition the men, with all the inevitable complications and inconsistencies which attach to this alternative. A sense of literary values should be cultivated by the preacher. To this end he must be familiar with the best in English and American literature. Sufficient attention is not given this subject in the course. In the interest of completeness, I should like to state that Professor P. Carnegie Simpson is the author not only of *The Fact of Christ* and *The Facts of Life* but also of *The Life of Principal Rainy* in two large volumes of about a thousand pages—one of the big biographies of recent years. These few criticisms are not meant to disparage the "Directions and Helps." They are indeed a good set of books not only for the probationer but for all preachers, who will find the references to side reading of particular value.

It is to be hoped that a post-graduate course will be prepared as the next step in advance. Many preachers desire to know about the latest and best books. For lack of guidance not a few become victims of premium propositions and load down their shelves with useless volumes. Every quadrennium a supplementary list of about forty books should be published in the Discipline as an optional course. Reading circles can be organized among local groups of preachers on the basis of this list. I have managed such courses with considerable success and have had the cordial support and cooperation of the men. In connection with this work there can also be a department of inquiry, to furnish information on the best books relating to such subjects that bear on the interests and work of the preacher. It may even be possible to secure the consent of the editor of the Methodist Review to use about three or four pages in each issue for a reading course which will have the features of a correspondence course. The gratifying result of this sort of study will be to increase the usefulness of the ministry as a profession of prophets and pastors, and so make them increasingly efficient as good stewards of the manifold grace of God.

Oscar L. Joseph.

Bernardsville, N. J.

"OUTLINES OF BIBLICAL THEOLOGY"—REVIEWER REVIEWED

Incidentally, and rather late, my mind reverts to a very appreciative review of the above book (Methodist Review, March-April, 1916) by a very competent critic, for which many thanks. I call my book Biblical Theology for the very appropriate reason given in the Introduction—"Biblical Theology in the sense that it rests strictly on the Bible rather than on reason and academic discussion. The Bible is sufficient and a

finality." As the critic observes, my treatment of the ever blessed Trinity is not that of three persons in unity, but of God, a Divine Spirit, united to man to become a Godman, making a new personality in the universe. God the Father, the Jehovah, manifesting himself in the Old Testament as a Spirit, united to man as Christ of the New Testament, becoming God incarnate; and thus we have a Trinity of personalities—two of them identical, except in name; that is, God and the Holy Spirit. Call this, as the critic does, "Patripassian," "Monarchian," or "Sabellian"; as above claimed, it is truth, for the rational discussion and biblical validity of which I must refer the reader to the volume reviewed. But so far it is Patripassianism, that I have no sympathy with the view that God the Father—the Holy Spirit—did not suffer on the cross, in the person of Christ. As for Monarchianism, my treatment does deny a distinction between God and his Spirit. And as for Sabellianism, as far as it means the unity of God as distinct from a trinity of persons, and a trinity of wills, which is tritheism, or three Gods, such is the view of the book reviewed. But it is not "Unitarianism," as the critic thinks. That denies the Deity of Christ, who was God manifest in the flesh. Unitarianism is not the only alternative in this case.

My excellent critic tries to rescue "person" of strict trinitarianism with the usual makeshift that it means "subsistence," whatever that mysterious entity may be in this case. If this subsistence has distinct personality and separate will in the Trinity it is a complete person in the full lexical sense, and nothing is gained in effecting Trinity in unity, by juggling these words. And here is the question of two wills in Christ the God-man, who is a person and can do all the praying, "over against the Father," as the reviewer says, and other manifestations of distinct personality as found in the Scriptures. This is treated fully in the volume. It was something of a "slip" to claim one will in Christ as "common orthodoxy," but it must be remembered that for some 700 years this did not seem to be much of a question, and when raised one will was overruled in a great creed conference, the sixth general council, 680 A. D. And yet, at a new council of Constantinople, the one-will theory was again established, to be afterwards repealed. Hagenbach, in his History of Doctrine, intimates that it is as much our privilege to seek for truth and interpret Scripture as it was that of the fathers. He says it is just as one-sided to ascribe the victory of orthodoxy to the combination of political power and monkish intrigue as it is to deny these factors altogether. (Vol. II, p. 228). Secular authority had much to do with fixing the so-called orthodoxy. Touching these controversies, Hagenbach quotes Baur as saying, "How far, now, two wills can be without two persons willing was the point from which they slipped away, by mere supposition." Jerome said of the ante-Nicene fathers: "It may be that they simply fell into errors, or that they wrote in a sense distinct from that which lies on the surface of their writings."

So-called historic Christianity is not always closed to question. Baptism by immersion is claimed for historic Christianity. Ditto absolute eternal predestination, till more recently it is losing credence, but it held

its place in "common orthodoxy" from Augustine to Calvin and onward. If the God-man were one person from the embryonic state to the mature Christ, as Dr. Shedd holds, then, "Contemplating the mystery of the God-man in this way, as pointed out in Scripture, it is easier to see how only one person and one self-consciousness shall result." If Christ, then, is one person, he will have but one consciousness of personality, not "many consciousnesses," as the reviewer states, and but one will. We can then conceive of two wills in the so called Trinity: the will of God the Father and the will of Christ; otherwise we have four wills: that of God the Father, that of the Holy Spirit, that of the Son, and that of the human in Christ. And if there be four wills and four personalities, we have a human personality associated with three personal Gods. And one personality with two wills is a psychological contradiction. It has been the sad struggle of a kind of orthodoxy for ages to fix all this up. The position of the book reviewed is that in the Old Testament is one unitary true God, not discriminated from the Holy Spirit, and Christ is revealed in the New Testament as a divine Incarnation, a dual manifestation of Deity united to humanity. There is no need of a Trinity of persons and a Christ of two wills to explain Scripture; all of which I seek to make clear in this book. T. J. Scott.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE PHILOSOPHER AS A PASTOR

It is a question which needs some consideration, whether the pastoral office as distinguished from the preacher's function has not fallen into disuse or at least changed its form.

The extreme organization of the modern church, by which every department of Christian activity is assigned to a special committee, has brought into existence functions in the Church which did not exist even in recent years.

There is a function of the gospel ministry which cannot be delegated to others, no matter how devoted or able they may be. There is something about the pastoral relation that belongs to no other relationship in human society. It is difficult to describe, but it is felt alike by the minister and his congregation. It is the experience of those who have been for many years in the ministry and have laid it aside to assume some other department of Christian labor, such as educational or missionary service, that they feel the sense of the loss of something in their experience which they have not found in their new position. It is a personal relationship growing out of the pastoral relation. This relationship is apparent also to the people of the church when trouble of any kind arises or sorrows come into a home. It is the pastor's voice that the troubled hearts desire to hear and the pastor's sympathy which they most appreciate.

The pastor is not only the teacher, he is also the shepherd of the flock. He knows his flock and the sheep hear his voice and follow him. To meet this he must be acquainted with their peculiar needs. This acquaintance cannot be attained from reports of committees, however excellent and devoted they may be. The pastor must know all these things, but he can only know their full needs by personal acquaintance through his direct pastoral supervision. In the times through which the world is now passing amid the suffering and tears in all lands because of this awful war the pastoral office should be restored, if it has fallen into decay, to its pristine importance as a part of the church's life.

The writer was especially awakened to the subject by a recent reading of the memoir of President James McCosh of Princeton University, whose great services to Christian philosophy as well as to education have been recognized on both continents. His attention was arrested by the description of his pastoral work in Scotland while he was carrying forward his philosophical pursuits. We recognize the fact that those early times were different from these, and the imitation of their methods may not be applicable in every condition of our time, but the spirit in which the pastoral work was carried on and the personal relationship between the pastor and the people are fitting in every period and in all conditions of society.

Here is the philosopher's description of his pastoral work:

"I devoted one day a week to general visiting. I devoted another day to visiting especially the sick, the infirm and the aged. This was the method of the Established Church, and it was a delightful way of gaining the whole parish. Other days I wrote; but in the early stages of my ministry, on the evenings of those days I spent my time occasionally at social parties; but far more frequently I spent my leisure in reading extensively, and often to a late hour, any literature on my favorite subject of philosophy. In the winter I paid special attention to the town district. . . . I found all the people waiting for me, except those engaged in the factories, who had to take their places in the works. I took down the names of all in each house, inquiring whether the young were attending school and Sabbath classes. I spoke briefly to them, putting a few questions, frequently joining in prayer. I appointed a meeting at eight o'clock, never in a rich man's house, frequently where there was an aged or bedridden person. In this way I got acquainted with the young and with the old, and prompted children to join their Sabbath classes, those a little farther advanced in life to join my class for the young above fifteen years of age.

"I visited the country district in the summer. After an early dinner I started on horse-back. I always kept a good stout horse and put up at a selected farm-house where the horse was sure to get a feed of corn. I visited all the afternoon in the district and paid special attention to the young and the infirm. At five or six o'clock I was sure to have a grand tea provided at the place at which I had left my horse. At half past six the whole people assembled and I spoke to them, often having an attendance of seventy or eighty. I rode home at night feeling that I had spent

a profitable day and praying for the blessing on what had been done. When I got home I often carried my reading far into the night."

Another illustration of the pastoral office is found in the life of Dr. John Hall, for many years the beloved and honored pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. It places before us the methods of a pastor of a great church in the midst of the activities of the metropolis. He had much work in connection with the missionary and educational enterprises and was also a lecturer whose services were widely sought. He was an intensely busy man, and yet he felt it important to keep in close relation with his people by pastoral visitation. The writer has noted that in his pulpit announcements he would make known to his people what part of his parish he would visit during the coming week. His method is described by his son, who was his biographer, Professor Thomas C. Hall, as follows: "Day after day he sought out the members of his flock, high and low, visiting with caretaking system family after family, watching over those employed in households with the same diligence as those who employed. From time to time he visited the business section of the city, and although seldom sitting down, he visited the offices of the business and professional men. He liked to know, he said, where and how they worked. The sick he visited regularly, and doctors, who are often, and sometimes reasonably, suspicious of ministers to their serious cases, have told the writer that they made exception in the case of my father, whose low accent and ready tact and short ministrations encouraged and strengthened, where less skilful or sympathetic visitation would have excited and done harm."

We might readily cite eminent ministers of all denominations who have combined high educational and literary ability with close attention to the detailed pastoral life. We have cited these two simply as specimens of the point which we are making concerning the importance of this aspect of the church's work. The purpose of this paper is not to instruct the people in the methods of pastoral work. Each one has his own methods which meet the conditions under which he works. This, like many other things, will change with changing conditions, but the importance of the pastoral office is an abiding part of the minister's work in all ages and may especially be emphasized in its relations to present world conditions.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE GERMAN THEOLOGIAN AND THE WAR

THE molder of public opinion in Germany is not the press, nor yet the clergyman, be he Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Jew, but the university professor. It is he that writes books and advances new theories. The professor must be an author. This is true in every realm of thought, in theology, philosophy, and science. The principal exception is in *belles*

lettres and poetry, or subjects which do not require close reasoning and scientific treatment. The term science is used in Germany in a much broader sense than in the United States. The German theological professor or philosopher, wild as his speculations may be, regards his works fully as scientific as those of the geologist, chemist, or mathematician. David Friedrich Strauss considered his Life of Jesus as scientific as the best treatises on physics or astronomy in his day. It is fair, however, to state that German thinkers in general are unwilling to put the theologian on a par with themselves. Even the student of theology, the embryonic theologian, is held in low esteem by his fellow students. Dr. Smith in his Soul of Germany—a book from which we have taken some *data*—says: "Divinity is looked upon as a *Brod-studium* (bread-study) and its disciples command the minimum of respect in the social scale." Quoting from a disciple of Treitschke, he says: "The wretched theologians ought to be cleaned out of the universities, as divinity is no science, but merely an Irish stew of superstition and ignorance" (p. 42). This contempt for theology and theologians partly accounts for the sad fact that the Lutheran pastor exerts so little influence in molding opinion in matters secular and political.

Nor must we forget that the pastor as well as the professor of theology is a civil officer, under direct control of the state. Every pastor and professor has "to take the oath of allegiance (including obedience) to the king and state" before entering upon active official duties. The state, unfortunately, is often only another name for the ruler, or, at best, a small coterie of courtiers. Courageous indeed is the pastor or theologian who criticizes the state. Let us once more quote from Dr. Smith: "All civil servants throughout Germany are subjects to the various Chambers of Discipline, which bear a striking resemblance to the Star Chamber. By these instruments the autocracy is able to smash any official who dares to think, to speak, or to act contrary to its wishes. The procedure is, of course, secret, and against the Chamber's findings a victim has no power to appeal. Courtsmartial keep the army and navy in order, whilst the Chambers of Discipline are a guarantee that university professors, clergymen, and teachers in the state schools and all other officials are docile—even supine to the will of the state."

Such a condition of things accounts largely for the little influence exerted by the clergy upon the common people, or working classes, from whose ranks the Social Democrats draw so largely. The estrangement of these from the churches is, no doubt, a matter of deep concern to the average pastor, though not free to sympathize with them. Thus almost all Social Democrats have come to regard the Lutheran clergyman as their natural enemy. Bebel and the majority of his followers repudiate not only the church and the plain teachings of the Bible, but, alas! some of the cardinal doctrines of morality as accepted by Christians of all lands. This high priest of Social Democracy, according to Hundhausen, quoted in The Soul of Germany (p. 78), wrote: "The gratification of the sexual desire is purely a personal matter, just as the gratification of any other natural appetite." Another leader in the party has said: "Modern

consciousness and modern life make free-will absolutely necessary." Liebknecht said at the Halle Congress: "Social Democracy fights against every religion and every faith." It would be very unjust to blame the Lutheran pastors or the church for the state of things in Germany; for all know that none deplores the actual conditions more than the clergy themselves, perfunctory as they are. Nevertheless, a little more sympathy with and interest in the just grievances of the down-trodden in military-ridden Germany on the part of the pastors might have kept multitudes from open and pronounced hostility to the church and religion. It is agreed on every hand that Jesus Christ is the best friend of the toiling masses. A Christian minister, a servant of God, should, by virtue of his office, be loyal to Jesus Christ. But loyalty to him and to the state is, at times, difficult. The divine right of kings and unswerving obedience to the state are so thoroughly impressed upon the pastors, who are first of all civil servants, that they lose sight of the right of the individual, hence the hostility of Social Democracy.

Notwithstanding the much vaunted freedom of the professor in the German university, his teachings, in the very nature of things, must not offend the state, no matter how tyrannical a ruler may be or unjust a law. Though a molder of opinion, the professor is always tempted to be the mouthpiece of the ruler. There is, no doubt, great latitude given in the theological and philosophical faculties. Thus it is that religious heresy is much more common than political nonconformity. A professor of theology may say anything he pleases on questions purely doctrinal or critical: the Old Testament may be, for the greater part, a collection of folk lore. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, and Joshua may be solar myths or legendary figures. The story of the Egyptian bondage, the exodus, the Ark of the Covenant, the Tabernacle with its religious ceremonies may all be branded as fables, no more worthy of acceptance than the Arabian Nights or Robinson Crusoe. The Pentateuch with its codes is all post-Mosaic, cunningly devised works of shrewd and interested priests. The miracles recorded in the Old Testament must be labeled as unhistorical, utterly unworthy of serious belief. The same kind of reasoning has no difficulty in disposing of the supernatural element in the New Testament in the same manner. The doctrines of the incarnation and resurrection of Jesus Christ are logically repudiated, our Saviour himself is robbed of his deity and reduced to a mere man. This done the teachings of Holy Writ are not any more binding than those of any other good book. Even the words of Jesus Christ are not final. Such and much more have been the deliverances of the great German divines during the past century. Indeed, far too many of our American theologians have pointed with pride to German scholarship, especially in Old Testament criticism, nebulous and destructive as it was.

Such negative teachings added to the union of church and state have been too much for the Fatherland. There has been too much husk, too little kernel, too much formality, too little power. The plain teachings of the Bible were denied and perverted, and deprived of all authority. The pastor lacked faith and thus stone was offered the people instead of bread. Our Saviour was robbed of his deity and the Bible of any final

authority. Then again the state was placed above the church. The voice of the German emperor was heard above the voice of God. Mercy gave way to vengeance and love to hate. The Lutheran ministers, the heralds of the cross, and the German professors of theology went so far as to justify the horrors of Belgium and Armenia. These ministers of the gospel of peace excused and condoned not only the atrocities of the Germans, but also those of the unspeakable Turk in their ruthless war on land and on sea. Nay more, many of them worked themselves into such frenzy as to imagine that Germany was chosen of God to carry out his will by subduing all men and making them subjects of German *Kultur*.

The above are awful allegations, and lest some of our readers may deem them incredible we can do no better than quote *verbatim* from sermons and speeches delivered by German pastors and professors of theology. The excerpts are from a volume entitled Hurrah and Hallelujah. It is a collection from various German sources by Professor Bang, of the University of Copenhagen, and translated from Danish into English by Jessie Bröchner. Before giving any of these excerpts let us give one from a speech of Kaiser William to his army September 13, 1913: "The spirit of God has descended upon me because I am German emperor. I am the instrument of the Most High. I am his sword, his representative on earth. Woe and death to those who oppose my will! Death to the infidel who denies my mission! Let all the enemies of the German nation perish. God demands their destruction—God who by my mouth summons you to carry out his decree." If the emperor can talk thus what can the poor pastor or professor do? For like master like servant. Let us not forget that the emperor, through the *Kultusministerium*, is the head of the church. Pastors and professors are all civil servants, subordinates, who, if they speak at all, must see to it that their utterances harmonize with those of the sovereign. As we shall see they share, and perhaps honestly, the views of their autocratic emperor. Take the following from Pastor Lehmann, of Holstein. This eloquent divine asks in one of his recent sermons: "Am I exaggerating when I say that we feel at the present time, when lying, passion, selfishness prevail around us, that we are actually *the people God has chosen* for his heirs, feel ourselves in this fight, if not his chosen people, yet—in all humility—the instrument of God?" Not only are the Germans the chosen people of God, but God is *par excellence* a German God. But let Pastor Lehmann speak on: "Only when you feel yourself the child of God can you believe in the God of the German, who is, and must ever be the Lord of the world. . . . This German piety is destined to further the healing of the nations. . . . The German soul is God's soul, it shall and will rule over mankind. . . . Germany is the center of God's plans for the world. . . . The nature of Germany is one with the nature of Christianity."

Pastor Rump, of Berlin, is equally, if not more blasphemous. According to this metropolitan divine, "Germany is the Saviour of the world. This corrupt world, fettered in monstrous sin, shall, by the will of God, be healed by the German nature." He does not hesitate to pervert the words of the apostle to the church militant (1 Pet. 2. 9), and apply them

to the German people, for in a sermon he says: "Ye are the chosen generation, the royal priesthood, the holy nation, the peculiar people: that you should show forth the praises of him who has called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." Comparing the entente armies with those of Germany, he asks: "What a difference is there between armies, one of which carries God in its heart, while the others think they can conquer by the weight of their numbers, by cunning tricks of devilish cruelty, by the shameless contempt for the provisions of international law? . . . God is with us. Guided by his blessing our men do deeds without a parallel in the history of the world." Can it be that this man of God (?) was gloating over the atrocities in Belgium, the torpedoing of the Lusitania, and the killing of innocent women and children by German Zeppelins when preaching this strange sermon? Pastor Rump is a prophet as well as a preacher. Listen: "We stand facing the decisive hour for Europe, nay, we must even say for Asia and Africa. On Germany, which, contrary to all human calculation, has in this war been guided to victory, the Lord will confer the duty of heralding the progress of his Kingdom throughout humanity." Not only is God a German God, but the Bible too is a German book. "Verily," says Pastor Rump, "the Bible is our book, even if, for a long time, we did not value it as such. We now acknowledge that it is given and assigned to us, and we read in it the original text of our destiny, which proclaims to mankind salvation or disaster—as *we* will it."

Let no one tell us that Lehmann and Rump are irresponsible braggarts carried away by immoderate patriotism and enthusiasm, for we find Lutheran ministers of the highest rank caught in the same meshes of intolerance, arrogance, hate, and animosity. Dr. Lahnsen, Trinity Church, Berlin, where the great Schleiermacher was once pastor, is one of the most cultured and charming characters, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the most evangelical and consecrated men in Germany, and yet he is obsessed with the innocence of his country and the justice of its cause. In a sermon on forgiveness (Matt. 6. 12-15), we read, "We cannot forgive England for the misery of this war—and all its blood-stained suffering. . . . We will never bend the knee and pray, Father, forgive us our responsibility for this war. . . . We will hate the will of the nation which has so basely set upon our peace-loving people in order to destroy us. We will fight without scruple and employ means of destruction, however terrible they may be; we cannot do otherwise." Thanks for the one redeeming utterance: "but we will not hate the individual human being." Dr. Bang asks, with amazement, why such words from Dr. Lahnsen? He says: "One is tempted to say—the reason is the usual one—the ineradicable superstition of the unique excellence of Germanism, its purity, its innocence, its perfect blamelessness. A German can sin only as a human being, not as a German."

So much for the pastors; what of the professors? Their language too is arrogant and supercilious. Professor Lasson, of Berlin, says: "Our foes have relapsed into barbarism, aye, to a degree of barbarism even lower than that which prevailed thousands of years ago." Deissmann, smarting under foreign criticism, tries to justify all the atrocities by saying, "What

people beyond the channel call barbarism history will some day call primitive strength." Bernhardi, Treitschke, or Nietzschke could not have said anything more un-Christian. Harnack, to our readers the best known German theologian, is equally carried away with Germanism; its superiority and healing powers. In an address to Americans, he said: "We give you Americans the solemn promise that we will shed our last drop of blood for this *Kultur.*" A theologian of one of the neutral countries, commenting upon this speech, says: "In him, too, the scholar is swallowed up in the fanatical nationalist."

Passing from Berlin to Marburg, where Professor Wilhelm Herrmann is the leading light, we find utterance equally inexplicable. This learned Ritschlian says in a pamphlet entitled, The Turks, the English, and We German Christians: "We Germans can cast in our lot with the Turks with the best possible conscience." He says this though aware of the horrors of Armenia, and that the Turks have been the cruelest of all nations, and that Mohammedanism has ever been the bitterest foe of Christianity, and yet he adds: "We can as Christians understand and respect their faith, and the path that lies before us is the same as theirs." But listen to this unselfish, patronizing son of German *Kultur:* "The Turks need leaders in the work of *Kultur*, and as the country has room for another sixty millions of inhabitants, there are splendid prospects for the youth of Germany." What a Turkish paradise Turkey would be with its sixty millions of youthful German *Kultur* bearers?

It would be easy to fill this entire issue of the REVIEW with similar extracts from the speeches and sermons of German theologians, but let the above suffice. It would be easy, too, to quote from editorials in the religious press, bitter and hateful, but let us conclude with one found in Pastor Vorwerk's collection of poems: Hurrah and Hallelujah. It is a *Battle Prayer*. He says: "Thou who dwellest high above cherubim, seraphim, and Zeppelins in thy heaven, thou who art enthroned as a God of thunder in the midst of lightning from the clouds and lightning from sword and cannon, send thunder, lightning, hail, and tempest hurtling upon our enemy, bestow upon us his banners, hurl him down into the dark burial-pits."

Let us not for a moment doubt the sincerity of those from whom we have quoted. They may be as earnest as Saint Paul before his conversion in his fierce persecution of the church. But had German theologians been true to God and humanity, had they not repudiated the Word of God and robbed our blessed Lord of his deity, the Lutheran Church of Germany might have led the people, small and great, to a more righteous civilization. Had its ministers put their faith in the Son of God and held unswervingly to the gospel of love and mercy, they might have influenced not only the rulers, but the common people as well to a real appreciation of life and its difficult problems. Had they taken the Bible as their guide, this cruel war might have been averted. Instead of that they made light of the most sacred things and became vain, puffed up, arrogant, and hard-hearted. Ralph Connor has well said: "The crime of Germany to-day of which these sermons and lectures convict her is not hypocrisy; but the

long practice of hypocrisy has induced in her a spiritual blindness which has become at once her calamity and her crime."

Let us as a nation take warning. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Let us not treat the Word of God lightly, nor turn our backs on Him who has taught love and truth. Let us remember that it is just as easy for the nation as for the individual to become used to sophistry and self-deception, and thereby lose the power of distinguishing between right and wrong.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Faith and the Fellowship. By Oscar L. Joseph. 12mo, pp. ix+226. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Mr. Joseph has done a fine piece of constructive work in this volume of fourteen chapters, which discuss the essential features of Christianity and the Church. It has about it all the marks of scholarly workmanship, and besides this it shows clearly that the workman's tools are both delicate and true. It is a real message to the Church and the times; not the ordinary message, but one that is rich in reality and dynamic. It is quite evident that the author writes out of a full mind and a heart that is pulsing with feeling. He is widely read in the best thought of the day, and what he has written contains a true genius of interpretation. He deals with the old themes of the gospel, but one sees them here in new lights and with profounder shades of understanding. We have not seen in print for a long time anything that exceeds in clearness and cogency the statements here contained of basal things in the Christian gospel. The first seven chapters take up the more essential aspects of Christianity—like the character of God, the person of Christ, the Atonement, the Holy Spirit, Christian discipleship, and the practice of brotherhood. The author frequently emphasizes the austerity of Christianity and its appeal to the heroic and the sacrificial. "Those who look for a comfortable religion that makes holiness easy and spirituality entertaining cannot find it in the gospel of Christ. Everywhere and every time he challenges his followers in a way that drives out all sluggish and sinister motives from their hearts. . . . We cannot explain away the severe features of Christianity and retain that which has always been distinctive of it. It is easy enough to have the cross on the steeple of the Church, but it is a far more beautiful thing when the cross is seen in the heart of the church member, giving motive and momentum to his entire life. And until it is seen more frequently and more largely we shall never make much headway against the forces of darkness which threaten to destroy our spiritual vitality." Mr. Joseph feels profoundly the need in the world's life of the redemptive and reconstructive forces of the Christian gospel. He is not willing to accept half-measures—he believes that there

is but one adequate measure, and that is the Cross of Jesus Christ. "Take a comprehensive view of the world's history and you will see a reflection of the Cross of Christ wherever self-denial is practiced, sacrifice experienced, benevolence exhibited, and enduring service rendered. Christ without the crown of thorns is anti-Christ, and Christianity without the cross is a shallow caricature. Such a perversion sits lightly to the pain and anguish and despair of life, and its optimism is a wretched mockery of the soul in trouble." Good use is made by Mr. Joseph of his first-hand and intimate knowledge of Oriental religions, so that this volume is an important contribution to the study of Comparative Religion. "As a matter of fact the influence of the great Oriental teachers is declining in their own lands and their power is being superseded by Jesus Christ. Where it is kept alive, and halfway vigorous, it is due to the efforts of misguided individuals from Christendom who have gone out to galvanize what is virtually dead and in this way to keep the deluded natives from the light of Christ, who alone can give them peace. Let me briefly illustrate this statement. The followers of Zoroaster are a vanishing quantity. It is not the Buddha of the Pitakas but the Buddha of the marvelously incredible birth-stories who appeals to the masses in Ceylon, India, Thibet, Siam, Japan. The power of Mohammed is indeed great, and it is even extending; but wherever he holds sway the people are in a backward condition and the ethics of Islam is such that Mohammedan lands are notoriously corrupt, whether it is Turkey, Persia or Egypt. It may be said that equally disreputable conditions prevail in Christendom, but there is this difference: Evils do exist, but under protest, and never a day passes without the corruptions being exposed and attempts put forth to get rid of them. . . . The difference between Christianity and paganism is one of atmosphere, ideal, and outlook; and no dispassionate study can lead us to any other conclusion than that the gospel of Christ alone has the elements of permanency which in successive generations enables it to renew its youth and be equal to any task that may be imposed upon it." The author maintains conclusively that the world's present need is for the pronounced and positive leadership of Jesus in social and political life. And, although this is a familiar note among the ablest thinkers of our day, it is sounded in this volume with new force and attraction. Equally important are the remaining seven chapters on the function and influence of the Church. Among the subjects discussed are the Church Idea, its origin, purpose, testimony, claims, credentials. The writer has kept himself steady and well-poised and shows a full grasp of the modern situation. "The Church must lead the thinking of the age and form public opinion on the great moral issues in the way that Savonarola dominated Florence, and Calvin influenced Geneva, and Knox appealed to Scotland, and Hugh Price Hughes and Dale and Clifford spoke to English Nonconformity as well as to all England, in the ways that Beecher made himself heard in the great crisis of our national life, and Phillips Brooks preached to all classes in the Republic. . . . There never has been an age when more was heard about brotherhood, arbitration, and international peace, and when appearances seemed to justify the dawning of

a new and better era. But events have conclusively shown that it is one thing to talk smoothly, and a different matter to act in accord with the nobly gracious professions. The conflicts with Gnosticism and Marcionitism and other undermining errors in the early centuries could not have been successful for the Church if the leaders as well as the rank and file of the Church membership had not been instructed in the faith. It is not any different to-day when such insidious and subtle fallacies as Christian Science, Russellism, Spiritualism, Ethical Culturism, and the like are being offered as substitutes for the evangelical Christianity of the New Testament. It is the imperative task of the preacher who is also a teacher to educate his people in the meaning and might of the gospel. It is his first business and his last business and his business all the time to be an evangelist and bring people one by one into fellowship with God and Christ. But after this has been done, it is incumbent on him in even a more exacting way to train his people that they may become intelligent and useful members of the Church." The concluding chapter, on "The Larger Vision," is peculiarly timely and goes to the root of the matter. "The question of reunion is not so easy as it may seem to be from a superficial view. Men, buildings, endowments have to be considered. There must be a willingness to practice sacrifice on a large scale for the sake of the cause. This implies a spirit of enthusiasm which must be kindled at Calvary if it is to be profitably effectual. With it must also go the conviction of the urgent need of the world for Christ and of the spiritual waste of duplicating effort for the sake of maintaining an institution and not of redeeming society. The new psychology is teaching us that sufficient justice has not been done to the place of the will. We have appealed to the emotions and to the intellect to incite belief, but we have failed to recognize that belief is very much a question of the will. Present all the facts and arguments that can be mustered, and let it be done as persuasively as possible; but do not forget to summon the will to surrender to the spell and thrill of the program of Christian unity. This cannot be done by stampeding any company of Christians. It can be brought about only as the Church is educated to see the advantages of cooperation and of the costs of progress." From many passages marked for quotation, we select the following about the Church: "We can think of the Church under a variety of aspects. It is a *home* where kindness is found and where disinterested love makes an atmosphere which is not only unique but wonderfully stimulating in the development of the virtues of charity and peace. The Church is a *school* and here goodness is cultivated and character is developed; discipline is also exercised within its bounds, not for the sake of the excommunication, but of the education of the members in perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. The Church is also a *sanctuary* where faith and hope are nurtured in the practice of worship through prayer, meditation, and testimony; it is the place where weary souls find consolation, and discouraged spirits obtain cheer, and those who are perplexed and dismayed receive guidance and strength to continue in their allotted work with fidelity. How these and other ministrations are to be carried out must be left to the Church which enjoys

the guidance of the Holy Spirit and therefore understands how to meet and solve the particular problems which confront it. The early Church developed a polity which met its needs. But the leaders of a later day made the mistake when they supposed that there was a special sanctity in the apostolic polity, as though the same Holy Spirit had ceased to guide subsequent generations in terms of the explicit promise of our Lord. It were unreasonable to suppose that the Church of to-day must operate in accordance with methods that were good enough in colonial centers of the first century instead of recognizing the radically changed situation of the twentieth century. The American Church is faced by problems due to immigration, the increase of city populations of a heterogeneous character, and the complications of industrialism, commercialism, and the unprecedented awakening of the social conscience. We are confident that the Holy Spirit is guiding the modern Church and encouraging the practice of the principle of adaptation. 'The Christlike alone are genuine successors of the apostles'—so wrote George Tyrrell, who was expelled from the Roman Church because of his liberal ideas and his determination to recognize the presence of the Holy Spirit even where the ecclesiastical halo was not to be seen. Those who insist on ancient forms at any cost are obsessed by the glamour of antiquity and show themselves incapable of appreciating the contemporary activities of the living Christ. They need to be reminded of the oft-quoted test of Ignatius, expressed in the familiar phrase: 'Wherever Christ Jesus is, there is the Catholic Church.' The character of the members of the Church is very picturesquely advertised by the names by which they were known among themselves and by the outside world. The earliest name was that of *disciples*, which implied that they had accepted Jesus as their Master and were being guided by his rule of life, amenable to correction, responsive to instruction, submissive to discipline and direction. They were called *brethren*, since they acknowledged one common source of life, the Heavenly Father and the Elder Brother Jesus Christ; bound to one another by such strong ties it was not possible that superficial disturbances could lightly sever them. They were *friends* and so they were cordial in their companionship and shared their mutual joys and sorrows disinterestedly and loyally. They were known as the *followers* of Christ, for they walked in his steps and made him the pattern of their life whom they imitated as to the spirit of devotion which animated him continuously and consistently. They were *believers* and thus confessed their faith in Christ as Saviour from sin, and as the One who is sufficient for all the trying seasons of the soul; their confidence in him was whole-hearted and their experience of his grace had the exhilaration of uttermost gladness. Paul spoke of himself as a *bondservant* of Jesus Christ and thereby declared how utterly he had surrendered his life to do the will of Christ at any cost; the secret of his marvelous career is indicated in this fact which he never hesitated to make known both to friend and foe, in season and out of season. How readily they acted as *witnesses* and thus spoke from firsthand experience of what Christ had done for them in bringing them out of darkness into light; they were, moreover, very happy of the privilege to communicate

the blessed knowledge of a personal and present salvation to every one with whom they came in contact. They were further called *saints* in that they were striving after the ideal of holiness as set forth in the complete character of Christ; this was indeed their vocation, for they were called to be saints, and as long as they kept this thought before them they would be aspiring toward the splendid goal of advance and achievement. It was, however, the name *Christian*, which has survived all the changes of the centuries, which became 'the cardinal title of the faith,' and which expresses more fully than any of the other names the sublime distinctiveness of the charm and glory of the new life in Jesus Christ. The name advertises the honor of Christ and whoever bears it is under manifest obligation to be worthy of the solemn call and the sacred confession. It is then not some vague ideal to be dreamed about which is placed before us, but an inspiring reality which not only compels our attention, but summons us to instant action. And the Church which furnishes the suitable atmosphere for the working out of these things need offer no apology for its right to do work in the name of the Head of the whole Church. In the last analysis, no one can unchurch us except we ourselves; and this is done by un-Christlike behavior which contradicts the most elementary truths of the Christian character. Dr. Slattery well says that 'It is the unrecorded sainthood which has been made in the Church of the ages which is the most eloquent proof of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the world. We know only a few of the vast army of saints who have marched in silent triumph through the Christian years.' This fact furnishes the final argument for the reality of the vital fellowship among Church members. Baptism is the external symbol of the inward disposition of one who would enter the Church. It is a pledge of acceptance by Christ and it was instituted by him to be a sign of the living experience of union with him. The Lord's Supper was instituted by Jesus to be a constant reminder of his redemptive death and to be an occasion of union between all who are in union with himself. This most sacred symbol of his redeeming love has, alas, been the cause of much loveless contention among his followers who have read into the simple service of faith and fraternity many of the metaphysical and ritualistic ideas of paganism. It is very depressing to read the chapter of the Church's history where the discordant sounds of anathemas are heard instead of the sweet music of hallelujahs to the glory of the one and only Saviour. The day is coming when our vision will be purged so that we shall be able to see what is of momentous import in the Christian life and how it can be realized through the fellowship of Christians, whatever their name or sign. We can easily see how great will be the force of such a testimony of Christ-inspired souls and what a conclusive argument it can be for the power of the living Christ in extending his supremacy. It will bring people of every tribe and nation into the membership of the Universal Church which comprehends all sects and denominations in a blessed communion of souls who are akin in character to the Lord and Saviour of us all." We find the following allusion to the Kikuyu incident, and the ridiculous and asinine Bishop of Zanzibar: "The sudden and violent reversal of

the hands of the clock of progress is one of the tragedies of history. The noble ecumenical gathering of Christian Churches in Edinburgh in 1910, in the interests of missionary work throughout the world, was a notable contribution toward Christian unity. It seemed to many that the era of better things had dawned for Christianity. There were, however, dissenting voices. But how insistent was the opposition to unity became known later, and that from an unlooked for quarter. The occasion was a missionary conference at Kikuyu, British East Africa, on June 7, 1913. Those who participated in this fraternal gathering were Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, and Lutherans. They were confronted by a militant Mohammedanism and had come together to devise ways by which they might establish the Cross where the Crescent was in control. The deliberations were concluded by the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Scotch Presbyterian Church. It was administered by the two Anglican bishops. This exhibition of Christian unity was violently resented by the High Church bishop of Zanzibar who threw a bomb into the camp. His contention was that non-episcopal churches are 'bodies whose very existence is hostile to Christ's Holy Church.' Had not the European war diverted the attention of Christians from this ecclesiastical issue, the course of disruption might have been serious. It is bound to make its appearance soon, but we fervently hope that the sacramentalists and ceremonialists will come to a better understanding of what is vitally essential in Christian faith and fellowship. Sectarianism is practically a dead issue except among its self-constituted custodians of the High Church party, who insist that the whole truth is contained within their little segment of the large circle of God's grace." The extracts we have made illustrate the ability and value of a sane and constructive volume. The author has been for some years a literary adviser to a well-known non-denominational publishing house.

John and His Writings. By D. A. Hayes, Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Graduate School of Theology, Garrett Biblical Institute. 8vo, pp. 328. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, $1.75 net.

A great deal has been written on the writings associated with the name of the apostle John, most of it of a controversial character. We recall Westcott's commentary and introduction, marked by spiritual insight, scholarly and conservative. Sanday on The Criticism of the Fourth Gospel is distinguished by balanced judgment and belongs to the mediating school. E. F. Scott on The Fourth Gospel, its Purpose and Theology, is brilliant but radical. All three volumes are necessary for an adequate understanding of the spiritual Gospel. On the Epistles we have notable books like The Tests of Life, by Law; Fellowship in the Life Eternal, by Findlay, and Bishop Westcott's Commentary. The book of Revelation is ably dealt with by Ramsay in The Letters to the Seven Churches, C. A. Scott in the New Century Bible, Moffatt in The Exposi-

tor's Greek Testament, and Swete in his great Commentary. In the face of these remarkable contributions, we make bold to say that Professor Hayes has produced a volume which will take rank with the best. What he did so well for Paul and His Epistles, he here does for John and His Writings. He enables us to appreciate the real spiritual worth of John's contributions to the New Testament. What is more, he makes us better acquainted with John the man, the apostle, the writer, who above all was the ardent lover of Jesus. A comparison between Paul and John is worth quoting: "Paul is the greatest of the scribes, learned in the law; John is the greatest of the seers, learned in love. Paul deals with syllogisms; John deals with intuitions. Paul argues and convinces; John sees and declares. Paul is an advocate; John is a prophet. Paul proves with inevitable logic; John proclaims with irrefutable insight. Paul's proofs press upon each other like waves dashing over fortifications of sand on the beach. John's thought moves calmly and majestically like the ripples which spread outward in ever-widening circles till they are lost to sight, when you drop a pebble into the dimpling surface of the sleeping lake." Professor Hayes takes note of the best results and conclusions of those who have discussed this difficult subject, and after carefully reviewing the controversial literature decides in favor of John, the disciple whom Jesus loved, as the author of the Gospel, the Epistles and the Apocalypse. He is calm, judicious, and convincing and one feels that he is being guided by a master who not only knows his subject but also enjoys the faculty of communicating knowledge. Part I considers with rare discernment the personality and influence of the apostle. There are fine touches of humor and humanity in the delineations. "John was the very opposite of the man who is forever talking about himself, vaunting his own deeds, and blowing his own trumpet. Some men put in so much time doing that that there is no time left for making their promises good. They are first-class in advertising but third-rate in performance." We are told so little about John in the New Testament because "the writers of those books either did not appreciate him at his true worth or they cherished an active feeling of dislike for him in their hearts." This is hard on the writers. But since human nature has always been the same, and not any different so far as the apostolic church was concerned, if such was the treatment measured out to John, he surely was able to survive it. In spite of the misunderstanding and disregard, he produced the richest and most deeply satisfying of the New Testament writings. Part II, on The Most Remarkable Gospel, is a full discussion of the distinctive qualities of the Gospel according to the man who "had more furrows in his cheek, more vigor in his voice, greater depths of feeling and sympathy within him, and greater possibilities of hate because greater possibilities of love." Among the characteristics noted are its spiritual insight; its simplicity of expression; its remarkable union of clearness and profundity of revelation; its literary style as to choice of words and ideas, use of the mystic numbers three and seven, and straightforward constructions. The usual questions pertaining to date, occasion, authorship, message are all thoroughly gone into. Its contents and claims well

justify its title as "the Gospel for all eternity." The radical critics are sharply answered in this long sentence of defense of the veracity of early Christian literature. "Too many writers in this field have approached the works of the church Fathers as if they were the productions of men of very suspicious character, banded together to mislead and deceive; and such writers seem to have proceeded upon the assumption that they were called to point out all apparent contradictions and possible misconceptions and in every way which human cleverness or diabolical ingenuity could devise they have attempted to cast discredit upon the statements made by the leaders and the saints in the church." The same careful investigation and lucid exposition are seen in the remaining portions of the volume. The First Epistle of John is a final and crowning revelation. "No other book in the Bible contains a larger number of the essentials in the gospel put so compactly and clearly." In separate sections the outstanding qualities of the Epistle are expounded. It is the Epistle of love, of knowledge, of the Incarnation, of the Atonement, of personal experience, of fellowship, of purity, and of victory. Considerable space is given to the apocalypse and every important aspect of the subject is noted and appraised. Its relation to the Jewish apocalypses of the time and the characteristics of apocalyptical literature are impartially considered. "The apocalypse of John is a Christian book . . . is easily distinguished from all other books of the class, and vindicates its right to a place in the sacred canon from which they (the Jewish books) have been excluded. It is the consummate flower of their series, and there is a tone of divine authority about it which has spoken to the heart of the church through all time. It is the prophetic book of the New Testament." The attempts of the various schools of interpretation to read into these poetic utterances their own prosaic conclusions should make us cautious in being dogmatic. The amount of ingenuity expended in making clear the significance of the mystic numbers, for instance, is as amazing as the skill of the Hindu juggler. Among its salient features are the revelation of heavenly powers, of the essence of evil, of the ceaseless conflict with sin, and of the glorious victory for the right and the good. Professor Hayes states that the future belongs to John. It is no small praise to say that his valued introduction to the writings of John will help to bring nearer this distant future.

Understanding the Scriptures. By Francis J. McConnell. 16mo, pp. 144. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

This is one of the most helpful books on the Bible, and we are inclined to think that it is the best which Bishop McConnell has written of the splendid series of his volumes which have enriched the thought and life of the Church. There is no subject on which clear thinking is more imperative than that which is considered in this essay. The author does not take note of details which are so apt to become side issues, but he

selects for discussion "the loftier biblical peaks which give the direction of the whole range." We are confident that a careful study of these six chapters by preachers and laity will lead to such an emphasis of the fundamentals that the claims and influence of the Bible will obtain on a much more authoritative scale. In his rich little volume, "The Essentials of Methodism," which should circulate by the thousand, Bishop McConnell stated that, "What is distinctive in Methodism is the emphasis upon religious experience." With characteristic consistency and lucidity he points out in his latest volume the significance of "Methodist accents" to the profitable understanding of the Scriptures. Any one who follows his accurate method of reasoning will come to the inevitable conclusion that the record of the divine revelation contained in the Bible can be understood, not by the processes of logic and speculation, but by the intuitions of a vital Christian experience. The bishop concedes much to the critical and historical methods in Biblical study, but he makes it clear that we must guard against assumptions. In the last analysis the real difficulties in understanding the Book are "not so much of the intellect as they are of conscience and will—the difficulties, in a word, that arise from the hardness of men's hearts." This is by no means a dogmatic assertion, as he substantially demonstrates in these pages which have the breath of modern thought, both as to breadth and depth. One of the outstanding features of the Bible is that its writers deal with the concrete and not with theories of abstract philosophy. Their conceptions have grown out of their profound experience, as indeed has been the case with all the world-shaking conceptions of history. The Scriptures have to do with deeds not words, and "nothing could be more hopeless than the attempt to get to the heart of Christian truth without attempting to build that truth into life. So then questions of infallibility and inspiration are not to be settled as abstract propositions or generalizations, but must first be tested by the Christian certainties of life. The chapter on The Book of Life which deals with these matters is followed by one on The Book of Humanity, which is a persuasive discussion of the truth that the Bible has secured its unique place because of its intense concern for the rights of the individual and of society. "The Bible is conceived in a spirit of respect for men. Only those who enter into that same spirit can hope to make much of the Biblical revelation." Another chapter is on The Book of God. This is a fitting title of the Bible, for it is a revelation of the divine character which is more coherent and consistent and much fuller than any to be found elsewhere in all literature. The emphasis on the moral nature of God has to do with the thought that God is under obligation to use his power for moral ends. It is, however, in Christ that perfect expression was given of God's character. The chapter on The Book of Christ makes an important distinction which, if recognized, will avoid much loose and confused thinking. If we think of Christ merely as a human ideal, he is the despair of mankind, for none can scale the summits of his perfection. If, on the other hand, we think of Christ as the final revelation of God, he becomes the hope of all the ages. Through him men find God and obtain rest, hope and inspiration. The bearing of this

truth on the understanding of the Scriptures is ably worked out. "There is no proving in syllogistic fashion that Jesus was what he claimed to be, or that he was what his disciples thought of him as being, but when we see a massive revealing movement centering on the idea of God as revealed in Christ, when we see the acceptance of the spirit of Christ opening the path to communion with the Divine, and when we find increasing hosts of persons finding larger life in that approach to the Divine, we begin to discern the vast significance of the Scriptural doctrine that in Christ we have the revelation of the Christlike God." The greatest fact about Christ is his cross, which is searchingly discussed in the closing chapter of this very remarkable volume. "In the school of Christ the very heaviest stress must fall upon the indispensability of cross-bearing as a means of understanding." It is moreover the quality of God's love of heroic self-sacrifice more than the mere fact of his love, and also the consistent appeal to sacrificial heroism which explain the permanent power of the Bible. They only can understand its message of redemption who have such a spirit.

A Guide to the Study of the Christian Religion. Edited by Gerald Birney Smith. 8vo, pp. x+759. The University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, $3.00.

The symposium idea of dealing with the manysided aspects of Christianity is well worked out in this volume. The essays are by twelve writers, each one a master in his own department. The authors agree only as regards "the acceptance of the historical method and the belief that the interpretation of Christianity must be in accord with the rightful tests of scientific truthfulness and actual vitality in the modern world." Large scope is thus permitted for diversity of viewpoint in accord with the spirit of freedom which is so characteristic of modern scholarship. Even if we must disagree with certain conclusions, it is refreshing to be brought in contact with earnest efforts to understand and interpret the spirit of the age in the light of Christ, the Soul of life. Underlying all the discussions there is the note of confidence in the supreme adequacy of Christianity. "However much grander and richer it may become, generic Christianity to-morrow, as yesterday, will prove itself capable of satisfying the religious needs of a dominant social mind in terms and concepts, both individual and collective, which are furnished by that social mind. Expressing itself in an enriched, genetically progressing, and far-reaching way of life, it can have no other foundation than that which is laid, Jesus Christ our Lord. Any form of Christianity that is not in attitude and fundamental sympathies at one with the religious spirit of historical Christianity, in whatever way it may reject the philosophies or the dramatic pictures and analogies in which this spirit has been expressed, will be spiritually weak." So writes Professor Shailer Mathews in his discerning essay on "The Historical Study of Religion." He correctly states that "theology is the outgrowth of the needs of religion

for intellectual expression." Since the needs of each generation are peculiarly distinct there is an imperative call for new formulations. A writer in a recent issue of the Hibbert Journal declared that theology has a threefold task—to describe and analyze religious experience, to examine critically the contents of this experience, and to offer a constructive elaboration of an ideal of the religious life. This is the task undertaken in the present volume and fulfilled with remarkable ability. It has in mind, more especially, the scholarly needs of the working pastor who must keep in touch with every phase of thought and life that bears upon Christianity and the church. It is very fitting that a volume like this, with its fearless and optimistic outlook, should appear in view of the four hundredth anniversary of the nailing of the theses by Luther. In his plea for the trained mind, President Faunce emphasizes the importance of the study of languages by the collegian preparing for the ministry, and adds: "Half the theological disputes of the world come from inability to state what we mean, or to understand what others have stated." The writers of these essays occasionally go over familiar ground, but that is inevitable in a book of this character. It is a contribution to Bible introduction, theological introduction, church history, and pastoral theology, after a comprehensive and constructive fashion. The ruling idea is that of development. So Christianity is viewed in terms of life—the vital religious experience of actual people. Hence Christianity is always in the making and failure has attended all attempts to fix its contents and give it finality. "If it can be shown that Christianity to-day is alive to the pressing religious and moral questions of human life, and that it is furnishing insight and power for the solutions of those questions, we may well speak enthusiastically of its future. A Christianity which can point to its adaptability, which can look hopefully forward to such changes as are necessary in order that it may play a leading part in the solution of our spiritual problems, is more defensible than is a Christianity standing rigidly for the finality of this or that doctrine or practice." There are four essays dealing with this question: "The Study of Early Christianity," by Case; "The Development and Meaning of the Catholic Church," by Christie; "The Protestant Reformation," by Cross; and "The Development of Modern Christianity," by Gates. Any one who reads them consecutively will find in these nearly two hundred and fifty pages an illuminating survey of the progress of the church during the centuries. The writers carefully reckon with the political and social influences of the times, in accordance with the thought of Christianity as a vitalizing and transforming force. Those who are planning to preach on the Protestant Reformation will here find much helpful material. "The content of Lutheran theology was mainly Catholic in form and somewhat so in spirit." The work of Luther was supplemented by Zwingli, Calvin, and Knox. "It will be well," says Professor Cross, "to notice the contrast between the Lutheran countries and the countries under the influence of Calvinism with its more vigorous and moral fiber. It would seem that but for the latter Protestantism might have been extinguished." It is also interesting to recall the fact that Calvinism has always made for democracy,

while the influence of Lutheranism has furthered autocracy. The present war is a convincing illustration. In harmony with the principle of development much yet remains to be done toward a sound and scholarly evangelicalism which will take due note of the spiritual and social necessities of life. When it is further remembered that Protestantism has not squarely faced the tests of free investigation, it is not difficult to realize the nature of its modern task. Take, for instance, the issue pertaining to the Bible. "The function of criticism is appreciation, not depreciation, as is too commonly supposed." The modern view of the Old Testament has made it more of the preacher's book than ever before. The same is true in even a larger measure with the New Testament, which is the preacher's most valuable source of inspiration and thought. It should be studied for the purposes of history, theology, and ethics, for the development of personal character, and for religious teaching and preaching. Both the essays on the Old and New Testaments merit careful study. The elements of modern Christianity are rationality, humanity, spirituality, secularity, liberty, scientific veracity, social responsibility, democracy, and catholicity. Two quotations will illustrate the style of exposition of this subject. "The essence of spirituality consists in a direct, personal, and inner relation to God as opposed to a magical, ceremonial, or hierarchical relation; in ethical conduct rather than in ecstatic feeling or doctrinal inerrancy. . . . A greater appreciation of the worth and sanctity of the present natural order enters preeminently into the attitude of the modern Christian. The secular spirit has grown as the ascetic spirit has declined. It has broken down the sharp antithesis between sacred and secular, the present and the future, the heavenly and the earthly, the inspired and the uninspired, the human and the divine." The strong essay on "Systematic Theology and Christian Ethics" has a fine statement on doctrinal preaching. A timely word is also written on the need for a revised theological vocabulary. The content of some of the traditional words and phrases has changed so that we should recognize the danger of artificiality which lurks in the use of outgrown terms. The new type of Christian experience cannot be uttered after the style of a former age, but must find expression in the terminology of our own day. We cannot agree with the idea that "the morality of the New Testament moves on a very simple plane of personal relationships, and does not involve any serious entanglement with the social and industrial problems of existing civilization." The New Testament furnishes principles by which all our modern problems can be solved, and wherever men have missed the mark it was due to their failure to be governed by the high ideals of "the book of humanity." Many practical suggestions are given in the essay on "Practical Theology." Let every preacher read it that he may have a clear understanding of the pressing demands on the ministry. There is a healthy criticism of efficiency. "What this watchword does not emphasize is the significance of self-possession; of lifting up our eye to the hills whence cometh our help; of testing the life that now is by the vision of the largest life that we can imagine and appreciate. In a way that appeals to a superficial populace with quantita-

tive standards it emphasizes results rather than ideals, vigor rather than cultivation, temporary success rather than wholeness of life, the greatness of him that 'taketh a city' rather than of him that 'ruleth his spirit.' It points to a shallow pragmatism, missing the pragmatic depths." This quotation is from the closing essay on "The Contribution of Critical Scholarship to Ministerial Efficiency," by Professor J. B. Foster. It brings all the discussions to a focus and stresses that which is most desirable for both preachers and laymen, even a clear experience of God. "One of the great merits of scientific theology is its recognition that the way to God is not proof, but prayer; that we know God because we have faith in him, rather than have faith in him because we know him." The chapters are enriched throughout by very full bibliographies to aid in further study. Each essay is introduced by a careful analysis so that one can take in at a glance the character of the contents. There is also a practical index. The preacher who studies and uses this book will become well equipped for the responsibilities of ministerial leadership.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Twenty Minutes of Reality. By Margaret Prescott Montague. 16mo, pp. 107. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

The author had a peculiar experience while convalescing in a hospital. Supposing it to be unique, she wrote a description of it in The Atlantic Monthly. To her surprise she discovered from the correspondence which ensued that many others have also had moments of this strange psychic quickening, in which the very soul of the world seems for a while unveiled. This little book contains her account of her strange experience together with a dozen letters to her elicited by her story, and narrating similar experiences, among them An Artist's Testimony, A Musical Point of View, A Literary Man's Experience, and Another Ecstatic. After describing her own "Twenty Minutes of Reality," the author goes on thus (quotation marks omitted): Though there was nothing exactly religious in what I saw, the accounts given by people who have passed through religious conversion or illumination come nearer to describing my emotions than anything else that I have come across. These testimonies I came upon by chance almost a year after my hospital episode, and was astonished to find that they were describing very much what I had passed through. I think if I had had nothing to match them in my own experience I should almost certainly have felt sure that these people, because of the emotional excitement within themselves, imagined all the beauties that they described. Now I believe that they are describing what is actually there. Here are some of the testimonies offered by people who have experienced illumination in one form or another. "Natural objects were glorified," one person affirms. "My spiritual vision was so clarified that I saw beauty in every natural object in the universe." Another says, "When I went into the field to work, the glory of God appeared in all his visible creation. I well remember we reaped oats, and how

every straw and beard of the oats seemed, as it were, arrayed in a kind of rainbow glory, or to glow, if I may so express it, in the glory of God." The father of Rabindranath Tagore thus describes his illumination: "I felt a serenity and joy which I had never experienced before . . . the joy I felt . . . that day overflowed my soul. . . . I could not sleep that night. The reason of my sleeplessness was the ecstasy of soul; as if moonlight had spread itself over my mind for the whole of that night." And when Tagore speaks of his own illumination he says, "It was morning; I was watching the sunrise in Free School Street. A veil was suddenly drawn and everything I saw became luminous. The whole scene was one perfect music; one marvelous rhythm. The houses in the street, the children playing, all seemed part of one luminous whole—inexpressibly glorified. I was full of gladness, full of love for every tiniest thing." Doubtless almost any intense emotion may open our "inward eye" to the beauty of reality. Falling in love appears to do it for some people. The beauties of nature or the exhilaration of artistic creation does it for others. Probably any high experience may momentarily stretch our souls up on tiptoe, so that we catch a glimpse of that marvelous beauty which is always there, but which we are not often tall enough to perceive. Emerson says, "We are immersed in beauty, but our eyes have no clear vision." I believe that religious conversion more often clears the eyes to this beauty of truth than any other experience. The following quotation from Canon Inge may not be entirely out of place in this connection: "Incidentally I may say that the peculiar happiness which accompanies every glimpse of insight into truth and reality, whether in the scientific, æsthetic, or emotional sphere, seems to me to have a greater apologetic value than has been generally recognized. It is the clearest possible indication that the truth is for us the good, and forms the ground of a reasonable faith that all things, if we could see them as they are, would be found to work together for good to those who love God." In what I saw there was nothing seemingly of an ethical nature. Indeed, it seemed as though beauty and joy were more at the heart of Reality than an overanxious morality. Perhaps at such times of illumination there is no need to worry over sin, for one is so transported by the beauty of humanity, and so poured out in love toward every human being, that sin becomes almost impossible. Perhaps duty may merely point the way. When one arrives at one's destination it would be absurd to go back and reconsult the guidepost. Blindness of heart may be the real sin, and if we could only purify our hearts to behold the beauty that is all about us, sin would vanish away. When Christ says, "Seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you," he may mean by "all these things" spiritual virtues even more than things temporal, such as what we shall eat, and wherewithal we shall be clothed. It may be that he stood forever conscious of a transcendent beauty, and joy, and love, and that what grieved him most was mankind's inability to behold what was there before their very eyes. Perhaps, too, this may be the great difference between the saints and the Puritans. Both are agreed that goodness is the means to the end, but the saints have passed on to the end and

entered into the realization, and are happy. (One of the most endearing attributes of saints of a certain type is their childlike gayety, which can proceed only from a happy and trustful heart.) The Puritan, on the other hand, has stuck fast in the means—is still worrying over the guide-posts, and is distrustful and over-anxious. The Puritan walks in a worried morality; the saint dances in the vision of God's love; and doubtless both are right dear in the sight of the Lord, but the saint is the happiest. We could not help but dance if we could see things as they really are. Then we should kiss both hands to Fate and fling our bodies, hearts, minds, and souls into life with a glorious abandonment, an extravagant, delighted loyalty, knowing that our wildest enthusiasm cannot more than brush the hem of the real beauty and joy and wonder that is always there. This is how, for me, all fear of eternity has been wiped away. I have had a little taste of bliss, and if heaven can offer this, no eternity will be too long to enjoy the miracle of existence. So writes the author. We give now some of the responses to her story. Here is one who thinks the author's experience was an awakening to the *cosmic consciousness:* I am convinced that this state of consciousness is the proper heritage of "Whosoever will" receive it in God's way, and think enough in terms of the universal purpose and plan to become acclimated to things celestial. I feel sure that there are certain laws of mental development whereby almost any person who will faithfully follow them can so greatly enlarge his concept of life that it will be like a chicken stepping from its shell into the sunlight and the world beautiful. As to the methods available for developing cosmic consciousness I know of nothing that can for a moment compare with silent prayer. Studies along advanced lines and a search for the Truth wherever found are helpful in giving one a clearer concept of what to pray for and how to pray. But union with God is the end and aim of it all, and includes all that can be desired. Prayer alone will not take the place of action in response to what prayer has revealed as the right thing to do. Unquestioned obedience to the intuitions, cutting loose from all merely human policies that would compete with intuition for your decision, these are important steps. Seeking the intellectual confirmation of things received intuitively also gives a balance to the thought and a solidity to one's perceptions. One can go just about so far by intuition and then the rest of the mind must catch up. Happy is the man who knows how to develop all his faculties equally and keep them abreast in the upward march. Though you climb the mountains, if you leave something essential in the valley, you will some day have to come back and get it. On your upward journey take with you all you shall ever need. Prayer is the basic instinct of being—the creature renewing his life at its Source. From this fountain of life all other instincts and faculties are vivified. Every "drop" of life that refreshes the extremities first flowed in through the one great channel which connects us with God. When Jesus was asked what is the greatest Commandment, he chose the First, and elaborated it, saying, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, and all thy heart, and all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself." And he said, "On these two commandments hang

all the Law and the Gospel." All means every part of. All the mind means every faculty of the mind, such as the Memory, the Reason, the Imagination, the Intuition. All the heart means the Love, the Obedience, the Response, the Will, the Emotion, the Purpose, the Motives, the Belief (that is, what one admits to himself is true). All the soul includes a complete adjustment of the soul to God's laws; it includes repentance, confession, obedience, consecration, sanctification, and eternal surrender to the will of God. Everything contained in the memory must be brought to light and laid on the altar of God; he must be allowed to transform it into an instrument of use by reinterpretation. Just as a reformed "white slaver" consecrates his personal knowledge of the ways of the underworld to the task of redeeming those that are still in the vortex. Every impression, good or bad, ever made on the memory, can be made useful when God is the User. Hence to worship God with all the mind includes the memory and all it contains. Hence the necessity that the individual should pass through a period when all the memory contains is brought up and laid on the altar. In a like manner must the Reason be cleansed of all its false reasonings, and filled with true reasonings, the false, transformed, giving point to the new, and true. So also must the Imagination be redeemed, reformed, and made an instrument of God, and able to take its place in the worship of God, and be forever the forerunner of experiences yet to be, and the handler of things not present. It is through the Imagination that man's mind comprehends the cosmos. Imagination is the creative faculty. The image of the Creator must be creative. The Universe exists in the Imagination of God. Our Universe exists in our Imagination, that is, as much of the Universe as is ours is what the Imagination can encompass. Hence the importance of expanding the capacity of the Imagination. You can in like manner amplify every faculty of mind, heart, and soul, and by developing each (through prayer and obedience) you develop more and more all the faculties whereby you may come into closer touch with the Great Reality. Here is the experience of another on coming out from an operation: I had little trouble in coming out of the ether, and I was on my feet again and returned home the same afternoon. A few days' rest made me feel as fit as ever. It was while quietly lounging about on the second day that my thoughts reverted to what had just passed. It was then that the realization came over me. It is as vivid to-day. To my surprise, the past event was seen in an utterly new light; the experience undergone before the loss of consciousness had lost its grip of terror upon me. Certainty dwelt calmly, assuringly, inevitably in my soul—certainty that the past was past and had not been an approach to death, and that the future could never be torn from out my soul. I knew that not for an instant during the period of utter blankness had I ceased to exist, nay, to be conscious; that my soul had made some tremendous journey whose range and destination my mind could but dimly guess. I was not mentally elated or physically excited, but calm in mind and body. I was having no vision. Simply I seemed possessed of the certainty of having had such a vision; rather of having been for a time a conscious part of the ultimate

reality, the vision of which was no longer present in my mind. Something had happened in that period of blankness—I know not what. It was as though I had been borne gently up out of some dark abyss, toward which I looked back now without terror, into a realm of mist and moving gray cloud through which I could distinguish immense granite cliffs forming the walls of the pit above whose sun-lit rim I had at last been given a vision of unimaginable beauty; as though it had been vouchsafed me to gaze for an instant into the very eyes of God to receive assurance from his smiling glance. This certainty of the goodness of the universe has dawned in my soul, though I have no vision to recount as its cause. The strength and quiet peacefulness of its presence have not lessened. I am convinced that during that short period of unconsciousness something of immense import to my soul took place. How could *nothing* have happened? Another writes thus: I, too, have had several of those "rare and fleeting occasions." The first of these came when I was a child of eleven years. Mother had often talked with me about Jesus, so that I think I really loved him, but I did doubt a bit whether he loved me. I longed to know he did. One Sunday noon, after I had been speaking to him in my childish way, suddenly a great light seemed to burst upon me: not an external light—an inward light. I cannot put it in words as you can. It was a new and glorious world, a world of ineffable love and light which seemed to emanate from a Presence which I knew to be there but which I could not see. I thought it was Jesus. My little heart throbbed with ecstasy at what seemed to me his smile. My body seemed light and I felt as if walking on air. I had to tell some one my joy, and sought my oldest sister and said timidly, "I have found Jesus! I am so happy. It is all light now!" This sort of inner glory lasted an hour or two, or till the middle of the afternoon service, when it vanished as suddenly as it came and left me bewildered and desolate. I had to whisper to my sister then, for I could not wait for the end of the service. I said in my distress, "I've lost him! It is all dark again. What *shall* I do?" I am eighty-one years old, but that vision and its ecstasy are as vivid in memory as had it opened on me to-day. Several "Minutes of Reality" have come to me later in life. Once at a great crisis, a mental strain, accompanied with a humiliating sense of inability to act strongly, I had a sudden vision of a central self which almost overwhelmed me. It was a reservoir of new, unguessed powers, measureless capacities, and unfathomed emotions—a reservoir from which I had never drawn because this present life offered neither time nor scope for what was there, and I involuntarily exclaimed, "Now I *know* I am immortal! I am more than I dreamed I was!" At another time of prolonged mental strain and perplexity I went one day to walk in the fields. All at once the strain ceased as would the pressure on a severed cord. I was flooded with an ineffable soul-light which seemed to radiate from a great Personality with whom I was in immediate touch. I felt it to be the touch of God. The ecstasy was beyond description. I was passing through a patch of "beggar's grass," which you may know, with its wiry stems, ending in feathery heads. Every head shone and glistened like pearls.

I could hardly walk for the overwhelming sense of the Divine Presence, and its joy. I almost *saw* God. I have never spoken to anyone of these wonderful and beautiful experiences, because I felt no one would understand. They were very vivid, but now that I have put them into words, they seem very colorless. Language is so blurring to any attempted picture of the deep things of the Spirit. Another writes thus: My experience of Reality was brought about by wrong doing. I believe I am naturally very honest, but at the time I speak of I had been pursuing, for a considerable period, a course that was, to say the least, disingenuous, and thereby I was attaining what seemed to me at the time a great advantage. I was not at peace, however, and all spiritual truth, to which I had previously been keenly sensitive, appeared to me dead and unreal. I used to pray that I might be made to *feel* the reality of it, but no answer came until, after a long time of jangling conflict and inner misery, I one day, *quite quietly and with no conscious effort*, stopped doing the disingenuous thing. Then the marvel happened. It was as if a great rubber band which had been stretched almost to the breaking point were suddenly released and snapped back to its normal condition. Heaven and earth were changed for me. Everything was glorious because of its relation to some great central life—nothing seemed to matter but that life. While the experience lasted—and I think it must have been some time, as I remembered it both in the house and out—I could have gone cheerfully to the stake. I walked on air, so gloriously commissioned did I feel by some higher power. Even the details of daily living, such as tying one's shoestrings, or brushing one's teeth, which had previously almost suffocated me by their monotony, became of thrilling interest as fitting me for the work I was to do. Reality was shown to me in answer to my prayer. I *saw*, as plainly as I see the city chimneys from my window as I write, great shoulders of Truth and Righteousness reaching down underneath all material things like the rock-ribs of a mountain-side beneath the shifting clouds and shadows. I saw that all material things are but clouds and shadows in comparison. Hence I have never doubted what *Reality* is. One of the most impressive responses to the account of Twenty Minutes of Reality is the following: As I read that article I said, "Of course." "Why, naturally," "Of course," at the ending of so many paragraphs that, at last, I found myself gasping in amazement that any person should have thought an experience of *twenty minutes* of reality a thing of sufficient import to write about. All my life long (I am forty-four years old), from the age of five years when I danced madly around the first Christmas tree I can remember, shouting "Joy, Joy, Joy!" I've known *more* than twenty minutes of this unveiled naked reality every humdrum day I've lived—and, up to now, I supposed I was just like everybody else, and that everybody else was like me, excepting misanthropes, valetudinarians, Standard Oil magnates, vivisectionists, and kings who, of course, we all know were born blind. I supposed every normal person heard this undertone of Joy—this unseen *but always felt* Reality of things, beating and throbbing underneath the horrible and sad, underneath even the monotonous and dull (which is worse than

the horrible because less impressive and intense). I am a very ordinary woman, living a very ordinary life, my days (the bulk of them, at least) given up to housework—tending my furnace, cooking, dusting, washing dishes; but somehow these duties are never really gray; in the heart of them there's always a glow. Whenever I tend my furnace I feel a thrill of wonder as I think of the shiny black coal coming out of this miraculous earth, and of the brave, toiling lives of sturdy men that have been spent and sacrificed down in the mines to dig out that very coal so that I *can* tend my furnace. I really love my coalbin, for I always feel as though it brought me so close to a big Reality—close to God and close to man. It's like a tremendous link. The Beauty of things I don't find quite so poignant when I'm washing dishes, though there is always a bird warbling in the lilac bush outside my kitchen window or a streak of sunlight on the vines to make me feel the glad wild joy at the heart of life—and did it not sound like too great a silliness, I could truthfully say that I have given way, day after day, to an ecstasy of wonder at the fresh clean water in my dishpan, and have stood, like a gaping idiot, sometimes for several moments, gaping at it as though it were Niagara Falls—and so it is, only a "little less." From the eternal mystery of the stars down to my very dishpan it's all so thrilling, so outside of ourselves, so God-put-together, that there never has been, to me, any "commonplace." The rain pattering on my roof always makes something warm swish around in my heart just as it does when I hear Schumann-Heink; it seems perfectly unescapable, this endless consciousness of Joy and Beauty. As to Eternity it's always made me chuckle.

The Philosophy of Wang Yang-Ming. By FREDERICK GOODRICH HENKE. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Price, $2.50.

WHO is interested in modern Chinese philosophy? We are all more or less thrilled when we read of ancient Chinese art and literature and we stand amazed at the artesian wells and vast engineering achievements centuries before America was discovered. We all know of the invention of the mariner's compass and coined money and gunpowder, and of inoculation for smallpox and the discovery of the circulation of the blood at a period so early that Europe was not yet born, and some of us have been somewhat excited to learn that movable types were used in China nearly 1,000 years ago, and that the Peking News put out its first appearance as a newspaper in the 6th century of our era, and we may have felt also a degree of reverence for Confucius and Mencius and Laotsze, and possibly one or two other religious writers who lived 2,500 years or more in the far past; but who has known that even in comparatively modern times the Chinese have been producing thinkers who have written works on philosophy worthy to be mentioned side by side with those produced contemporaneously in Europe? Certainly our writers on the history of philosophy have not known this; for even our most voluminous Dictionaries of Philosophy and Encyclopedias of Religion and Ethics do not

think it worth while to give us any information later than the third century before Christ. They barely mention the names of perhaps half a dozen writers later than this—and no single writer later than the third century A. D. Wang Yang-Ming, whose philosophy Dr. Henke of Allegheny College has just translated and ably interpreted, is not even mentioned in the Encyclopædia Britannica or the Bibliotheca Sinica. But Professor Henke proves very conclusively that Wang Yang-Ming was well worth mentioning. He was just twenty years old when America was discovered, and ten years later, though weak and sickly, began to express theories about life and duty and nature and God which not only won the respect of his own countrymen, but are yet well worthy of study by all who in any land ponder the persistent problems of philosohy and life. Those who have believed that Chinese philosophy consisted merely of some confused generalizations concerning filial piety and certain other practical duties, and the proprieties to be observed by the "superior man," will be disillusioned by this exposition. Nothing surprises us more than to find some of our most important modern problems recognized and grappled with in this book. The fact is that Western scholars have hitherto taken Chinese philosophy in homeopathic doses, administered at long intervals apart, and therefore even in Confucius himself we are sometimes startled to find modern conceptions. Wang Yang-Ming, who lived 2,000 years later than Confucius, plainly teaches "Idealism" of a refreshingly modern type, and he was a "Monist" also. As Dr. Henke says: "For him mind covered the entire gamut of existence: he thought that nothing exists independent of and apart from mind." Yet it is worth adding that he never insisted, as Berkeley did, upon the non-existence of a material world, nor did he fall into the senseless vagaries of modern Eddyism. His philosophic method was that of introspection. Every individual has within himself the spring of knowledge; each man has the solution of the problems of the universe within himself. "Man is the measure of all things." Like Confucius he emphasized investigation as the proper philosophic method, but like Mencius he emphasized intuition as the test of truth. Any man who is "sincere" and listens to the whisperings of his own nature can become a sage; even a boy of sixteen may begin this deepest research. It is not the tabulation and remembering of facts that makes a man really learned, but the tranquil examination and use of the wisdom offered by one's own nature. It is not necessary to deliberate in the least nor to exert oneself to assist the development of this "intuition," for it is "very trustworthy and perfectly clear." "He who lacks the capacity of distinguishing between right and wrong is not a man." The "self" makes moral distinctions as easily and certainly as the mouth makes distinctions of taste and the eye of color (pp. 262, 178, 491, ff.). Yet the moral impressions are to be "rectified" as the sense impressions must be tested and rectified. While man's "nature" was originally good, and while, in the large, it can still be trusted by one who is "sincere," yet the original nature has been lost through selfishness and the natural "insight" has been clouded by pride and ambition and love of fame, so that one's passions must be controlled in order that the true self may be

disclosed. The optimism of our philosopher is very different from the note which meets us so often in modern and ancient Chinese literature—for example in this poem:

> "Ah me! my body's but a fragile vessel
> Upon the ever-moving sea of life,
> Where light and shade and fitful joys and sorrows
> Control me in their ever-changing strife."[1]

Wang Yang-Ming, like Tennyson, writes: "Man is man, and master of his fate." A clear and persistent purpose, leading to action which is consistent with one's knowledge, is necessary if truth and wisdom and goodness are to be reached. It is here that we see the reaction of Wang Yang-Ming against the Buddhism which has so befogged and devitalized so much of modern thought in China and Japan. His solitary mention of women, so far as I have noticed, is in the following quotation from the Teacher: "If a man is fond of women, it is the spirit of salaciousness that confuses; if he is covetous, it is the spirit of covetousness that deludes him"; etc. This is in entire harmony with the ordinary Chinese opinion of women as it was voiced over 200 years before Confucius:

> "The wise man's wisdom is our strength,
> The woman's wisdom is our bane.
> The men build up the city walls
> For women to tear down again."[1]

The "Letters to his Students" which occupy a full half of the book are a happy illustration of how teachers should open their hearts to their pupils. The language used both here and in the more formal discussions is so discriminating and clear that it almost makes one wonder if Bishop Bashford in his very able and profound work, China: An Interpretation, has erred when he expresses his belief that the failure of the Chinese to attain distinction in philosophy is, in the first place, due to their failure to possess a philosophic language. While the lack of logical method and connected argument is regrettable—though universal in all Oriental writings—yet the language is, for the most part, a fit expression of the well-rounded thought. Dr. Henke is to be congratulated upon the accomplishment of the translation of this philosophic classic and the Methodist Church is to be congratulated upon having within its membership a man capable of producing a technical work of Chinese scholarship of this high rank.

The Will of Freedom. By John Neville Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. 12mo, pp. 320. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

Nietzsche or Christ? The gospel of Nietzsche and the gospel of Christ. This issue is clearly, strongly, and brilliantly presented in this discriminating discussion, which tells the story of Nietzsche's life, sum-

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[1] Translated by Helen Waddell in Lyrics from the Chinese, 1913.

marizes his message, contrasts it with Christianity, traces its sources in part to earlier thinkers, and estimates its value and significance. Nietzsche's central doctrine is shown to be his ideal of a superior order of beings, the supermen, who are to be evolved at any cost either to themselves or to the inferior mob. The best in Nietzsche, according to this author, is his scorn of cowardice (as contrasted with easy-going utilitarianism) and his gospel of freedom as against mechanism. These are the Bross Lectures at Lake Forest College, Illinois, May, 1915, previous lecturers on that Foundation having been Dr. James Orr, Dr. Marcus Dods, Dr. Frederick J. Bliss, Dr. Josiah Royce, and three others. The book begins thus: "It is related of Archbishop Benson that when he first made acquaintance with London society he asked in his bewilderment: 'What do these people believe?' If he were alive today he would suffer a like astonishment, but his question would rather take the form: 'What don't these people believe?' So strange is the welter of creeds and sects, of religions and irreligions, and moralists and immoralists, mystics, rationalists and realists, and even Christians, that it is hard to guess what nostrum may be dominant with your next-door neighbor. It may be a dietetic evangel, it may be an atheistic apocalypse." Megalomania was one of the phases and evidences of Nietzsche's insanity. Sending one of his own books to Taine, he tells the brilliant French author that it is "the most marvelous book ever written." And he also declares, "I am not a man, I am dynamite." He signed one of his letters, "*The Crucified One.*" Americans are familiar with that sort of bladdered self-conceit and ego-mania in Walt Whitman. Nietzsche says, through the lips of Zarathustra, "If there be a God, how could I bear not to be one? Therefore there is no God"; which has as much sense and force as the reasoning of atheism (when it attempts to reason) usually has. Nietzsche says the present Kaiser understands him and his gospel of the Will to Power. The one name which fits Nietzsche closest and covers the most facts in his life and the most pages in his writing is *Lunatic.* He is most noted for his puerile and febrile attacks on Christianity and the superficial snobbery of his contempt for the common man. We nominate Gilbert K. Chesterton to attend to this particular case of lunacy. Here is a passage in the "Joyful Wisdom" of Nietzsche: "Have you ever heard of a madman who on a bright morning lighted a lantern and ran to the marketplace, calling out unceasingly: 'I seek God! I seek God!' As there were many people standing about who did not believe in God, he caused a great deal of amusement. 'Why, is he lost?' said one. 'Has he strayed away like a child?' said another. 'Or does he keep himself hidden?' 'Is he afraid of us?' 'Has he taken a sea-voyage?' 'Has he emigrated?' the people cried out laughingly, all in a hubbub. The insane man jumped into their midst and transfixed them with his glances. 'Where is God gone?' he called out. 'I mean to tell you! *We have killed him*—you and I. We are all his murderers. But how have we done it? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the whole horizon? What did we do when we loosened this earth from its sun? Whither does it now move? Whither did we move? Away from

all suns? Do we not dash on unceasingly? Backward, sideways, forward, in all directions? Is there still an above and below? Do we not stray, as through infinite nothingness? Does not empty space breathe upon us? Has it not become colder? Does not night come on us continually, darker and darker? Shall we not have to light lanterns in the morning? Do we not hear the noise of the grave-diggers, who are burying God? Do we not smell the divine putrefaction? For even gods putrefy. God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! How shall we console ourselves, the most murderous of all murderers? The holiest and the mightiest that the world has hitherto possessed has bled to death under our knife—who will wipe the blood from us? With what water could we cleanse ourselves? What lustrums? What sacred games shall we have to devise? Is not the magnitude of this deed too great for us? Shall we not ourselves have to become gods merely to seem worthy of it? There never was a greater event—and on account of it, all who are born after us belong to a higher history than any history hitherto.' Here the madman was silent, and looked again at his hearers. They also were silent, and looked at him in surprise. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, so that it broke in pieces and was extinguished. 'I came too early,' he then said. 'I am not yet at the right time. This prodigious event is still on its way, and is traveling—it has not yet reached men's ear. Lightning and thunder need time, the light of the stars needs time, deeds need time, even after they are done, to be seen and heard. This deed is as yet farther from them than the farthest star—and yet they have done it!'" It is further stated that the madman made his way into different churches on the same day and there intoned his *Requiem æternam deo.* When led out and called to account, he always gave the reply: "'What are these churches now, if they are not the tombs and monuments of God?'" Fortunately in the churches of the Living God there is no such nonsense uttered as the following, for example, from Nietzsche: "Behold this moment! From this gateway called moment a long, eternal lane runneth *backward:* behind us lieth an eternity. Must not all that *can* run of things have run already through this lane? Must not what *can* happen of things have happened, have been done and have run past here? And if all things have happened already: what dost thou, dwarf, think of this moment? Must not this gateway have existed previously also? And are not thus all things knotted fast together that this moment draweth behind it all future things? *Consequently*—draweth itself as well? For what *can* run of things—in that long lane *out there,* it *must* run once more! And this slow spider creeping in the moonshine, and this moonshine itself, and I and thou in the gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things, must not we all have existed in the past? And must not we recur and run in that other lane, out there, before us, in that long, haunted lane—must we not recur eternally? Thus I spake and ever more gently. For I was afraid of mine own thoughts and back-thoughts." Poor lunatic; he had reason to be. Max Stirner was an alleged "thinker" who said things like this: "As long as you believe in the truth, you do not believe in yourself, and you are

a *servant*, a religious man. Religion cannot be extirpated down to the ground except by antiquating and abolishing society and all that belongs to it." He seems to resemble Nietzsche, but Dr. Figgis thinks Stirner would have jeered at Nietzsche in this fashion: "Bah! Free air, pure air. Get out of my sight with your *Gespenster*, your will to power, your life with a capital L, and your superman—superghost you should have said. You call yourself Zarathustra the ungodly, the Antichrist, the creator of new values, the destroyer, the immoralist. Go away! You are no better than the cobweb spinner of Königsberg and his great-aunt the Categorical Imperative. Your eternal recurrence, and all your talk of eternity, the aim of all delight, your belief in the genii of the ring, your finding eternity in the moment recalls to me that hoary old humbug of Jena who found the Absolute Idea objectified in the Russian state. As to your superman, he is a ghost—like all other ghosts, and your disciples will be slaves like the rest of their crowd. Idealists, Comtists, Liberty-loving atheists—all of you are no better than the Christians you despise. Yes, I tell you you are a Christian, like all the others, no better except that you have added self-deception to their vices. You think you are new, yet you are as much a preacher of duty as Lycurgus. Your Dionysos cult is religion back once more; whether you call it Dionysos or Christ, it is all the same, if you are to fall down in reverence. Capital letters are all idolatry. You even make an idol out of Life. What is Life, pray, that I am to fall down and worship it? I reject the monstrous slavery of your *amor fati*. Poor fellow! You have tried hard to be shocking, and have succeeded only in being silly. You actually talk of redemption, of the salvation of man. Go back to your Frau Pastorin and to Church." The physicists have hoped to explain all events mathematically and to deduce the whole history of the world, including man, from the inevitable clash of physical forces. This was the faith of Herbert Spencer, and was expounded in the famous words of Tyndall about the genius of a Shakespeare being potential in the fires of the sun. It found classical expression in the words of Du Bois-Reymond about getting an abstract account of the course of things in a few differential equations. To these gentlemen our author hears Nietzsche saying: "Of all the interpretations of the world attempted heretofore the *mechanical* one seems today to stand in the front. Apparently it has a clean conscience on its side, for no science believes inwardly in progress and success unless it be with the help of mechanical procedures. Every one knows these procedures: 'reason' and 'purpose' are allowed to remain out of consideration as far as possible; it is shown that, provided a sufficient amount of time be allowed to elapse, everything can evolve out of everything else, and no one attempts to suppress his malicious satisfaction when the 'apparent design in the fate' of a plan or of the yolk of an egg may be traced to stress and thrust—in short, people are heartily glad to pay respect to this principle of profoundest stupidity, if I may be allowed to pass a playful remark concerning these serious matters. Meanwhile, among the most select intellects to be found in this movement, some presentiment of evil, some anxiety is noticeable, as if

the theory had a rent in it which sooner or later might be its last. I mean the sort of rent which denotes the end of all balloons inflated with such theories. Stress and thrust themselves cannot be 'explained'; one cannot get rid of the *actio in distans*. The belief even in the ability to explain is now lost, and people peevishly admit that one can only describe, not explain, that the dynamic interpretation of the world, with its denial of 'empty space,' and its little agglomerations of atoms, will soon get the better of physicists: although in this way *Dynamic* is certainly granted an inner quality." That sounds like sense. Dr. Figgis, in closing, names one respect in which he thinks Nietzsche was near the truth. He says: Nietzsche knew the tragedy of things. He never thought that evil was only an appearance, nor was suffering to him merely the creases in the eternal smile of the Absolute. No facile optimism, whether of Hegel or of Rousseau, no blind faith in the idol of automatic progress, no romantic idealization of nineteenth-century enlightenment marred the clearness of his vision. He knew that life is tragic, and that man needs redemption. He knew, too, that the cost of any redemption that is worth having must be terrific. The price for the world's ransom must be paid in blood. The world would not be worth redeeming could it be paid in any lower coinage. In this sense Nietzsche is at one with all that is best in Christianity, although he was opposed to much that masqueraded under that august title. Modern civilization is the apotheosis of vulgarity—or was. In its gaudy and clamorous prosperity, with every shop-window shouting, men have mistaken all their values and mixed the colors of the world. In religion an idol has been made of easy amiability, and for the enthralling spectacle of God as Father men have substituted a pretty picture of the eternal grandmother. The "splendor of God" had become a tawdry oleograph, and a milk-and-water sentimentalism had usurped the once austere name of Christian piety. The reaction against Puritanism had led to a religion of weak good nature and the refusal of all austerity. It was against this that Nietzsche tilted when he attacked Strauss and denounced the shallowness of free-thinking optimists. He was right. This, at least, we in our generation may learn. We learn it at the cost either of our own service or the loss of many friends—of whom we only dare hope that we may be not all unworthy. The world is once more revealed to us as a place "of true, marvelous, inextricable courage and power, a question-chamber of torture by rack and fire, with no sleep among the demon questioners, none among the angel watchers, none among the men who stand or fall beside these hosts of God." This does not make faith easy. It makes it strong. Deafened by the thunder of the guns and dazed by the spectacle of a world in ruins, many a man and woman have lost all faith in a God who is Love. Those who keep their faith keep it with a difference. No more will they cavil at the Master's likeness of His Father to an austere landowner. No more will they find it hard to believe that Love, because it is perfect, will send not peace but a sword. Love is known for what it is, no sentimental wish for another's pleasure, which will be changed by a show of tears, but a resolute will for his true good—ready to purchase that good at any cost in pain, not only to himself but

also to the loved one. 'There is nothing so merciless as the mercy of God.' Not all men will have religion now or at any time. But one great quality will come back to all religion that is real—the awe of God. Men have dreamed that they could love God yet cease altogether to fear Him. They have found that to love God without a holy fear is not possible. In the long run Love goes, too, and self reigns alone. Nietzsche felt this in a dim way. He got out of the difficulty by denying God altogether. But he kept the sense of the tragic and tremendous greatness of life. This, he said, we are to recognize, to embrace, and even to adore—if we would rise to the height of freedom. Courage and a face always smiling, with pain not merely braved but transmuted, joy amid a universe which is a chamber of horrors, and life best felt as life with death lurking at every footfall, these were the maximums which he preached. All honor to him that he preached them with no hope of any reward, no gleam from any light behind the hill. We shall do well if we take from this bitter tonic its goodness, the sense of the greatness of things, the need of courage and a free soul, the worth of discipline, the futility of mere comfort-worship, and the vanity of all security that has any other anchor than our own soul. We Christians are the happier that we can see a reason for all this where Nietzsche saw none, and can say with the ancient sage: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding." With that wise and noble passage from Dr. Figgis we close our review of his brilliant lectures.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Reveries of a Schoolmaster. By Francis B. Pearson. 12mo, pp. 203. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.

It is not surprising that a schoolmaster who can write such essays as these—so piquant and wise, and human and bright—should become State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Ohio. These thirty-one brief meditations are as charming as they are sensible and suggestive. The subjects are such as these: "Balking"; "Lanterns"; "Complete Living"; "Things"; "Targets"; "Sinners"; "Hoeing Potatoes"; "Changing One's Mind"; "Rabbit Pedagogy"; "Grandmother"; "Make-Believe." The best description is by extracts. From "Purely Pedagogical" we take the following without quotation marks: It was a dark, cold, rainy night in November. The wind whistled about the house, the rain beat a tattoo against the window-panes and flooded the sills. The big base-burner, filled with anthracite coal, was illuminating the room through its mica windows on all sides, and dispensing a warmth that smiled at the storm and cold outside. There was a book in the picture, also; and a pair of slippers; and a smoking-jacket; and an armchair. From the ceiling was suspended a great lamp that joined gloriously in the chorus of light and cheer. The man who sat in the armchair, reading the book, was a schoolmaster—a college professor to be exact. Soft music floated up from

below stairs as a soothing accompaniment to his reading. Subconsciously, as he turned the pages, he felt a pity for the poor fellows on top of freight-trains who must endure the pitiless buffeting of the storm. He could see them bracing themselves against the blasts that tried to wrest them from their moorings. He felt a pity for the belated traveler who tries, well-nigh in vain, to urge his horses against the driving rain onward toward food and shelter. But the leaves of the book continued to turn at intervals; for the story was an engaging one, and the schoolmaster was ever responsive to well-told stories. It was nine o'clock or after, and the fury of the storm was increasing: As if responding to the challenge outside, he opened the draft of the stove and then settled back, thinking he would be able to complete the story before retiring. In the midst of one of the many compelling passages he heard a bell toll, or imagined he did. Brought to check by this startling sensation, he looked back over the page to discover a possible explanation. Finding none, he smiled at his own fancy, and then proceeded with his reading. But, again, the bell tolled, and he wondered whether anything he had eaten at dinner could be held responsible for the hallucination. Scarcely had he resumed his reading when the bell again tolled. He could stand it no longer, and must come upon the solution of the mystery. Bells do not toll at nine o'clock, and the weirdness of the affair disconcerted him. The nearer he drew to the foot of the stair, in his quest for information, the more foolish he felt his question would seem to the members of the family. But the question had scarce been asked when the boy of the house burst forth: "Yes, been tolling for half an hour." Meekly he asked: "Why are they tolling the bell?" "Child lost." "Whose child?" "Little girl belonging to the Norwegians who live in the shack down there by the woods." So, that was it! Well, it was some satisfaction to have the matter cleared up, and now he could go back to his book. He had noticed the shack in question, which was made of slabs set upright, with a precarious roof of tarred paper; and had heard, vaguely, that a gang of Norwegians were there to make a road through the woods to Minnehaha Falls. Beyond these bare facts he had never thought to inquire. These people and their doings were outside of his world. Besides, the book and the cheery room were awaiting his return. But the reading did not get on well. The tolling bell broke in upon it and brought before his mind the picture of a little girl wandering about in the storm and crying for her mother. He tried to argue with himself that these Norwegians did not belong in his class, and that they ought to look after their own children. He was under no obligations to them—in fact, did not even know them. They had no right, therefore, to break in upon the serenity of his evening. But the bell tolled on. If he could have wrenched the clapper from out that bell, the page of his book might not have blurred before his eyes. As the wind moaned about the house he thought he heard a child crying, and started to his feet. It was inconceivable, he argued, that he, a grown man, should permit such incidental matters in life to so disturb his composure. There were scores, perhaps hundreds, of children lost somewhere in the world, for whom regiments of people

were searching, and bells were tolling, too. So why not be philosophical and read the book? But the words would not keep their places, and the page yielded forth no coherent thought. He could endure the tension no longer. He became a whirlwind—slamming the book upon the table, kicking off the slippers, throwing the smoking-jacket at random, and rushing to the closet for his gear. At ten o'clock he was ready—hip-boots, slouch-hat, rubber coat, and lantern—and went forth into the storm. Arriving at the scene, he took his place in the searching party of about twenty men. They were to search the woods, first of all, each man to be responsible for a space about two or three rods wide and extending to the road a half-mile distant. Lantern in hand, he scrutinized each stone and stump, hoping and fearing that it might prove to be the little one. In the darkness he stumbled over logs and vines, became entangled in briers and brambles, and often was deluged with water from trees as he came in contact with overhanging boughs. But his blood was up, for he was seeking a lost baby. When he fell full-length in the swale, he got to his feet the best he could and went on. Book and room were forgotten in the glow of a larger purpose. So for two hours he splashed and struggled, but had never a thought of abandoning the quest until the child should be found. At twelve o'clock they had reached the road and were about to begin the search in another section of the wood when the church-bell rang. This was the signal that they should return to the starting-point to hear any tidings that might have come in the meantime. Scarcely had they heard that a message had come from police headquarters in the city, and that information could be had there concerning a lost child, when the schoolmaster called out: "Come on, Craig!" And away went these two toward the barn to arouse old "Blackie" out of her slumber and hitch her to a buggy. Little did that old nag ever dream, even in her palmiest days, that she could show such speed as she developed in that four-mile drive. The schoolmaster was too much wrought up to sit supinely by and see another do the driving; so he did it himself. And he drove as to the manner born. The information they obtained at the police station was meager enough, but it furnished them a clew. A little girl had been found wandering about, and could be located on a certain street at such a number. The name of the family was not known. With this slender clew they began their search for the street and house. The map of streets which they had hastily sketched seemed hopelessly inadequate to guide them in and out of by-streets and around zigzag corners. They had adventures a plenty in pounding upon doors of wrong houses and thus arousing the fury of sleepy men and sleepless dogs. One of the latter tore away a quarter-section of the schoolmaster's rubber coat, and became so interested in this that the owner escaped with no further damage. After an hour filled with such experiences they finally came to the right house. Joy flooded their hearts as the man inside called out: "Yes, wait a minute." Once inside, questions and answers flew back and forth like a shuttle. Yes, a little girl—about five years old—light hair—braided and hanging down her back—check apron. "She's the one—and we want to take her home." Then the lady appeared, and said

it was too bad to take the little one out into such a night. But the schoolmaster bore her argument down with the word-picture of the little one's mother pacing back and forth in front of the shack, her hair hanging in strings, her clothing drenched with rain and clinging to her body, her eyes upturned, and her face expressing the most poignant agony. When they left she had thus been pacing to and fro for seven hours and was, no doubt, doing so yet. The mother-heart of the woman could not withstand such an appeal, and soon she was busy in the difficult task of trying to get the little arms into the sleeves of dress and apron. Meanwhile, the two bedraggled men were on their knees striving with that acme of awkwardness of which only men are capable, to ensconce the little feet in stockings and shoes. The dressing of that child was worthy the brush of Raphael or the smile of angels. At three o'clock in the morning the schoolmaster stepped from the buggy and placed the sleeping baby in the mother's arms, and only the heavenly Father knows the language she spoke as she crooned over her little one. As the schoolmaster wended his way homeward, cold, hungry, and worn, he was buoyant in spirit to the point of ecstasy. But he was chastened, for he had stood upon the Mount of Transfiguration and knew as never before that the mission of the schoolmaster is to find and restore the lost child. From the essay "Psychological" we take the following: "I had occasion or, rather, I took occasion at one time to punish a boy with a fair degree of severity (may the Lord forgive me), and now I know that in so doing I was guilty of a grave error. What I interpreted as misconduct was but a straining at his leash in an effort to extricate himself from the incubus of the negative self-feeling. He was, and probably is, a dull fellow and realized that he could not cope with the other boys in the school studies, and so was but trying to win some notice in other fields of activity. To him notoriety was preferable to obscurity. If I had only been wise I would have turned his inclination to good account and might have helped him to self-mastery, if not to the mastery of algebra. He yearned for the emotion of elation, and I was trying to perpetuate his emotion of subjection. If Methuselah had been a schoolmaster he might have attained proficiency by the time he reached the age of nine hundred and sixty-eight years if he had been a close observer, a close student of methods, and had been willing and able to profit by his own mistakes. Friend Virgil says something like this: 'They can because they think they can,' and I heartily concur. Some one tells us that Kent in 'King Lear' got his name from the Anglo-Saxon word *can* and he was aptly named, in view of Virgil's statement. But can I cause my boys and girls to think they can? Why, most assuredly, if I am any sort of teacher. Otherwise I ought to be dealing with inanimate things and leave the school work to those who can. I certainly can help young folks to shift from the emotion of subjection to the emotion of relation. I had a puppy that we called Nick and thought I'd like to teach him to go up-stairs. When he came to the first stair he cried and cowered and said, in his language, that it was too high and that he could never do it. So, in a soothing way, I quoted Virgil at him and placed his front paws upon the step. Then he laughed a bit and said

the step wasn't as high as the moon, after all. So I patted him and called him a brave little chap, and he gained the higher level. Then we rested for a bit and spent the time in being glad, for Nick and I had read our 'Pollyanna' and had learned the trick of gladness. Well, before the day was over that puppy could go up the stairs without the aid of a teacher, and a gladder dog never was. If I had taken as much pains with that boy as I did with Nick I'd feel far more comfortable right now, and the boy would have felt more comfortable both then and after. O schoolmastering! How many sins are committed in thy name! I succeeded with the puppy, but failed with the boy. A boy does not go to school to study algebra, but studies algebra to learn mastery. I know this now, but did not know it then, more's the pity! I had another valuable lesson in this phase of pedagogy the day my friend Vance and I sojourned to Indianapolis to call upon Mr. Benjamin Harrison, who had somewhat recently completed his term as President of the United States. We were fortified with ample and satisfactory credentials and had a very fortunate introduction; but for all that we were inclined to walk softly into the presence of greatness, and had a somewhat acute attack of negative self-feeling. However, after due exchange of civilities, we succeeded somehow in preferring the request that had brought us into his presence, and Mr. Harrison's reply served to reassure us. Said he: 'Oh, no, boys, I couldn't do that; last year I promised Bok to write some articles for his journal, and I didn't have any fun all summer.' His two words, 'boys' and 'fun,' were the magic ones that caused the tension to relax and generated the emotion of elation. We then sat back in our chairs and, possibly, crossed our legs—I can't be certain as to that. At any rate, in a single sentence this man had made us his co-ordinates and caused the negative self-feeling to vanish. Then for a good half-hour he talked in a familiar way about great affairs, and in a style that charmed. He told us of a call he had the day before from David Starr Jordan, who came to report his experience as a member of the commission that had been appointed to adjudicate the controversy between the United States and England touching seal-fishing in the Bering Sea. It may be recalled that this commission consisted of two Americans, two Englishmen, and King Oscar of Sweden. Mr. Harrison told us quite frankly that he felt a mistake had been made in making up the commission, for, with two Americans and two Englishmen on the commission, the sole arbiter in reality was King Oscar, since the other four were reduced to the plane of mere advocates; but, had there been three Americans and two Englishmen, or two Americans and three Englishmen, the function of all would have been clearly judicial. Suffice it to say that this great man made us forget our emotion of subjection, and so made us feel that he would have been a great teacher, just as he was a great statesman." A stimulating, refreshing, and beguiling book.

The New Archæological Discoveries and Their Bearing Upon the New Testament and Upon the Life and Times of the Primitive Church. By Camden M. Cobern, D.D., Litt. D., Thoburn Chair of English Bible and Philosophy of Religion, Allegheny College. 8vo, pp. xxxiv+698. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, cloth, $3, net.

Recent Explorations in Palestine and Kadesh-Barnea. By Camden M. Cobern, D.D., Litt. D. Meadville, Pa.: The Collegiate Publishing Company. Price, cloth, $1.

Dr. Cobern is an archæologist of high repute. He knows how to appreciate the work of co-laborers in a difficult field and to set their contributions in a proper context. His interest in both these volumes is to show how archæology illuminates the Scriptures. His earlier work passes in review the explorations in the Holy Land up to the year 1916. The investigations have a significant bearing upon the Old Testament and the early civilization of Palestine. There was a unity of culture throughout the entire land almost equal to that of Babylonia and Egypt. There was further no collapse of civilization when the Israelites entered the land, while the literary skill of the ancient inhabitants was of a high order. The verdict of the Scriptures has been strikingly confirmed concerning the polytheism, brutality, and licentiousness of the Canaanitish religion. Part II consists of a graphic recital of Dr. Cobern's discovery of Kadesh-Barnea. This was the place of springs, where the law of the Ten Words was administered by Moses, and where the Israelites encamped before setting out on the last stage of their journey to the land of milk and honey. He is one of the very few who had the good fortune to drink from the copious waters where in ancient times the chosen hosts had been refreshed. Others who enjoyed this rare privilege were Seetzer, Rowlands, Robinson, and H. Clay Trumbull. This little book contains a wealth of information and deserves careful study. The larger volume certainly does credit to the author. He here does for the New Testament what Dr. Barton in "Archæology and the Bible" so well did for the Old Testament. The story is very readable and throws light from many angles on the pages of the New Testament and on the life of the early Church. What is contained only in learned treatises and accessible to the few is now popularized with exact scholarship and placed within the reach of all Bible students. The pictures of the leading New Testament scholars which face pages 32 and 356 recall the loss sustained in the deaths of James Hope Moulton and Caspar René Gregory, whose lives were sacrificed in this tragic world-war. There is a pleasing Introduction to the volume by Professor E. Naville. We, however, take exception to his statement that "most Biblical scholars are still tied down to the methods of the destructive criticism." Such an assertion is very misleading as we think of scholars like Driver, G. A. Smith, R. W. Rogers, Moulton, Deissmann, Gregory, who not only accept the results of critical learning, but have done considerable constructive work. Dr. Cobern divides his volume into two parts, the first dealing with the Greek papyri and other manuscripts as they bear on the New Testament, while the second part

considers the monuments, inscriptions and other ancient remains with especial reference to the Primitive Church. This comprehensive program is finely carried out in seven long chapters. The discussions are illustrated by extensive quotations from the relevant literature and by numerous reproductions of inscriptions, tombs, temples, papyrus letters, churches, etc. The romance of archæology is an attractive subject and justice is done to it in these pages. It was by an accident that Grenfell and Hunt came on their most amazing find at Tebtunis. One of the diggers became disgusted when day after day nothing but crocodiles appeared, until finally one of the workmen was so angered that he flung the mummy of a baby crocodile upon a rock and broke it in pieces. It was then discovered that it was stuffed with papyri on which were written fragments of ancient classics, royal ordinances, contracts, private letters, over two thousand years old. By similar accident Tischendorf met with the famous Sinaitic Manuscript in the Convent of St. Catherine. Under circumstances of unexpectedness, W. Hogarth, while excavating at Ephesus, discovered one of the rarest treasure-troves, consisting of thousands of charms, brooches, pendants, and other objects in bronze, ivory, crystal, enameled wood, gold, and electrum. "I have known Dr. Petrie to forget both dinner and supper in the excitement of strange discoveries." Oxyrhynchus is a name to conjure with, because almost all the ancient fragments of the newly discovered New Testament have come from this site. Chapter 1 reviews the modern discoveries of papyri and their significance. It is a fact hardly credible that up till within twenty-five years ago the language of the New Testament was regarded by scholars as peculiarly a sacred Greek. Now the papyri and inscriptions testify that it was really the language of the common people and that there are only about fifty words which belong distinctively to the New Testament. But herein is its uniqueness. "The New Testament is as different from the papyri in its charm and spiritual elevation as from the ancient classics. It used the common language of its day, but it glorified and spiritualized it." This is gratifying and harmonizes with the entire mission of Christianity, which, in the first century as well as in the twentieth, has always transfigured every phase of thought and life. Chapter 3 is on "Ancient New Testaments Recently Discovered," and deals with fragments which were written upon skins, papyrus, parchment, and pieces of broken pottery, dating from the third to the sixth centuries. The worst-written copies are of particular value because they represent unofficial sources and indicate that the New Testament was the Bible of the poor. Among other finds are Syriac, Coptic, and Latin New Testaments, as well as ancient translations into other languages. They all confirm the exactness of the original New Testament text. The next chapter considers the primitive Christian documents which have been recently discovered. Among them are the Logia of Jesus, the gospel and revelation of Peter, and other apocryphal gospels, apocalypses, and apologies, like the apology of Aristides, the Shepherd of Hermas, the Didache, and a fragment of a lost gospel from the third century. There are also extracts from ancient Christian sermons, prayers, amulets, Christian hymns, private

and official letters of early Christians, liturgical fragments, and Biblical quotations. The conclusion is worth quoting: "It would be safe to say that if every New Testament in the world should be destroyed and with them all the writings of the ancient fathers, such as Tertullian and Justin Martyr, Eusebius and Jerome, a very large collection of the most precious texts of the New Testament, expressing every vital doctrine and experience of Christianity, might still be gathered from these newly found papyri and other inscriptions written by poor and often nameless Christians of the first six centuries." Part II is divided into three chapters, which are of exceptional value in furnishing information, at once accurate and vivid, of the customs and ideals which confronted Christianity in the early centuries. "Modern civilization is not chiefly a matter of better inventions but of better morals." This distinction is impressively illustrated by the graves and buried cities recently unearthed. The significance of the social changes wrought by Christianity is seen in the fact that very few Christian inscriptions contain the words "slave" or "freedman," which are constantly seen on pagan gravestones. Instead, the former slaves were given the new name "alumnus," which means foster child. Another fact is that, while the Egyptian religion was practically unaffected by the Asiatic and Syrian cults of Adonis, Cybele, Mithra, except that the Egyptian gods were renamed, this faith yielded unreservedly to the new ideals and theology of Christianity. Among the famous cities mentioned in the New Testament from whose ruins new light has come are Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Rome, the Galatian cities of Lystra, Derbe, Iconium, as well as the cities of Tarsus, Damascus, Philippi, Thessalonica, Antioch, Cyprus, Cæsarea. We can only mention these names and must refer the reader to the volume for enlightening discussions. The last chapter conclusively demonstrates the influence of the gospel, both as a teaching and a life, in contrast to the pagan religions which had run their course and were confessedly without efficacy. It is interesting to note that while the extremes of society, consisting of the rich and poor, were in a state of fearful corruption, "the middle classes retained self-respect and honor and family love and a sense of sympathy with the poor and opprest." Another noteworthy fact borne out by the Jewish literature which influenced the theological and ethical thought of Palestine in the first century is that many of the best productions were written in Galilee, which is here proved to have been the home of the religious seer and mystic. Its bearing on the study of the Gospels has much significance. The papyri further testify that "the early Christian centuries were creative. The whole civilized earth throbbed with a sudden liberated energy. It seemed as if a new intellectual dynamic had been injected into the blood of the race." The student of the Acts and the rest of the New Testament has no difficulty in understanding the primal cause of this mighty renaissance. His conclusions are further confirmed by the latest labors of the archæologist. What are some of the results obtained? For the first time we are able to read references to Jesus and the early Christians centuries older than anything previously known. New light has come on the literary, economic, social,

and religious conditions of the poorer classes of the first century. The brotherhood sentiment among the early believers profoundly impressed the non-Christians. The best teaching and practice as revealed in the ancient heathen writings are spiritually poverty-stricken in comparison with that found in the New Testament Gospels and letters in which, in the words of a recently recovered Festal Letter of Athanasius, "are springs of salvation, so that he who is athirst may be filled with the oracles in them." All who study these immortal writings will find in Dr. Cobern's volume a treasure of learning and light.

The Wicked John Goode. By HORACE W. SCANDLIN. 12mo, pp. 208. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1, net.

A NARRATIVE, true in every particular, of almost incredible depravity, degradation, and squalor; and of a yet more unbelievable rescue and reformation. One more of the miraculous transformations by Power Divine, with which the Christian centuries are ablaze from the days of the apostles until now. The age of miracles is *not* past. Miracles are happening under the eyes of all who care to "come and see." Here is a man who was bad and vile from childhood, wicked and dirty, mean and nasty, —criminal every way, clear on into middle life; and until patient and persistent Christian love took hold of him and made a man of him. A product of the foul underworld becomes a child of the Light. He is now one of the leaders of the famous Bowery Mission. The introduction is by Thomas Mott Osborne. As we close this book there comes back to us from years ago a story of "The Pit Man" which we once used in a sermon. We reproduce it as memory gives it to us. There was once a man whose working hours were spent in a coal-mine, away from dry air and bright sun. Going down in the morning and coming up only toward night, he knew little of any other sort of existence. It was almost as if he had been born and lived always in that grimy, slimy hole underground. For more than twenty years, boy and man, he had drudged down there in the dirt and the dark and the damp, harnessed at first on all fours to a car, and later promoted to the dignity of standing on his hind legs and monotonously striking the point of a pick-ax into the gallery walls. Crooked, stunted, and smutty-faced, he and his fellow subterranean drudges, with tongues of the fire of the pit aflame on their foreheads, looked more like demons or gnomes than like men; and this particular man was so dwarfed, so far inferior to the rest in stature, shape, and appearance that they called him in a coarse phrase "Squatty the Runt." One divinely beautiful, heavenly day a manly gentleman, clean, white, erect, came down the shaft into the pit and told "Squatty the Runt" of beautiful things and places outside of coal-mines and nearer the sky. Presently the spotless gentleman took this coal-blackened runt up the shaft into the dazzling surprise of noonday; showed him the sunny world and in the near foreground the gentleman's little yellow-haired five-year-old at play on the flowery turf. The little innocent, unafraid of the man's grimy ugliness, drew near and gave him a daisy, asked if he knew who made it, and, when he said "No,"

she said "God." Now God had never been named to this son of his except in the blasphemous oaths of ignorant, vulgar, brutish, and obscene men. It was every way a strange experience that befell him that day. Look at that earth-worm of a man, living the life of a mere human grub and beetle, suddenly pulled out of his hole in the ground and set in a new scene, and made aware of a new world visible and invisible. Consider what he became aware of. The white-and-gold daisies with a white-and-gold child among them; the sunshine splendid on gay daisies and glad child; the God whom the child named to the man as Maker of daisies (Maker also of the sunlight and of child-souls), and over all the glittering clean heavens! What a new world for him! In and by this radiant environment, he found himself suddenly in the center of a needle bath of unfamiliar vitalizing influences which pricked him softly on every side and gave his soul a tingling sense of being washed; whereby that emerald carpet of daisy-starred grass became richer footing than a field of the cloth of gold. With a sinless little lass as usher and go-between, this grimy man of the dingy pit made acquaintance in one and the same hour, by face-to-face meeting and name-introduction, with the wondrous world and more wonderful World-Builder; spiritually sensing things stowed aloft in the heights of heaven—fair, pure, and sacred—as well as things stored and stirring below on ground-and-grass-level, fair, pure, and sacred, in the sweet heart of innocence; with something in common perceptible between the blue sky he looked up to and the blue eyes that looked up to him; his instant and tender sense of the holiness of beauty shot through with a thrilling sense of the immanent beauty of holiness—for the fair and the pure are alike lovely, and affiliate with each other close and congenial. High and low we perceive the beautiful and the holy superimposing and interlacing as upper and lower eye-lashes lie together on the face of a sleeping babe, and the movements of the beautiful and the holy in the universe unveil between them the Divine Spirit as the opening of eye-lids discloses the human soul. And now, says the story, it was thenceforth impossible for this awakened and informed and quickened man, enfranchised by new knowledge, to descend to his old life. Never again could he put up with that filthy and sordid black hole in the ground. So he traded off darkness for daylight, dirty drippings for the pure distillations of the sky. This poor, degraded, downcast wretch, who scarcely knew that he had a mind, so little had it been taught and enlightened, nor had so much as heard that anybody has a soul, came up to levels of sun-brightness, flower-fragrance, bird-warble, child-prattle, and the life that moves between the ground and the heavens. And he lived a great life after that, says the story—a life aspiring, erect, forceful, beauteous, bounteous, and grand. The lesson is too obvious for amplification, almost too plain for statement. If anybody among us has been living the pit life, dark and debased, it is time for such to get on top of the earth and live henceforth as befits the protégés of heaven and the darling children of the Most High, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. The man whose story is in the book we are noticing made some such ascent from life in a dark, dirty hole to life on the clean, bright, sunlit, happy level of godliness.

The Greater Men and Women of the Bible. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. Volumes Five and Six; 8vo, pp. viii+443, x+441. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, subscription rates each $2, net; separately, $3, net.

The four volumes of this series devoted to the Old Testament were noticed in the Methodist Review of May, 1916. The remaining two volumes now noticed are taken up with the New Testament gallery. No mention is made of Peter, John, and Paul, but they were the *greatest* men of the New Testament and call for consideration on a much larger scale. And yet without the *greater* men and women, the three foremost leaders of the Apostolic Church could not have accomplished quite as much. What is said of Silas the Reliable applies to these co-workers. "Silas glides about in the dim background of the Acts. He is named only when some circumstance arises which makes it necessary, and he is never mentioned save in company with some one else. He is apparently a secondary character, playing a subordinate part in the stupendous endeavor to evangelize the Gentile world. Yet his is by no means an expressionless personality, and his work as an edifier of his brethren lifts him out of the group of the unknown, and makes him something more to us than simply a name." Then follows this delicious quotation from F. W. Boreham, whose essays should be better known: "It is horribly vexatious to be next door to greatness. An old proverb tells us that a miss is as good as a mile; but, like most proverbs, it is as false as false can be. A mile is ever so much better than a miss." And another from Mary Slessor of Calabar, a book of genuine human interest and accomplishment: "Blessed the man and woman who is able to serve cheerfully in the second rank—a big test." Editor Hastings has rendered a real service in assembling the best that has been written about these men and women and in making us better acquainted with them. The extensive quotations are used as illustrations, so that the volumes are by no means a compilation but original discussions and expositions. Here is a sample of the way to use history: "Many a public man whose life is a constant battle finds a balm for all his wounds and a refuge from all his cares in the love which welcomes him the moment he crosses the threshold of his own home. But Herod the great never knew that earthly paradise which is created by the mutual love of husband and wife, of parents and children. Like Henry the Eighth, whom he greatly resembled, he had many wives, and Josephus' story of his domestic feuds is one of the most sordid records of crime which have come down from ancient times." Here is a fine argument for the originality of John's Gospel: "We do not commonly remember, it costs us an effort to remember, how very largely we are indebted to the Fourth Gospel for our conceptions of the chief personages who bear a part in the evangelical history, when these conceptions are most distinct. If we analyze the source of our information, we find again and again that, while something is told us about a particular person in the other Gospels, yet it is Saint John who gives those touches to the portrait which make him stand out with his

own individuality as a real, living, speaking man. The other evangelists will record a name or perhaps an incident. Saint John will add one or two sayings, and the whole person is instinct with life. The character flashes out in half a dozen words. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Mere literary tests are apt to become mechanical. Sympathy with the purpose of the writer is an indispensable condition of trustworthy criticism and only thus can we arrive at accurate conclusions. The pastoral epistles have been one of the storm centers of New Testament scholarship. Here is the reply to the charge of forgery, as final as the facts will permit: "Forgery stumbles, not when it sets itself deliberately to delineate character, but when character is not so much carefully outlined as taken for granted and made the groundwork (almost invisible) of the superstructure. And if we can discover in these letters a character consistent with itself and with its circumstances, if a score of delicate suggestions make us feel that we are dealing with a living man, who is being dealt with by one stronger than himself, whose words vibrate with the personal element, then we feel that we have got into that atmosphere in which the mere literary actor and the forger cannot live, and we gain a new evidence that these two letters are rightly entitled the first and second epistles of Paul the apostle to Timothy." Some of the characters are introduced for purposes of warning. Among them are the three Herods, Caiaphas, Judas, Felix, Festus, Bernice, Simon the sorcerer. Other characters are brought before us, with whom it is a pleasure to associate. They are Andrew, John the Baptist, Mary the Virgin, Martha, Mary, Simon of Cyrene, Cornelius, Dorcas, Matthew, Luke, Lydia, Phœbe, Silas, and many others. The chapter on Barnabas deals with the Bible view of life and deserves quoting: "Scripture narratives are remarkable for the frankness with which they tell the faults of the best men. This has nothing in common with the cynical spirit in historians, of which this age has seen eminent examples, which fastens upon the weak places in the noblest natures, like a wasp on bruises in the ripest fruit, and delights in showing how all goodness is imperfect, that it may suggest that none is genuine. Nor has it anything in common with that dreary melancholy—which also has its representatives among us—which sees everywhere only failures and fragments of men, and has no hope of ever attaining anything beyond the common average of excellence. But Scripture frankly confesses that all its noblest characters have fallen short of unstained purity, and with boldness of hope as great as its frankness teaches the weakest to aspire to, and the most sinful to expect, perfect likeness to a perfect Lord. It is a mirror which gives back all images without distortion." The New Testament offers the best aid of all literature to the development of good character. The same is true in somewhat lesser measure of the Old Testament. The preacher will thus be doing a much needed work if he interprets the lives therein recorded with such modern applications as befit each case. He will receive substantial help for such a pulpit ministry from these excellent volumes of Bible study.

Naphtali Luccock.

METHODIST REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1917

NAPHTALI LUCCOCK[1]

One's outstanding recollection of Bishop Luccock is his human-heartedness. This is not a particularly original remark to make of a man who was nothing if not original. It happens, however, to be the one remark which best explains him; that is, if there is such a thing as explaining him at all. "That which properly constitutes the life of every man is a profound secret. Yet this is what every one would give most to know, but is himself most backward to impart." An acute reflection that—Thoreau's, I think. Just try and write about such a man as Naphtali Luccock and see how true it is.

Physically Bishop Luccock was an interesting man to look at. He was spared the snare of Apollo's form and face, but he was well put together, sturdy and active, with a head too massive perhaps for grace of the conventional sort, but with eyes and mouth proclaiming sincerity and kindness in such open and unmistakable fashion that just to look at him was to trust him and to want to be friends with him. Nor was he above making his facial mobility tributary to premier power of drollery and fun making. His favorite affectation was a "bowler" hat, which in

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[1] Naphtali Luccock was born in Kimbolton, Ohio, September 28, 1853; entered Ohio Wesleyan University as "prep" at 15 and graduated A.B., at 21. The same year (1874) he was admitted on trial by Pittsburgh Conference. Following were his appointments: Tippecanoe, Ohio (1874, 1875); Addison, Penn. (1876-'77); Somerset (1877, 1878); Elizabeth (1878-1882); Oakland, Pittsburgh (1882-1885); Professor, Allegheny College (1885-1888); First Church, Erie (1888-1893); Smithfield, Pittsburgh (1893-1897); Union Church, St. Louis (1897-1909); Hyde Park, Kansas City, Mo. (1909-1912); elected bishop (1912); died, La Crosse, Wis., April 1, 1916.

Married Miss Etta Anderson, September 27, 1877, died 1906. Children: four children, three living. Miss Natalie, Mankato, Minn.; Halford E., Madison, N. J.; Miss Ethel, Cleveland, Ohio.

Degrees: Ph.D., Western Reserve; D.D., Syracuse University; LL.D., Ohio Wesleyan University.

Publications: Christian Citizenship (1892); Living Words from the Pulpit (1896); The Royalty of Jesus, Sermons (1905); With James W. Lee, Illustrated History of Methodism (1900); numerous contributions to Periodical Press.

careless or abstracted moments would dispose itself on the side of his head, after the manner of a Highlandman's Glengarry, and produce an effect which to be loved needed only to be seen. His voice, too, which many unwise would have considered a handicap, was in him a part of his unique make-up. It was thin and husky; in moments of passion it became shrill and piercing. But with an orotund voice he would not have been Naphtali Luccock at all. Has anyone ever cared to mark the limitations of the preacher whose bodily grace was "adorable" and whose voice was "glorious"? Well, something of an essay might be made of that, though here it is only necessary to say that there are passages in Bishop Luccock's published discourses which, had they been the subject of studied gesture and golden tones, might have astonished his hearers more, but would certainly have moved them less. There were some things in Bishop Luccock which were neither simple nor artless—as we shall see later—but in his approach to men and in the manner of his public address he was of simplicity and naturalness all compact.

But what about his human-heartedness, with which this paper started out? Let us see. There is, of course, the academic love of humanity. One can say with the Latin poet, "I am a man and nothing that concerns man is wanting in interest to me," but his dominant interests may still be with the mass, not with individuals. He is against stealing, but he wants nothing to do with thieves; he is against drunkenness, but he wants nothing to do with drunkards. A man of that sort boasts of his cosmopolitanism, but he could sit at a well-ordered table and see Lazarus, under it, die of starvation. But Bishop Luccock's human-heartedness, vital, glorious, was a vastly different thing. He was shepherd-born and shepherd-minded. Many have said of him that he loved people just as people: true, but he loved people *with a definite purpose for good.* To him they were not simply "people," they were God's children given into his care to be looked after. This passion to mend and heal a broken and hurt humanity came to him early and never left him till he died. A friend who was in college with him writes to Bishop Luccock's children: "He had a genius for finding valuable human material and getting it out of its raw

and crude belongings; he carried more ore to the smelter and got more pure gold out of it than any man of my acquaintance." In that great and compassionate heart of his through a long and laborious ministry Bishop Luccock carried all the anguish, all the horror of the struggles of men, the sorrow of women, the tears of children. The people were ever in his heart. If any of his flock had access of joy he shared and, by sharing, multiplied the joy; if any were in sorrow he shared and, by sharing, mitigated the sorrow. To manhood struggling with doubt he brought assurance of faith; to youth struggling with temptation he brought the comfort (in its old Latin sense of "strength") of comradeship; to the prodigal in the far country he signaled hope and welcome and freedom of the Father's house. One does not wonder that the memory of this good man and faithful shepherd is treasured by thousands with all sacred and holy things. It was this human-heartedness which dictated to Bishop Luccock the method and substance of his message. He loved to preach, but he loved even more the people to whom he preached. And so his sermons moved in the realm of the practical. It may be doubted whether Bishop Luccock had any gift or taste for the speculative and controversial. He lived in a speculative and disputatious age. Very likely he had knowledge of the noise and dust-raising. One of so various and generous culture would not want to keep himself entirely untouched by it. But he knew his people and their needs. Men and women would wait upon his ministry with silent but urgent expectation that they might "see Jesus"; and, as they listened, "then were these disciples glad because they saw the Lord."

He was coming to his own during the days when the prevailing idea was that a preacher, to justify his position as defender of the faith, was bound to denounce Darwinism and Higher Criticism. Bishop Luccock thought the opportunity of the pulpit could be used to better advantage by proclaiming "The Royalty of Jesus," in whom both evolution and the Bible had their most attractive exposition and demonstration. He was doubtful about springs of consolation in oratorical vindications of "The Icthyonic Suppression of Jonah," or "The Triple Tradition of the Exodus."

A published volume of sermons, "The Royalty of Jesus,"

does very well as to substance, but gives little idea of the total effect of Bishop Luccock's preaching. One has to make allowances for the sermons of a sensitive man in print. They are usually prepared with one eye on the public, a process which, while it makes for propriety, is perfectly fatal to vivacity and spontaneity—the characteristic marks of Bishop Luccock's public utterances. In reading them one is reminded of the famous artist confronted with a wonderfully and painfully accurate photograph of his wife. "Yes," he commented diffidently to the photographer, "yes, it is like her, horribly like her; but, thank God, I never saw her look just like that." Nevertheless, the sermons are measurably self-revealing. They show the man in his concern for a worthy presentation of the gospel message. Evidently he had a persuasion that the eternal commonplaces of religion were of eternal significance; and that a preacher's first duty after embracing them himself was to give them ever new dignity and attractiveness by his manner of publicly presenting them. He toiled for distinction of style as for virtue itself. To him the slovenly or indifferent treatment of ideas dealing with the majestic concerns of the soul in relation to God and destiny would have been a species of profanity, an act of intellectual indecency. Take this passage selected almost at random:

> Sometimes, in your evening walk, when you look ahead to the rising ground where the city street straggles out into the country, in the gathering darkness you can scarcely distinguish the street lights from the stars; but on your near approach the stars mount to their native heavens and look down on you clear, shining, serene. It is so with the gospel of Jesus; however high the conceptions of men may rise, the teachings of Jesus are infinitely beyond them, like the unfailing stars.

One hears an echo of the music of the spheres in the "clear, shining, serene," and "unfailing" stars. This sureness and delicacy of touch which finds the memorable, the inevitable word comes only by infinite painstaking and loving labor informed with a reverent and honorable pride in one's commission as a herald of the gospel of God.

I venture one other citation as indicative of his human-hearted sympathy with an appealing situation. He is seeking to

interest his people in the supplication of Moses for rebellious Israel. "Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." The text, he says, is not any word in all the book, but a certain dark line that stretches between the words. Moses prays, "If thou wilt forgive their sin—" then he can go no farther; he halts and sobs and breaks down completely; that dash there tells it all.

> Put your ear down upon the black line and you can almost hear the sobbing of Moses underneath it. You can see the tears streaming down his face as he bows in speechless agony. You can well-nigh witness his heart breaking in that crucial moment, when the awful agony issues in a daring choice of love, and suddenly you behold that daring choice of love issue in a new vision of God that transfigures the life and sets the halo of glory on the brow. You see him meeting the inevitable and yielding to it, taking that seeming step in the dark, making an absolute surrender of himself and in that surrender making the greatest discovery in human life, the discovery of the fathomless love of God.

The passage is remarkable not only for the dramatic touch which quickens the imagination and moves the heart, but also for the way in which the whole thought of the sermon is bound up with the critical moment when the heart is stirred. One could not soon forget the picture of Moses in an agony of supplication for his people, and always as the heart recalls his noble and appealing figure it will have close at hand the unforgettable comfort of the "fathomless love of God." It was by just such loving concern for the proper presentation of his message that Bishop Luccock made it memorable and inspiring.

It is manifest, too, from these discourses how he brought to his sermon preparation a wide and generous culture. It shows not only in his diction but in the range of his illustrations. He made all departments of knowledge tributary. One might imagine that the end of his reading, his thinking, his observing, was for homiletic uses. In the main it probably was. At all events he manifestly puts into the sermon the best of everything he has. Or, perhaps better, he makes everything tributary to enriching the soil in which a sermon may grow and flourish. His favorite fields are the physical sciences and literature. In literature he has special intimacies in the Bible, history, and the poets.

His use of the Bible is penetrating and illuminating in the highest degree. He treats it with the insight of a lover. One is reminded of George Borrow, who during an itinerary in Wales insisted upon being taken to the springs in which the rivers Severn and Wye have their source. "I must drink deeply of these springs," said he, "that I may speak of them with authority." In a remarkable sermon on "The Gospel for an Opulent Civilization"—that title is itself a triumph of attractive statement—Bishop Luccock uses three texts to outline and enforce his lesson. Granted that God has given man the world to use, how shall man use it without abusing it? (1) "And God said, Replenish the earth and subdue it and have dominion"—that is, Keep the world under control; (2) "God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy," that is, Make material good tributary to the development of character; (3) "But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one," that is, Let him use the world for the service of the race, lavishly (the purse), intelligently (the scrip), aggressively (the sword). A more felicitous handling of Scripture one could not devise; it not only serves a perfectly justifiable interpretation of the texts, but it shows in a striking and suggestive way the modern, or rather the ageless, character of the biblical message.

Equally felicitous and discerning is his use of extra-biblical material. There is nothing forced or artificial in his illustrations drawn from scientific and literary sources. They are structural, and carry their message without comment. They are given without parade of learning but with sureness and appositeness, as of one who had mastered his material. He multiplies them. The passion for dominion brings forth Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Columbus, and the explorers of the frozen North. The struggle of the lower with the higher self produces Byron, Browning, Tennyson, Saint Paul, the Hindu pilgrim, Marcus Aurelius, and Benjamin Franklin. The mystery of power has its analogies in light, heat, electricity, and gravitation. The quality of poise suggests Wellington, the leaning tower of Pisa, Giotto's tower, Charles Lamb, Paganini, and Wagner. He knows his Greek drama and Roman satire, he has his Dante well in hand, and is

at home with Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. He deals sparingly with anecdotes and, strangely enough, with humor; and he resolutely suppresses whatever tendency he may have had—and it must have been strong in him—toward detailed and ornate descriptions of striking scenes and incidents. Everything points to a fine dedication of his gifts and acquisitions to keeping the gospel in the forefront of his deliverances, as if for him there were no concern save for Jesus only.

By way of digression a word upon his humor. His sense of fun was delicious and contagious. He was never without a story, and his skill in creating an atmosphere and furnishing a setting amounted to genius. One watched the progress of his stories with no less relish than their climax—the palmary test of good story-telling. And he could act a little, and mimic capitally, so that but for his insight into human character, its heights and depths, its joys and sorrows and especially its weaknesses—the very thing that made and kept him a pastor—he might have been a humorist of reputation and with a bank account. This seems a curious, to some a trivial, thing to say about a minister. But somehow Bishop Luccock made it auxiliary to an extra-pulpit ministry. He was probably the most coveted man in his community for popular occasions and for after-dinner talking, at which time he never failed to leave a quickening message with people on whom the duty of churchgoing sat lightly. It is not at all in question that at least one of his Conferences would have been hopelessly and disastrously divided but for the audacious humor of the chair, which softened asperities and relieved an otherwise hostile and threatening tension.

One could spend a merry and renewing half hour with Bishop Luccock's quizzical comments on life as he found it. A strong but narrow-minded official, who in public would frequently carry himself as if immersed in deep thought, provoked this from him: "Look at A. He thinks he is thinking, but he is just rearranging his prejudices." A preacher whose ideas were only less hysterical than his vocabulary he compared to the sophomore who had been defined as "one knowing a great many things but not yet knowing the difference between them." Of course humor is

a dangerous weapon, but only in the hands of the spiteful and malicious. It was the property of a famous spear to heal the wounds which itself had made. Bishop Luccock's humor needed no healing virtue, for it made no wound. His was a deeply religious spirit, and never, even in his lightest moments, did he create a situation which was not consistent with the spirit of worship.

To return: the published sermons disclose how central in his teaching is the person of the Lord Jesus. Bishop Luccock was a Christian from his youth up. He is exuberantly sure of Christ as the only hope of his own well being; he is equally sure of him as the only hope of the world's well being. For him as for Browning's Saint John:

> The acknowledgment of God in Christ
> Accepted by thy reason solves for thee
> All questions in the earth and out of it.

He has no patience for a gospel in which Christ is simply an incident. His themes cover a wide range, but Christ is at the heart of them all. Indeed, his themes were of interest to him only as they declared and enforced the sweet reasonableness of the rule of Christ. One may mediate love as well as doctrine; and Bishop Luccock finds it congenial to emphasize the love of Christ rather than a doctrine of Christ's person and work as the agent of redemption. Upon this gracious certainty he has many bold and confident and immensely comforting things to say about the loving kindness of God, the joy of believing, the vigor and beauty of the life of Christ, the assurance of the world's redemption, the happiness of heaven, and even the despair of hell. His word is the word of the poet, not of the theologian. He argues with the logic of love—one step between his premise and conclusion. With Pascal he has learned that the heart has its reasons which the reason knoweth not; and life has taught him that if he would speak a word in season to him that is weary he must speak from the heart to the heart.

This assurance of Jesus as the world's helper inspired his social message and his social activities. "True Christian civilization," he says, in a sermon on The Cry of the Disinherited, "will

yet defend every human right and shelter every human need, and our Lord Jesus Christ will yet be a judge and a divider among men, not by the power of any external circumstances but by the principle of love enthroned within."

It was to establish this rule of Christ more speedily that he gave himself whole-heartedly to the union of American Methodisms. He lived for twelve happy and fruitful years in Saint Louis, where the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, both have influential congregations. To his mind the division was unnecessary and, in its tendency, harmful. He cultivated the most friendly relationships with the ministry and membership of the sister church; with one of its distinguished representatives he edited an Illustrated History of Methodism, to which also he contributed some eminently readable chapters; and he availed himself of every opportunity, and even made opportunities, to further the cause of union by pen and voice, in public and private, in season and out of season. His fraternal address to the General Conference of the Church, South, at Asheville, North Carolina, was of the kind which not only interests people but changes them. It was the event of the Conference. He had "liberty" and he had unction. His words passed upon the expectant audience as a flame of fire:

> Accept our challenge of love. We will meet you on the heights of fellowship and, in a new covenant of love, fulfill the great ideal of Methodism to spread holiness over this land and over all lands. The whole earth will then ring with a new note of triumph and heaven itself will thrill with the joy of our glad jubilee.

It was not his to see the union for which he would gladly have poured out his life blood, but it was his by a powerful, many-sided, and prevailing ministry of brotherly kindness to make the consummation easier and to bring it nearer.

Bishop Luccock was chosen to be bishop in 1912; he died before he had quite completed his first quadrennium. He was assigned to an area which almost immediately began to make inroads upon his health. His "diocese" covered the States of Montana, North Dakota, and Idaho. His official residence was at Helena, Montana. He accepted the assignment cheerfully,

even jovially, and promptly quoted Scripture sanction in its behalf: "And of Naphtali he said, O Naphtali, satisfied with favor, and free with the blessing of the Lord: Possess thou the West!" It was not long, however, before the rigors of the climate and the altitude discovered and aggravated some organic discrepancies to which he did not pay sufficient attention. He was passionately in love with his work of superintendency. He could not be persuaded to give himself time to recover. He was assigned to the care of some Conferences in the South. It was hoped the change of climate would help him. Apparently he was too far gone. He breathed with difficulty and was almost continuously in great pain. Back he went to his "area," and to unceasing and unresting work. Always his work. "It will not be long, but it will be all right." It was not long; it was, it is, all right.

What was this man's chief contribution to his day? His scholarship? Yes, in part, for he showed us that scholarship had its highest justification in broadening one's sympathies for the woe of the world. His gift of public utterance? Yes, in part, for he made it an instrument of power in promoting human well being. His personal charm? Yes, in part, for it multiplied avenues of usefulness in which he might serve the Kingdom. His fund of humor? Yes, in part, for it displayed religion in its genial aspects. His pastoral concern? Yes, in part, for it mirrored to forlorn men and women the love of the Father. But more even than these is his contribution to the sum total of faith in the reality of the unseen world. For, as has been well said, "a minister is settled in a parish not so much to study, to visit, to preach, but to be a demonstration that the things spoken of in church are realities." It is for this that his memory will be cherished with things that are holiest by the spirit that is undying.

All who came in contact with him were partakers of the free hospitalities of his wealthy and generous spirit; all were blessed by his public utterances, rich in thoughts which came to him sweetly as flowers in summer and with the exhaustless fullness of a fountain; all shared the tenderness of feeling, the kindliness of spirit, the earnestness and breadth of his philanthropy; all were witness of his ministry compact with power to kindle not simply

the life of "the finely touched few," but also the gray mass of the average life which is not finely touched; all were inspired by "the splendor of a spirit without blame" and by the imperishable example of a life rich in the combined and indivisible love of truth and goodness; and all felt the charm and acknowledged the power of a happy family life made radiant and serene through a cheerful faith in Him of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named. This is our inheritance in him; and again we are made to feel the truth of Luther's judgment, that "there is no more precious treasure, nor nobler thing upon earth and in this life than a true and faithful parson and preacher."

Charles M. Stuart.

THE METHODIST REVIEW: THE FIRST CENTURY

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good. The constant attacks of the Calvinists on Wesley created Methodist periodical literature. We recall the bitter scorn with which Frederick W. Robertson referred to those "religious" papers which kept up their running fire of denunciation and misrepresentation (as he held). Well, the never-ceasing criticism of Wesley's views, in the interest of decrees and unconditional predestination, by The Spiritual Magazine and The Gospel Magazine at length compelled him to launch out on the uncertain sea of journalism in the publication, on January 1, 1778, of the first number of The Arminian Magazine. It has been published every month since (name changed to Methodist Magazine in 1798, and to Wesleyan Methodist Magazine in 1822). Ever after, therefore, until his death, in 1791, in addition to his other toils Wesley had to edit the magazine, which received its name from its theological purpose, to advocate free grace and dying love *for all.* I have before me the first volume as I write: The Arminian Magazine: consisting of Extracts and Original Treatises on Universal Redemption. Vol. I. In the year 1778. London: Printed by J. Fry and Co. in Queen Street: and sold at the Foundery, near Upper-Moorfields, and by the Booksellers in Town and Country. The contents are heavy fodder for his degenerate children to-day. A Sketch of the Life of Arminius: Extracted from an Oration spoken at his Funeral. An Account of the Synod of Dort: Extracted from Gerard Brandt's History of the Reformation in the Low Countries. Letters (seven by his father and mother to him). Poetry (nine pages). This is the first number (forty-eight pages). The other eleven are on a par with this. The Dort article is continued through several months. In the second number Wesley begins his own translation of Hernnschmid's Life of Martin Luther, which is finished in June, and which he had by him since 1749. Many of his sermons, biographies of his preachers and of other church leaders (Wesley was a lover of history and biography) and much

other solid matter in doctrine and religion were placed before his people in the monthly which he edited with intense interest till his tired pen dropped from his hand.

It was impossible that this example should be without effect on American Methodists. In 1796, therefore, the General Conference in session in Baltimore authorized the publication of a monthly, to be called the Methodist Magazine, on the ground that the "propagation of religious knowledge by means of the press is next in importance to the preaching of the gospel." By the loan of $600 of his own hard-earned money the noble itinerant John Dickins had already, seven years before, established in Philadelphia what came to be The Methodist Book Concern; consequently there were resources at hand for the new venture. Promptly in January, 1797, Dickins came out with the magazine: The Methodist Magazine, for the Year 1797. Containing Original Sermons, Experiences, Letters, and other Religious Pieces; together with Instructive and Useful Extracts from Different Authors. Philadelphia: Printed by Henry Tuckniss: sold by John Dickins, No. 50, North Second Street, Philadelphia, and by the Methodist Ministers and Preachers throughout the United States.

The next year was a hard one with the Concern owing to the untimely death of Dickins, by yellow fever, September 27, 1798. The business was almost suspended for eight months. At the first delegated General Conference, at John Street, New York, in 1812, it was ordered that the magazine be revived. That order failed of execution, perhaps on account of the war. At the next General Conference, in Baltimore, in 1816, the order was repeated on a motion by Bangs, and under the new book stewards, Soule and Mason, the former doing the editing, the magazine, which had ceased in 1799, reappeared in January, 1818, never to go under again, we all trust and pray, till the archangel blows his trump.

The Methodist Magazine, for the Year of our Lord 1818. Volume I. New York: Published by J. Soule and T. Mason, for the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. John C. Totten, Printer. 1818. The first article is an "Address of the Editors of the Methodist Magazine to its Patrons and Friends

in the United States, and especially to the Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in which they say:

> The great design of this publication is to circulate religious knowledge—a design which embraces the highest interests of national existence, as the sum of individual and social happiness increases in a scale of proportion with the increase of spiritual light and information.
>
> In the execution of this design the strictest care will be taken to guard the purity and simplicity of the doctrines of the Gospel against the innovations of superstition on the one hand, and of false philosophy on the other.
>
> In admitting controversial subjects into this work, the heat of party zeal and personal crimination will be carefully avoided.

Except sermons, there were few original contributions, and no editorials. The analysis of contents at the back of the volume for 1828 will answer for the whole history of the magazine: Divinity (mostly sermons), Biography, Miscellaneous, Religious, and Missionary Intelligence, Obituary, Poetry. Historical matter predominated, and as a source on contemporary Church History and biography the volumes are indispensable. Soule was the editor of the first two volumes, and Bangs 1820-28, until merged in the Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review. Historic truth requires us to say that the magazine was not received with universal acclaim. What the ground of the objectors was I do not know, but Bangs speaks (History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, iv., 429) of an opposition "as dishonorable to its authors as mortifying to the more enlightened friends of the church." But he says, "let these 'times of ignorance' be 'winked at,' " and we can well forget them for the joy of this brighter day.

If any man deserves eternal honor at the hands of our church that man is Nathan Bangs. His herculean labors make one gasp. The first editor of The Christian Advocate (1826-32), editor of the Methodist Magazine, book agent, and editor of books at the same time (1820-32), the first regularly elected editor of the Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review (1832-36)—these were only a fraction of the services this indefatigable, wise, able, and loyal servant rendered to his church. In 1830 he was given larger swing, as in that year the monthly issues were given up and a Theological Review, in the full sense, came on the scene:

The Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review (476 pp. in the year, full 8vo.). The articles are longer, the intellectual value of the work higher, and the Review steps, even at this early time, by the side of the best theological Reviews in America, a place that it has kept ever since. According to the old custom in all Reviews, the articles were anonymous, though by 1835 the names of several authors were given, and this continued increasingly till the end of 1840. Pictures in steel of our leading ministers were given, usually one in each number, the engraving well done, and the presentment showing sturdy, self-reliant men of lofty spirit and keen mental gifts. In July, 1837, the name of the editor appears for the first time: "Edited by S. Luckey and G. Coles." Bangs was made missionary secretary in 1836, when Luckey, an able minister and (1822-36) principal of our seminary at Lima, N. Y., was made editor of Advocate, Magazine, and Books. Coles, a beautiful spirit of the New York Conference, and an invalid for half his life, was assistant editor of one or more of these periodicals for twelve years, and sole editor of The Sunday School Advocate for three years. Luckey's Trinity (1818) had a high reputation at the time. In 1840 the famous George Peck, of a famous family, was elected editor of the Review, and in the number for October of that year we read "Edited by George Peck, A.M.," who appended to the July number the Pastoral Address of the General Conference, written by him, and an editorial of six pages on the general plans, etc., of the Review.

No sooner did Peck get a firm hold of the rudder than it was found that a new day had dawned, though the General Conference of 1840 was responsible for the change. With January, 1841, the old title was dropped, and we have the words so familiar to us, Methodist Quarterly Review, with volume I of the third series. The style of the English Review was adopted; several (about eight) main articles were placed first, followed by book notices, and everything was anonymous. A new font of type was used, the page was made attractive, and there were vigor and scholarship which brought the Review to still higher rank. For instance, Cousin's Psychology was ably discussed, and a professor at Randolph-Macon College, though his name is not given, introduced

for the first time a translation from the German—Tholuck's apologetical treatment of the Old Testament. Literary and scientific subjects were treated, and in essential qualities of learning, and yet of popular appeal, Peck had introduced a new era in Methodist literature. Notable articles from that time to this have been the order of the day. The thirty-eight-page article on The Philosophy of History, July, 1842, by an unknown Bowdoin College professor, was alone worth the price of the Review for the year, as are those on The Huguenots and on The Arminian Controversy in the Low Countries in 1844; Kant, in January, 1845, Fourierism in October, and many other rich and able discussions in history, philosophy, theology, etc. By the boldness with which Dr. George Peck struck a high ideal of a theological Review and maintained it during his eight years of editorship he conferred lasting benefits upon the church. He lifted the ministry, and through them the church, to higher planes, and punctured forever that old innuendo, or suspicion, or slander—whatever it was—that Methodism was the enemy of learning. Eminent writers outside our church, like the essayist Whipple, the scholar Tayler Lewis, and the historian Schaff, sought the columns of the Review, a succession that has been kept up until to-day.

It would appear that dissatisfaction had been growing at the strong meat Peck was serving, and this feeling voiced itself at the General Conference of 1848 not only in not reelecting him (though they did elect him as editor of The Christian Advocate), but in passing this resolution: "Resolved, that while we highly prize the Quarterly Review in its present character, it is our firm conviction that were it made more practical it would be more popular and useful"; certainly a puzzling and contradictory resolution, leaving the editor in a quandary whether he should conduct the Review so as to be highly prized or so as to be popular. But before we dismiss the editor in those great forties let us hear his own testimony:

> I found the work of editing the Quarterly Review more easy and pleasant during my second term than it had been the first. The corps of writers which I had gathered was constantly increasing, both in numbers and ability, and there was also a steady increase of the subscription list. The Review had gained some reputation abroad. We had sent a few

copies to a house in London; these were bought up and read; and during my stay in England I found that many had become acquainted with the publication. I was not a little pleased by being told that it was considered one of the best in the English language. It was gratifying that the first Quarterly Review established under Methodist auspices had proved successful. I may add that during the second term of my editorship the Review became self-supporting.

Beginning with 1848 the table of contents at the beginning of each bound volume revealed the authors of most of the articles, but not of all. The volume for '49 lacks table of contents, perhaps through oversight of binder, but beginning with 1850 there is not only a table of contents, with name of author of every article, but there is a full index at the back (including even an index of Scripture passages, a special feature omitted after 1854), a beneficent provision for which we have to thank the next editor.

A Conference that could pass a resolution like that I quoted a moment ago was capable of the Irish bull of electing the most accomplished scholar perhaps then living in all Methodism to make the Review "more popular"! Up to 1848 Dr. John McClintock had been a professor in Dickinson College—four years of mathematics and eight of Greek and Latin. He interpreted the resolution of the Conference in the only sane way a scholar could interpret it, and sketches his program in October, 1848 (pp. 627ff.). (1) He hopes to have one article in each number on biblical or philological criticism. (2) Biblical exegesis will receive more attention. (3) One article in each number on the faith, organization, usages, history, etc., of our own church, in which reasonable criticism will be allowed. (4) Politics that is not partisan, morals and burning questions of the day will be discussed in a sober and constructive spirit. (5) Brief criticisms and free discussions will be allowed. (6) Articles must be short, ten printed pages, and at most never over twenty-five, though occasionally continued in the next number. (7) Portraits as a regular feature to be discontinued, but they and other illustrations can be introduced at the option of the editor (resolution of Book Committee). (8) Book notices shall be more impartial and critical. (9) Two new departments are to be added in small type; namely, Religious Intelligence and Literary Intelligence. (10)

More extensive use is to be made of foreign scholarship, especially in the translation of German articles. From January, 1849 (when his full scheme could be first carried out), until July, 1856, the effect of an independent and thoroughly scholarly mind was seen. The Review immediately ascended still higher in the scale of worth, and without losing popular interest—in fact, increasing it—was hailed in all quarters as one of the best and ablest theological reviews in the language. The book notices at once became of critical value. The literary and religious intelligence was of enduring interest, and I sometimes take down my copies to browse in those narrow columns, as well as to read the great articles which he gathered from the best minds within and beyond our pale. Who can be thankful enough for (probably) his own Reminiscences and Judgments of Edward Irving (January, 1849), or for that fine Carlyle study which immediately followed it? Schaff continued his studies of Church History, Stevens wrote brilliant pieces on Channing and Lamartine, Olin an enduring paper on the Religious Training of the Young, that veteran physician and local preacher, Dr. Thomas E. Bond, one of the greatest lights of our Zion, an article on The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the closing part of which, Dr. Crooks thought, was perhaps the most powerful arraignment of Methodist complicity with slavery ever written; Crooks's own article on Bishop Butler; the editor's account of Neander (January, 1851), upon whom he had called the summer before; Professor Tyler's article on Plutarch's Moralia; Strong's two discussions on the Logos in John; many lighter articles, but—whether light or grave—interesting, well written, and well worth reading. A Presbyterian divine, Dr. T. V. Moore, sent him valuable stuff, and Tuckerman, the man of letters, was glad to appear in that noble company of which McClintock was the center, 1848-56.

Two notable contributions to Church History and Philosophy marked McClintock's editorship. He had formed a delightful acquaintance with J. L. Jacobi, pupil of Neander, and like his master a professor in Berlin (later in Königsberg), and he kept him informed as to the new things coming out in German theological science. In 1842 Mynas brought from Greece to Paris

what came to be a celebrated manuscript. The librarian of the national library in Paris, Miller, studied it and published an edition under the auspices of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1851, as the work of Origen, and as largely completing the *Philosophoumena* generally, though wrongly, attributed to him. In 1851 McClintock published an article by Jacobi proving that the important find of Mynas was by Hippolytus of Rome, an eminent early third-century writer—the first conclusive discussion of the manuscript which appeared in any journal in English. The second contribution was the series of anonymous articles by Professor George F. Holmes, of the University of Virginia, on the Positive Philosophy (January, April, 1852, July, October, '53, and July, '54). Ten years had passed since Comte had finished the six volumes of his Cours de Philosophie Positive, and as yet —outside of a notice of the first two volumes by Brewster in the Edinburgh Review, July, 1838—there had not appeared a single exposition or refutation in any English or American journal. McClintock had the sagacity to see that, whatever the fate of particular features of that now celebrated system, its general effect in a scientific age was bound to be immense. To get a clear, competent, and effective presentation was a crying need. To have been the first to see and furnish that is honor enough for one editor in a generation. (I might say that the various philosophical articles by the late Professor Holmes, in the Review and in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopædia are among the most brilliant pieces of work ever done by an American.) This notable series by Holmes was studied by Comte himself, who carried on a correspondence with McClintock which the reader can find in the admirable and most interesting Life and Letters of the Rev. John McClintock, D.D., LL.D., by the late Professor Crooks, of Drew, N. Y., 1876, pp. 230-5.

This high standard which McClintock set up for the Review, and—thank God!—nobly maintained, cost him many a criticism and struggle. Even President Olin, his friend and contributor, wanted it less a Review and more a magazine. The fact that both Peck and McClintock did not yield to that clamor was one of the happiest omens in our history. It had an immense influ-

ence on the intellectual virility of our preachers and through them on the strength and self-respect of our whole church. And they made their successors' work lighter. The Review never has become a mere magazine. When I look through the articles in that happy octad, 1848-56, what a feast for the soul! a feast of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees, of wines on the lees well refined! If a better Selkirk should have to live for another five years on a new Juan Fernandez, Bible and Shakespeare being taken for granted, how he could console and feed his mind if he had nothing else than the rich contents of a set of our own Review.

I remember with what regret, almost bitterness, my dear teacher Dr. Crooks spoke to me about the failure of the General Conference of 1856 to reelect to the Review his friend and one-time colleague. But there is a Providence even in ecclesiastical elections. How would McClintock have done that splendid and indispensable work in Paris during the Civil War and the equally important work—in a far different sphere—the scholastic organization of Drew Theological Seminary, if he had not been lifted away from the editor's helm? A new hand came in with a swing with the January number, 1857 (elected May, 1856, but last two numbers by McClintock), and for twenty-eight years the Review was edited with a vigor, freshness, piquancy, with a theological and critical force, and even punch, perhaps never equaled in the history of literature. For a combination of qualities to make a first-class editor of a theological Review at once popular and scientific Daniel D. Whedon never has been, and never will be, surpassed. It was a fighting age, and Whedon had a boy's love of a fight and a pugilist's strength, agility, and eagerness to conquer. Calvinism, Universalism, Catholicism, slavery, and the things that went with it, all kinds of religious and theological fads, exaggerations, perversions, came in for his trenchant pen, for his wit, humor, sarcasm, for his penetrating analysis, sober estimate, and final judgment. He had McClintock's catholicity of feeling and outlook and belief in free discussion, a good part at least of his love of scholarship and accuracy, more than his interest in systematic theology and power as a thinker in both philosophy and theology, his clearness of style and of thought,

and a wonderful raciness in discussion and new ways of putting his points. Yes, it was a unique combination of qualities which united in the fourth elected editor of our Review. There never can be another Whedon.

He was the second college graduate to serve as editor (Hamilton, '28; McClintock, University of Pennsylvania, '35), and his life before 1856 had been about equally divided between teaching and pastorate. The chief changes brought in by Whedon were enlarging and making much more vigorous the book notices (Quarterly Book Table) where pungent criticisms are often found, and adding to the lists of articles in theological Reviews quotations from them (the lists begun by McClintock in October, 1851, kept up till January, 1912), and the discussions of points made in these articles. The departments of Foreign Religious Intelligence and the Foreign Literary Intelligence were kept up, and they are as interesting to-day as ever. It is impossible to give here a taste of the amazing richness of the Review in those twenty-eight years. It was a college and theological education in itself. It attained as near the ideal of a perfect theological Review, at once popular and scholarly, as probably shall ever be seen in this world. Its influence on our ministers and laymen, in intellectual stimulus, in conserving their loyalty to essential truth yet their catholicity and breadth of view, their sanity and moderation in the face of kaleidoscopic changes in American religion, was inestimable. That long editorship was a brilliant section in our history as a church. Few of God's many gifts to us have been more valuable, more worthy of renown.

By 1884 the infirmities of age were unfortunately retiring the brainy Whedon from his loved task. The General Conference in that year, therefore, elected a successor, the well-known Dr. Daniel Curry. Curry was at this time seventy-five years of age, so that, while his election was a rare compliment to his intellectual vigor, it was impossible that his tenure should be long. Beginning with 1885 the Review became a bi-monthly (new series—the fifth), and the name changed to METHODIST REVIEW. 1884 had 800 pages; 1885, 972 pages. It now has 1,012 pages. The same departments were continued, but there were added

Editorial Miscellany, Domestic Religious Intelligence, and Missionary Intelligence. There is a brief notice of the death of Dr. Whedon, June 8, 1885, but no article on him. Besides his own departments the editor wrote several of the regular articles. At the end of the issue for September, 1887, this notice was printed: "The Publishers of this Review are deeply grieved at the necessity of informing its readers that the Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry, its able and scholarly editor, is no longer an inhabitant of earth. He died at his house in this city, after a brief but severe illness, on Wednesday, August 17, in the 78th year of his age." On the 7th of June of that year he had written to the Rev. Dr. Daniel Wise, of Englewood, N. J., whose ready pen had done so much for our literature, "I have it in mind, if my health shall improve, to give myself a vacation of two or three months, and if so I shall be glad to place the Review under your care for that time." But his health did not improve, and that long and useful life was soon swallowed up in the higher activities of eternity. Dr. Curry had a strong, independent, inquiring mind that did its own thinking and kept up its intellectual freshness to the last. The Book Committee met immediately and elected the Rev. Professor George R. Crooks, of Drew Theological Seminary, as editor, and in case of his declining requested the venerable Dr. Wise to prepare the December and remaining numbers till the General Conference met in 1888. Dr. Crooks would have made a splendid editor (his management of The Methodist from 1860 to '75 made that one of the ablest and most interesting religious weeklies in the world), but he could not be expected either to give up his chair at Drew or to take on the additional duties of the Review. In November, 1887, there appeared a portrait of Curry and a penetrating appreciation of him by the Rev. Dr. Daniel A. Goodsell, later bishop.

Dr. Wise conducted the Review admirably till, and including, July, 1888, when the newly elected editor, the Rev. Dr. James W. Mendenhall, took charge. The latter was presiding elder in one of the Ohio Conferences, the author of Echoes from Palestine (1883), Philosophy of Plato and Paul (1887), and came to his task with well-defined aim to make the Review more warlike. "It must assert itself," he says in his first editorial

(July, 1888, p. 585), "as a potent instrument in the current strifes of the church with the doctrinal errors of modern thinkers and teachers. It is not a relic of departed giants, but a scabbardless scimitar to be used in everyday encounter with agnosticism, Old Testament criticism, and all the cognate upheavals in the path of Christian culture and progress." The Christian scholar "must strike the Titanic blow, fearing nothing." "Henceforth it shall be a magazine adapted to thoughtful men, whether of the laity or ministry." Two departments were added—Paragraphic, and Modern Progress. In January, 1889, the Arena Department was introduced—brief signed discussions—an excellent feature. Symposia, then popular, were brought in. Old Testament criticism was bitterly scored in a series of editorials beginning with September, 1889. These attacks were so indiscriminate and extreme as to alienate the scholars of Methodism, and there was talk of starting an independent Review where Christian scholarship would receive sober and hospitable treatment. The Itinerants' Club, which was introduced by an article by Bishop Vincent in January, 1890, began as a regular department in March, 1890, and came under the gracious hand of Dr. Buttz, of Drew, in January, 1891. The fiery zeal which Dr. Mendenhall threw into his battle with what he believed to be rationalistic higher criticism no doubt drew on his nervous energies, and helped along the disease which, without his knowledge, was hastening him to the life above. At the General Conference at Omaha in 1892 friends noticed his decay. He was reelected editor, went from there to Colorado Springs for rest, and died in Chicago June 18, 1892, in his forty-eighth year. In September, 1892, his portrait and an estimate of his life and work by Dr. Whitlock appear, as well as an eloquent brief tribute (pp. 784-7) by the Rev. Dr. Arthur B. Sanford, which is signed simply, Assistant Editor. For the last part of 1892 and January and March, 1893, the Review was edited by Dr. Sanford.

Soon after the death of Dr. Mendenhall the Book Committee again went to Drew Theological Seminary for an editor, and again in vain. Dr. Buttz declined. At its next meeting, in Chicago, February 8, 1893, it elected the Rev. Dr. William V. Kelley,

who consented to serve after the expiration of his year as pastor at First Church, New Haven, Conn. And with the number for May, 1893, the present editor stepped upon the scene. See his delightful salutatory in that number, pp. 449-56. Dr. Kelley was known as a man of catholic, genial, and irenic spirit, of broad literary sympathies, thoroughly devoted to Methodism and to historic Christianity, cherishing a healthy and large-minded progressiveness and free from narrow dogmatism, with a mind hospitable to all learning and scintillating with ideas, and with an English style unique in its beauty, freshness, sweep, and copiousness. Dr. Kelley, chosen first by the Book Committee in 1893, has been, by quadrennial action of the Church, continued until 1920, covering a period of twenty-seven years, only one year less than Whedon's; his work as editor having so commanded the approval of the Church that six successive General Conferences have reelected him, usually by a practically unanimous vote.

In January, 1894, the departments as we are familiar with them dropped in their place with two new ones: Archæology and Biblical Research, by Professor William W. Davies, Ph.D., of Ohio Wesleyan University, and Missionary Review, now revived, and discontinued again after December, 1901. The Summary of Reviews and Magazines appeared for the last time in January, 1912. Professor Charles W. Rishell, the author of the Foreign department, died September 21, 1908, and was succeeded by Professor John R. Van Pelt, of Cornell College, Iowa, than whom no better choice could have been made in all America from any church, as can readily be seen by his remarkable survey of the different schools, tendencies, etc., of German theology in the Review for May, 1907. Dr. Rishell's work continued through all 1908 and January, 1909, and one page (483) in May. Dr. Van Pelt has had the Foreign Outlook from and including March, 1909 (except that one page in May), until the present, and it is and always has been, since McClintock, one of the best departments of the Review.

1818-1918. It has been a distinguished history, an unparalleled achievement. To maintain a periodical of its high class is proved to be very difficult by the failure of many most

promising attempts. The mortality among such Reviews is appalling. Ours is the only religious body in America that has succeeded through a whole century. That there has been enough intellectual, religious, and theological life and productivity among us to keep up a Review for a hundred years reflects eternal glory upon our church, whatever the future may bring. Churches that despised us for our alleged sciolism and ignorance have been unable to compete with us here. The English Congregationalists had to give up the great British Quarterly Review (begun 1845), at the end of 1886. The old famous Eclectic Review (London), supported by Baptists and other Nonconformists, went under in 1868, though after a long life—sixty-three years. The North British Review—happy he who has a set!—back of which was the Free Church of Scotland (1844ff.), went out in 1871. The Congregational Magazine, the Congregational Quarterly (1859-79), the Christian Review (Baptist, 1836-63), are found only in large theological libraries. The Baptist Quarterly (Philadelphia, a most admirable work) died in 1877, after its brief span of ten years. The Baptist Review (1879-1893) could not persist, though its last editor, my friend Professor Vedder, was a scholar, a man of letters, and an editorial genius. The (Protestant Episcopal) Church Review stopped, to my regret, in 1891 (for though in those years a humble pastor on modest salary I was a subscriber to that and several other theological journals of distinction). The American Presbyterian Review reigned with scholarly power from 1869 to the end of 1871, when it was combined with the Princeton. The Presbyterian Review, which filled up my ideal of a perfect theological Review, reposes up there on those shelves, only, alas! from 1880 to 1889 inclusive. I remember my grief when I read the slip announcing that I had received my last number. The Presbyterian and Reformed Review lasted from 1890 to 1902. The old Princeton Review began as the Biblical Repertory in 1825, added its well-known name in 1837, ran under its famous editor, Dr. Charles Hodge (died 1878), for forty-six years, and stopped at the end of 1877. Mr. Libbey started an entirely new periodical of the same name, with the most famous scholars—many of them theological—in the world

as contributors, whom he paid lavishly, but the brief years 1878-84 marked its brilliant existence. The British and Foreign Evangelical Review disappeared in 1888 (begun 1856). The Theological Review (Unitarian, where you will find Martineau's powerful essays) shed its light but a short time (1864-79). The Modern Review (also Unitarian, as scholarly as interesting and strong) ceased to come to my library at the end of 1884, after its little life of five years. The Westminster Review, much of it religious, the organ of the George Eliot school—did it queer Robert Elsmere?—finally went out in 1914 after a long and distinguished career of ninety years. The Universalist Quarterly (Boston, 1844-91) was an honor to its denomination, but it, too, had to go. The Unitarian Review, of the same city, represented a church of culture and vast wealth, but its clergy had not enough interest in the Queen of the Sciences to keep the Review agoing (1874-91). Its successor, New World (Boston), a very attractive theological quarterly of high scholarly and literary aims, went out at the end of 1900 after a brief lapse of nine years; and the present Harvard Theological Review, which came in 1908 to take its place, is maintained by an endowment left by the late Rev. Professor Charles Everett. The Christian Quarterly (Disciples of Christ, Cincinnati), though in a church of live doctrinal interest, could not survive (1869-76, '82-'89). The New Englander had a long and eminent career (1843ff.), under the auspices mainly of the professors of the Yale Divinity School, but it finally became more or less secularized and died. The Yale Review took its place in 1892. Its young sister of the same Congregational fold, The Andover Review, I read for ten years (1884-93), but no longer, and had also the honor of being a contributor. The Southern Review (1867ff.), of which our able Rev. Dr. Bledsoe (Church, South), mathematician and theologian, was editor, was discontinued in 1878, after the death of Dr. Bledsoe in December, 1877. The Presbyterian Quarterly, Richmond, Virginia, did fine work for some years (1887-1902). The Critical Review, Edinburgh, was an English Theologische Rundschau, only much sounder in its theology (1891-1904). The Review of Theology and Philosophy took its place in 1905, but it too, alas! went out

in 1915, one of the offerings of this hellish war. With all these departed journals (and some I have purposely omitted) floating away into the dim past like shadows, behind many of which were venerable communions and wide and rich constituencies, that our own Review is about to enter its second century, hale, vigorous, hopeful, with ancient wisdom and a young heart, with eyes open wide to all the new wonders in science, art, literature, and life, and to all the new truth in sociology and religion, with a gracious spirit, catholic toward all churches yet faithful to its own, with undiminished loyalty to the undiminished substance of the faith of Christ, of Paul, and of Wesley, the faith once for all delivered to the saints—namely, Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever (when it becomes disloyal to that faith may it die the death it deserves and its memory perish)—that is certainly a gift of God, rare and precious; a gift of which there is hardly a fellow in the long history of his church.[1]

John Alfred Faulkner

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[1] It was only after I finished this article that my eye struck "Seventy and Five Years of the Methodist Review" in the issue for July, 1894, which I have since read. It is so different from mine that I earnestly urge every one interested to read Dr. Mudge's careful and valuable survey. An Index from 1818 to 1881 was published in book form by our Concern in 1883, edited by the Rev. Dr. Elijah H. Pilcher.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF CREEDS

Once upon a time a foolish man said in his heart, "There is no God." And that was his creed. He believed that in all the myriad worlds there is no God. Once upon a time a man said, "If there is a God, we have no means of knowing anything about him." And that was his creed. He believed that it is impossible to make any discovery concerning the nature of the Power that is fashioning and controlling the universe. Once upon a time a man said, "The world would be vastly better off if there were no creeds. Creeds are neither necessary nor wise. They are a tragic superfluity." And that was his creed. In the very breath in which he protested against all creeds he stated his own creed. The fact of the matter is that every man has a creed. And it is a matter of very considerable importance what a man's creed is. You have heard how it has been said from olden times that it makes very little difference what a man believes; it is only what he does that counts. But, this ancient tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, it does make a difference what a man believes. It makes a big difference. For what a man believes will eventually influence what he does. His creed will determine his deed. It sometimes happens that what one says he believes and what he actually believes have very little in common. Men do not always act in accordance with their professed beliefs. Their professed beliefs may not influence their conduct very much. But what one really believes will influence his whole life.

In 1911 a book was published that created a sensation. Its author was a distinguished soldier who had interested himself not only in the science of war but in the philosophy of war, and this book was the confession of his faith. I state it as briefly as possible and substantially in his own words. War, he says, is a biological necessity; a regulative element in the life of mankind that cannot be dispensed with. War, as opposed to peace, has done more to arouse national life and expand national power than any other means which history has disclosed. Even aggressive

war under certain conditions is both desirable and justifiable. Strong, healthy, vigorous nations increase in numbers. They require new territory for the accommodation of their surplus population. Since almost every part of the globe is now inhabited, this new territory, in most instances, must be obtained by force, which thus becomes a law of necessity. Arbitration treaties are peculiarly detrimental to an aspiring nation that has not reached the zenith of its potential power. The Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the state: than the state there is nothing higher. The end-all and be-all of the state is power. When the state is involved might is the supreme right, and what is right can be decided only by the arbitrament of the sword. Let us, therefore, give earnest heed to those manly lines of Goethe:

> Dream of a peaceful day?
> Let him dream who may.
> War is our rallying cry,
> Onward to victory!

Now this is the creed, passionately believed in, of a man who is perfectly honest, exceedingly earnest, and very courageous. And this creed, accepted not only by him but by thousands of men living under European skies, has gotten itself expressed in startling deed. It has made history. It has drenched a continent. It has caused darkness to come over all the continents. It has shaken the world. Let no man sneer at creeds. Let him hate them, fear them, denounce them, oppose them; but let him never attempt to minimize their importance or their power. During the Russian-Japanese war Tolstoi wrote to a friend, "The great strife of our time is not that which is being carried on by mines and bombs and bullets, but a spiritual strife between the enlightened consciousness of mankind and the burden that oppresses mankind." The great strife of our time is not so much of arms as of ideas and ideals. We are witnessing to-day the clashing of creeds.

But coming now to religious creeds. It is, of course, quite inevitable that we should have them. Men who think about religion will come to certain conclusions. Men who experience reli-

gion will develop certain convictions. And these conclusions, these convictions, soon or late, will crystallize into creeds. And more may be said. Religious creeds are not only inevitable, they are desirable. What a loss it would have been if after that memorable voyage on the Beagle, and the seventeen years of patient industrious brooding which followed it, Charles Darwin had not given expression to his scientific faith in The Origin of Species and the Descent of Man. Surely it would have been a loss at least equally as great if after several generations of a new kind of spiritual experience the early Christians had not set forth their religious faith in the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed. If there is need from time to time of a formal statement of scientific faith there is likewise need from time to time of a formal statement of religious faith. It is only so that the experience of one age can be utilized by succeeding ages. We need all the help which the past experience of the race can give us. Something more than modesty prompts us to acknowledge that even to-day we know only in part. What we do not know is perhaps far more than what we do know. How vast the universe in which we live. How small, almost infinitesimally small, our own little planet. And we are far from knowing all that even it contains. We stand in a small circle of light and all about us is darkness. As we push out into the darkness, in our quest for truth, surely we may be grateful for every guidepost which intellectual pioneers and spiritual frontiersmen have provided us. As friendly guideposts on the road to the everlasting truth of things religious creeds are of inestimable value.

But creeds have not always been used as friendly guideposts. Only too often they have been used as big sticks with which to compel all men to believe what some men have believed. And so used, they have been exceedingly mischievous. They have interfered with progress. How much of tragedy and truth in Russell Lowell's terrible lines, "In the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track"! Begin with Jesus himself, hunted down and put to death by an ecclesiastical organization. Recall the stoning of Stephen, the flogging of Paul, the burning of Huss, the torture of Galileo, the opposition to Harvey, the persecution

of Wesley, the ferocious attacks upon Darwin, the dark hatred of Tolstoi. It is only too true that by the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet may be tracked. Used as big sticks with which to keep men in the beaten path of thought creeds have interfered with progress. They have not been able to stop it, but they have made it difficult and often dangerous.

And this use of creeds has had another consequence even more serious. It has tended to intellectualize religion. One of the first things that a man is asked to do when he presents himself at the door of the church is to give intellectual assent to the creed of the church. There are very few churches with which one may unite unless he can meet the creedal test.

Now the creedal test is both too severe and too easy; too exacting and not exacting enough. Intellectually, it is too exacting. Matthew reports a saying of Jesus that is not only very beautiful but very significant: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." To men on whom a letterbound ecclesiasticism had laid burdens very heavy and grievous to be borne, to men who were confused and dismayed by the thousand and one demands of the law, weighted down by a cumbersome ritual and a complicated theology—to these heavy-laden ones Jesus came with a few simple but tremendous ethical demands, and with a theology so simple that a little child could apprehend it; and in comparison his yoke *was* easy, his burden most wonderfully light. Is it putting the case too strongly to say that the burdens which Jesus endeavored to lift from men's minds the creedal test has restored? For some men it has made church membership impossible. It will not be forgotten that Abraham Lincoln once said, "I cannot without mental reservation give assent to long and complicated creeds and catechism. But if any church will simply ask assent to Jesus' summary of the law, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself'—that church I will gladly join." Does anyone believe that Mr. Lincoln was not a

Christian? There are some who think that he was the greatest Christian since the days of Paul the apostle. Yet he never became a churchman. Surely there must be something wrong with an ecclesiastical test which excluded such a man as Abraham Lincoln from the fellowship of the church.

But if, intellectually, the creedal test is too exacting, ethically it is not exacting enough. There is another type of man for whom nothing is easier than intellectual assent to a religious creed. There is no insinuation here that such a man is not intellectually honest, that *he* would be willing to come into the church with mental reservations. All that is meant is that this particular type of man—and his name is legion—has very little interest in the intellectual side of religion. Theology does not bother him. He will tell you that he knows nothing about it and that he cares even less. Theology is something for experts to determine. Whatever the experts agree upon, of the particular denomination with which he desires to align himself, he is ready to accept and can accept without a single intellectual quiver. Now for such a man church membership is easy—too easy. He may join the church, having met without flinching the creedal test, and ever thereafter he may remain in the church without any change in his spirit, in his attitude toward his fellows, in the program of his life. "Brethren," one can imagine Saint James saying, "this ought not so to be." We are living in a time when what is needed above everything else is a change in men's spirit, in their attitude toward their fellows, in the program of their lives. At the door of the church a man ought to be confronted by something other and something greater and something far more searching and significant than the creedal test. He ought to be confronted by Jesus's own test. What was Jesus's test? The test which Jesus imposed was a very real one, and to many, no doubt, it seemed a very severe one. But it was not an intellectual test. For intellectual tests Jesus cared not one fig. "The devils believe," he said, "and tremble." But neither their belief nor their spasmodic excitement made any real difference. They continued to be devils. In his most famous sermon he declared, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord [with the accent of orthodoxy], shall enter

into the kingdom of God, but he that doeth the will of my Father." And according to Jesus, the final test by which all men must stand or fall will be not an intellectual or creedal test, but a moral and religious test. Not, Did you accept the doctrine? but this: Did you do his will? Not, Did ye call me God, very God of very God? but this: I was hungry; did you give me to eat? I was thirsty; did you give me to drink? I was in prison; did ye visit me? I was sick: did ye minister unto me? What was the test which Jesus imposed? Listen: "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Listen again: "Be not anxious concerning what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed: seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and righteousness." Passing from the creedal test to Jesus's test one finds himself in a different world. And it is Jesus's own test with which a man ought to be confronted when he comes seeking membership in a Christian church. There he stands at the door of the church. What shall be said to him? Shall he be asked whether he believes in the Resurrection of the Body? or the Virgin Birth? Shall he not rather be asked, "Are you ready to deny yourself? Are you willing to make sacrifices? Are you ready to do the will of God at whatever personal cost? Are you willing to seek first, not commercial success, nor social success, nor political success, nor any kind of personal success; are you willing to seek first the Kingdom of God? The world is in a bad way. It is sinning. It is suffering. It is cursing in its madness. It is groaning in its pain. Are you going to help? Are you ready to lend a hand? Will you 'do your bit' in making this a better and happier world for men and women to live in and little children to be born in?"

In London, in what is known as Browning Settlement, there is an association of devoted men and women called The Fellowship of the Followers. On those desiring membership in this association just one condition is imposed. It is this. A card is given to them which reads as follows: "Jesus said, 'If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me.' Willing to deny myself and take up a cross and follow him, I desire to be enrolled in The Fellowship of the Fol-

lowers." A simple test, but searching and significant. And if at the door of every church a man were met, not with the Apostles' Creed, nor the Westminster Confession, nor any other intellectualized statement of religion, but with some such simple yet tremendous demand as that made by The Fellowship of the Followers, is it not possible that in all our churches there would soon be born a new faith, a new hope, a greater love, a more splendid devotion, and a most amazing power?

Consider now the final indictment against the use of religious creeds as big sticks with which to compel assent to theological propositions. Again and again it has prevented cooperation on the part of men who ought to have stood side by side and worked with determination in a common cause. "You will not believe as I believe, therefore I must let you be unto me as the publican and the Gentile." That attitude has given birth to tragic consequences. It has divided Christendom into a host of suspicious, competing sects which only too often have fought one another rather than the great enemy of mankind.

Two of the first disciples of Jesus refused, on one occasion, to extend the hand of fellowship to a man who did not pronounce their shibboleths with the proper accent. But the man was casting out devils; and when Jesus learned what they had done, he sternly rebuked them. Certainly. We cannot afford to refuse the hand of fellowship to any man who is casting out devils. We may not be able to accept his theology, but if he is casting out devils it behooves us to recognize him, welcome him, and support him. You recall that last message which great-hearted David Livingstone sent to the outside world just before he laid down his life for Africa: "All I can say in my loneliness is, May God's richest blessing come down upon any man, American, English, Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world." Well, when the writer of these lines thinks of the darkness that has come over all the world—the lust, the greed, the hate, the fury; when he thinks of the hell of slaughter—the smoking guns, the burning villages, the blinded eyes, the heaps of corpses; when, daring for a moment to look behind the scenes, he sees the white, drawn faces of crucified women, and the pitiful faces of frightened children, he feels

like saying and he does say, May God's richest blessing come down upon any man, Lutheran, Methodist, Anglican, Baptist, Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or Gentile, who helps to heal any of the open sores of this bleeding world.

There is something more to say. It may be said briefly, but said it must be. There are signs, many of them, that a new day is dawning. Heresy trials are becoming less frequent and heresy hunters less numerous. The old chasm between science and religion has been bridged. Once more it is possible for a man to be recognized as both a great scientist and a great Christian. Furthermore, in order to obtain recognition as a religious man, one must do something more than give intellectual assent to theological formularies. He must do something vastly more than say Yes to the proposition, There is a God. He must trust in God. He must build his life on the assumption that the ultimate forces of the universe are spiritual forces, not material forces. He must act as though he believed not that might makes right, but that right is might. And he must do something vastly more than repeat with his lips the great petition, "Thy will be done." In his home, in his business, in all social and political relationships, he must do God's will and endeavor to get it done. He must recognize and accept this challenge: God is striving to moralize business; help him do it. He is striving to humanize industry; help him do it. He is striving to purify politics; help him do it. He is striving to Christianize international relationships; help him do it. The undertaking is tremendous; it is even dangerous. If you venture to engage in it, you may get hurt. Jesus did. So did Savonarola. So did Lincoln. So did Ben Lindsey. So did Thomas Mott Osborne. But, spite of the difficulty and the danger, you must lend a hand. You must do your part. And men are responding to this appeal in a way that is good to see. They are saying with John Hay:

> Not in dumb resignation we lift our hands on high;
> Not like the nerveless fatalist content to do and die;
> Our faith springs like the eagle who soars to meet the sun
> And cries exulting unto thee, O Lord, thy will be done!

. . . .

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong; it bids the strong be just:
No lip to frown; no hand to beg; no brow to meet the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man beneath the liberal sun,
O Lord, be there; thine arm make bare;
Thy righteous will be done!

An intellectualized Christianity is being born again. It is getting a new vision. It is developing a new power. And now, at last, the churches are uniting. Differing still in their formal beliefs, their ritualistic observances, and their political organization, they are nevertheless cooperating in determined and enthusiastic endeavor to realize in this world the Kingdom of God. They are not only looking forward to a new heaven, they are laboring for a new earth—in which festering sores of iniquity shall be no more, neither shall there be helpless, hopeless poverty any more, nor sweated toil, nor preventable disease; for the former things shall have passed away, and the will of God shall be done, as in heaven so on earth.

E. F. Tittle

THINKING THROUGH

Every movement passes through three stages. It is first met with opposition, then with ridicule, and if it survives these two fires, it becomes established. So was it with Christianity in its early career. It was opposed in Jerusalem, it was ridiculed in Antioch, it was established in Rome. The successful issue depended on the ability of the leaders, who not only had vital convictions, but who proclaimed them, in spite of the forces which threatened to undermine and destroy them. If their convictions had been superficial, these men would not have been gripped by them nor would they have been able to grip the people. But they knew him whom they believed and they were persuaded, beyond cavil, rebuke, or disparagement, that absolutely nothing could separate them from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. They had thought through to their conclusions and were established on a firm foundation. No power could, therefore, move them. They had strong encouragement which was as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. This was particularly true of the leaders of the Apostolic Church. In spite of imperfections, due to traditional influences, they had the progressive manner and the forward look. What saved them from wreckage on the rocks of traditionalism was the illumination of the Holy Spirit, whom they accepted as their constant and consistent guide into the larger areas of thought and life. Recall how Paul won the triumph for the cosmopolitan and democratic view of Christianity. The voice of opposition was stilled when the conservative leaders recognized that the apostle to the Gentiles had the guidance of the divine Spirit. They did not hesitate to accept conclusions which went counter to their accepted beliefs, because they were convinced that the new conclusions were nearer the whole truth than the old.

The leaders of the Protestant Reformation did not have the same consistent attitude to truth. Conservatism and radicalism struggled for the mastery, but so great was the influence of

mediævalism that the reformers were prevented from thinking through. In this case conservatism meant reaction. For instance, the principle of individual liberty in Christ, with its complementary principle of social obligation, was imperfectly expounded. The freedom of the Christian was modified by the dogma of sacerdotalism. The priesthood of all believers was qualified by the separation into clergy and laity, with the implication of superior and inferior. The spirit of free inquiry and the rights of private judgment were limited by the distrust of reason. The liberation by the indwelling Holy Spirit was restricted by ecclesiastical pronouncements. The message of the open Book of God was kept within bounds by dogmatic interpretations. The authority of the Christian consciousness and the witness of the Spirit had the elements of spiritual vitality sapped out. The fact is that the Reformers were very much the children of their time. It was, therefore, inevitable that they were unable to pursue their conclusions to a consistent climax. They were held back by prepossessions and presuppositions, imposed upon them by Catholic scholasticism. This in turn was succeeded by Protestant scholasticism, which was no less dogmatic than its paralyzing predecessor.

Much has happened since the date when Luther nailed his defiant theses. It ill becomes us at the present time to point out the manifest weaknesses of the greatest revival movement in the history of the church. It is not by criticizing its defects that we can worthily commemorate this heroic protest on behalf of spiritual liberty in Christ and the nobler progress of humanity. It is rather by completing the program of Protestantism in the light of modern needs, that we shall prove ourselves to be the devoted descendants of those brave souls, who, in the teeth of bitter opposition and unscrupulous persecution, remained loyal to the light as they saw it, and were faithful to the truth as they understood it. Our task is all the greater because of the innumerable changes wrought by science, travel, invention, and the two ways of evolution and revolution in the social, economic, political, and religious life of all peoples. The more pressing then is the call for a leadership to be characterized by "wisdom without ego-

tism and truthfulness without cynicism." Just at this point we are confronted by one of the serious perils of our American life, due to slack discipline. It is well described by Professor Peabody, a true modern prophet: "A distinguished American has said that his country is alone in the world in its distrust of experts. One man's opinion is commonly thought to be as good as another's, if not better. A citizen may train himself laboriously for some form of public service, for diplomacy or legislation or the teaching of some branch of learning, and may find himself some day displaced by a wholly untrained competitor. When a candidate is proposed for office the first question asked concerning him is likely to be, not 'How adequately prepared is he for his task?' but 'Is he of our party; can he get the votes?' Inexperience may be a passport to preferment, and ignorance a title to self-respect." This means that leaders are not held in deserved honor. People insist on doing their own thinking. This is as it should be, provided they have the adequate data. But this, unfortunately, is not always the case, and we frequently find ourselves in the comic or rather tragic situation of the beggar on horseback and the prince walking. Another peril comes from the tendency to look for the safe man. This generally gives us the mediocre man who hesitates to say that his soul is his own, lest he offend vested interests and startle the prejudices of the "self-preoccupied business man." In these rushful times we have made the man of action our guide, while the man of thought is consigned to a place of secondary importance. This is akin to the inane talk about the "scholar in politics," as though our supremest need were the man of affairs with his nose to the grindstone, and not the man of vision with deep historic knowledge and world outlook. In urging the imperious necessity for the preparedness of the American mind, conscience and will, Dr. James A. Macdonald has pointed out that, "In the world conflict of ideas the college classrooms are our strategic heights. Hold them to-day, and the hinterland of the Vimy Ridge of Truth will be yours to-morrow." The New York Tribune, in an editorial on "The Mental Habits of Democracy," called attention to some of our conspicuous failings: "Our national maxim has been, 'Get busy.' 'The hustler' has become

our hero, with the result that few people, even leaders and molders of public opinion, have had time for thinking. Scarcely anywhere in our blind milling around has there been an opportunity for the modern equivalent of that calm meditation which characterized the great minds of ancient and mediæval times." In such a "psychological climate" it is impossible to engage in work that is definitely constructive and which can bear fruit in all-around character and deeply moving conduct. The effect of all this is seen in the life and influence of the church.

One of the first questions which demand thorough thinking bears on church unity. The church is called upon to give an account of itself, not to enemies, but to friends. Those who are persuaded that the church offers the unique means of bringing blessing to mankind feel that its power is weakened by the blight of sectarianism. The outstanding principle of Protestantism is the freedom of the individual. The attempt to consecrate the intrinsic worth of personality has, however, resulted in an excessive individualistic emphasis, which has become an obsession in many deplorable instances. Room has assuredly been made for individual initiative, but the social boundaries within which this independence should be practiced have often been overlooked. Consequently irresponsible persons have done violence to the social nexus which binds all believers together, and have neutralized the testimony of the church by the scandal of divisions which are as petty and provincial as they are selfish and self-willed. One of the inevitable but disastrous results has been the one-sided presentation of the whole counsel of God. "It is more or less of a scandal," says Bishop McDowell, "that we have preached the partial truth. And we are paying the penalty for it. If we do not do better, we must face the permanent alienation and loss of countless men from Christ's ranks. We cannot touch all life unless we use all of Christ's truth." People will give their adherence and confidence only to "that church, free or bond, which has most of the power, the future, the authority, and the liberty which are in the Christ of the apostles and of the church." It can come about only by a union of forces, made possible by whole-souled sacrifice. As I have stated elsewhere, "This implies a spirit of

enthusiasm which must be kindled at Calvary, if it is to be profitably effectual. With it must also go the conviction of the urgent need of the world for Christ, and of the spiritual waste of duplicating effort for the sake of maintaining an institution and not of redeeming society."

The purpose of the Protestant reformers was to supplant ecclesiastical authority by that of the educated and enlightened Christian consciousness, which is a living thing, flexible and progressive, and marked by candor and integrity. But they became lost in a sea of fog and did not think out the implications of this freedom of the Spirit. So they compromised by placing reliance on the authority of the Bible. A book thus took the place of an organization. The damage wrought was not due to the fact that the Book of God was made the court of appeal, but that its living message was qualified, modified, and limited by a cast-iron theory of inspiration and revelation. These leaders failed to recognize that the Bible came out of experience and is the chronicle of the dealings of the living God with living men, concerned in concrete matters. It must not be regarded as a set of dogmatic propositions with a theological bias, but as a series of happenings with a religious interest. The researches of Biblical scholars have further been discredited because their work has tended to discount the traditional method of appeal to proof-texts, in favor of the rational appeal to the historical perspective, in the progressive unfolding of the will of God, "by divers portions and in divers manners." The final word is to be had not from quotations, but from the facts of life. A lamentable illustration of the confused thinking on this subject is given in "A Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey. He pays a high tribute to the unselfishness and charity of the men in the trenches, but goes on to point out that the average Tommy, who before the war was a workingman, does not associate such virtues with Christianity. "He thinks that Christianity consists in believing the Bible and setting up to be better than your neighbors. By believing the Bible he means believing that Jonah was swallowed by the whale. By setting up to be better than your neighbors, he means not drinking, not swearing, and preferably not smoking, being close-fisted with your

money, avoiding the companionship of doubtful characters, and refusing to acknowledge that such have any claim upon you" (page 109). What a parody on the Christianity of the New Testament! What a reflection on the religious education of the Sunday school and the pulpit! With such a premium on ignorance, we must not be surprised that church people have become so easy a prey to every fantastic cult ingenious enough to wrest the Scriptures to its own advantage and to the religious undoing of its unwitting perverts. We must have consecrated courage to resist the temptation, common to both clergy and laity, "to substitute the cheap guess for the costly certainty, the easy evasion for the expensive solution of a hard problem." We must discountenance the holding of second-hand opinions which are surely not convictions. Such a practice, moreover, is not only a form of mental indolence; it is also an ethical lapse which cannot fail to dull the conscience, to cloud the vision, to enervate the will and to spoil the character. When the reformers abolished the confessional with its attendant evils, no provision was made for personal guidance in the religious life. To be sure, the pastoral office has always been supposed to discharge this function and there are pastors whose ministry in this direction has been beneficial. But as a matter of fact, this important phase of pastoral service is inadequately performed. It is arduous and exacting; it requires a familiarity with the best Christian thought and a sympathetic knowledge of human life in its multitudinous phases of need. One of the best parts of "A Spiritual Pilgrimage," by R. J. Campbell, is where he recounts his experience in dealing with inquirers at the City Temple, London. "It is wonderful," he writes, "how few people there are in the world to whom we can open our hearts freely, how few to whom we would dare to humiliate ourselves by admission of weakness and failure, how few to listen and understand" (page 159). Souls "in wandering mazes lost" querulously look around for help and not finding it go astray and make spiritual wreckage of their lives. Of course some of the inquiries tend to casuistry and purposeless quibbling, but there are more cases than otherwise of "personal distress and melancholy despair," which must be given direction. Some

religious journals conduct correspondence columns which are in the nature of Protestant confessionals. Their character can be judged from Christian Counsel, by David Smith, and Problems and Perplexities, by W. E. Orchard. These two volumes contain material that originally appeared in The British Weekly and The Christian Commonwealth. They are very suggestive to those who would fulfill their pastoral stewardship.

When we talk of relationships we are at once confronted by the modern problem of democracy. This ideal recognizes the rights of the individual without overlooking his personal responsibilities. Faith in man is of the essence of a true democracy. It implies courage to accept the truth that every man is entitled to the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and, moreover, that it is incumbent on each one to help every other in a spirit of consideration and cooperation. It is not the policy of live-and-let-live, but the Christian policy of live-and-help-live that must govern all who espouse this ideal. "A democracy must be tempered, "writes Croly," first of all by and for action. Yet if it cannot combine thought with action, discussion with decision, criticism with resolution, a searching inquisitiveness with a tenacious faith, it cannot avoid going seriously astray. Democracy must risk its success on the integrity of human nature." Here is the crux of the modern social question. It has to do not only with economic and social readjustments, but chiefly with a spiritual attitude to life. We must acknowledge that we *are* our brother's keeper, whatever his racial or religious traditions may be. In a discerning discussion of The Principle of Nationalities, Israel Zangwill states that, "The brotherhood of the peoples is not barred by the plurality of patriotisms. It takes two men to make one brother. Internationalism, so far then from being the antithesis of Nationalism, actually requires nations to interrelate" (page 98). Those who desire to look further into this question will find food for thought in two volumes by Dr. James A. Macdonald. One is Democracy and the Nations, the other consists of the Cole lectures on The North American Idea. In the latter he declares: "Where slavery, serfdom, caste prevail, the foundation of democracy, the sense of personal right and obligation, the sense

of the citizenship of all men, which allows to others the liberty we claim for ourselves, is never secured. Democracy is a process, not even to-day an accomplished fact, an evolution, not a fulfillment attained in any past stage of the world's history" (page 214). Some of the results achieved by the practice of the spirit of socialized democracy are given in a recent volume, entitled Sons of Italy, by Antonio Mangano, published by the Missionary Education Movement. Here then is the real basis of the missionary enterprise. The purpose of Christian missions is to transform the individual as well as his surroundings. The spirit that impels us to undertake and support it is the love of man as man, in order that every man, woman and child might enjoy the higher benefits through Jesus Christ. "For our gospel is not the survival of the fit, but the revival of the unfit." So said C. Silvester Horne in his glowing book, The Romance of Preaching. But if the converts are penned in by themselves and not permitted the freedom of fellowship, because forsooth they belong to a different nationality, then we practically reopen the controversy which was decidedly settled by the Apostolic Church, when Jew and Gentile were received on terms of absolute equality, and when the racial and social discriminations of an unregenerate world were wholly set aside. Any disparity that we accept is a virtual disparagement of the New Testament ideal and experience. By what right do we discriminate against those who enjoy the benefits of the life that is hid with Christ in God? Can it be that they are acceptable to the Lord Christ, but not to us? On whose authority do we establish a double standard which contradicts the very genius of Christianity? The melting pot has reached the boiling point. If the lid is not speedily removed it will boil over and do damage. To use another figure suggested by Bishop Williams in his outspoken volume, The Christian Ministry and Social Problems, instead of perpetually mopping up the floor, let us turn off the spigot (page 66).

Is it not because we have turned away from the central issues of the Christian life that we feel ourselves spiritually powerless as churches? Principal Forsyth once put the case in his characteristic way when he said that the ancient prophet answered

the summons with "Here am I," while his modern successor looks up with confusion and dismay, and asks, "Where am I?" The title of one of President H. C. King's most helpful books is The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life. The phrase is significant. It is largely because we have faced our problems in a purely academic fashion and apart from life, theoretically and not with the scientific test of experiment and experience, that we find ourselves in so much of a dilemma. But the perplexity is itself a challenge to us to bend under the yoke in a spirit of heroic consecration. What Professor Peabody said of the social question applies to every question: "It cannot be fought through, or crowded through, or blundered through; it must be thought through." Thus only shall we be prepared for the demands which press upon us for attention and which summon us to action in the name of Christ, that in all things he might have the preeminence.

Oscar L. Joseph

THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE METHODIST REVIEW

It was my hap, a quarter of a century ago, to sketch in these pages the progress of the Review through its first seventy-five years. Hence arises a certain fitness in my now attempting to complete the record for the round hundred years. I at that time set forth the feats and features of the four men—Nathan Bangs, George Peck, John McClintock, Daniel D. Whedon—who so strongly stamped themselves upon the history of this periodical. There seems accordingly an appropriateness as the century tends toward its close in my giving some account of the fifth chief personage in this line of worthies, the one whose administration has entirely filled the twenty-five years just ending. But before undertaking the task I expressly stipulated that said personage should keep his hands off this portrayal and temporarily or constructively shut his eyes. For how absurd it would be to pretend to draw a picture of the Review during these years and leave out the main figure; how stupid to let the small fact that he is still at work under these earthly skies preclude all mention of his doings; as if forsooth a man in the seventies were liable to be upset by a few words of honest appreciation, or as if it were unpardonable, a sort of monstrosity, to speak a little truth. Let it then be distinctly understood that I alone am responsible for this article.

William Valentine Kelley began his work on this magazine with the May number of 1893. He brought to its management some rare qualities, and was at many points uncommonly well fitted for the post. Reared in a Methodist parsonage of New Jersey, educated at Wesleyan University (class of '65), whence he received the degrees of A.B., A.M., D.D., L.H.D. (the latter also from Dickinson, and LL.D. from Ohio Wesleyan), he very promptly took rank among the best preachers of the denomination, receiving appointments to the leading churches in Buffalo, Philadelphia, Newark, Brooklyn, and other places. A faithful pastor, a tireless worker, a polished gentleman, a genial companion, the

truest of friends, warm-hearted, clear-brained, loving God and his fellow men with utmost sincerity, modest withal and unassuming, free from self-seeking or scheming for place, with genuine elements of power and wide acceptability on platform and in pulpit, his name was no sooner proposed for the vacant editorial chair than it strongly commended itself to those who knew the situation. Dr. Kelley, both as speaker and writer, had from the beginning a style of remarkable beauty and force, largely inborn, for it manifested itself in his very earliest and most immature productions. He had a large acquaintance with literature, a refined taste, a mind perhaps somewhat conservative by nature, yet sufficiently hospitable to new truths, thoroughly devoted to Methodism, yet so catholic-spirited as to be at home in all denominations. For more than a quarter of a century he has greatly honored the church which has honored itself in honoring him. He was a member of the General Conferences of 1896, 1900, 1904, 1908, and 1912, taking a prominent place in the doings and deliberations of these august bodies and coming near to an election as bishop in 1900, which, when it seemed imminent, he prevented by withdrawing his name, which he had had nothing to do with presenting. His interest in his Alma Mater and in missions has been shown by his long and conspicuous service on the Board of Trustees at Wesleyan and the Board of Foreign Missionary Managers. Coming with these advantages and endowments, also with a limitless capacity for work and a strong desire to do well, it is not surprising that he has so emphatically made good as to be reelected to his great office usually with substantial unanimity by six General Conferences. The vote in 1896 was 265; in 1900 he received 614 out of 655; in 1904 he had 654 out of 687; in 1908, out of 716 votes, he had 711, and in 1912 he had 708 out of 713. It cannot be questioned, we think, that he has lifted the REVIEW to a higher plane than it ever occupied before.

As one looks over the more than 25,000 pages that have passed under his supervision, one is amazed at three things—at the fineness, finish, and fecundity of the editor's own contributions; at the astonishing degree in which he has drawn on the literary resources of the denomination; at the high excellence and permanent

value of the general contents of the volumes. From the editorials already half a dozen books have been published, and there is material enough left for half a dozen more. Here are the book titles: The Ripening Experience of Life; Down the Road; The Illumined Face; Trees and Men; A Pilgrim of the Infinite; With the Children. Other topics, a few out of many, on which he has written with wonderful fullness and freshness are these: "Some Rewards of Life in the Ministry," "A Sea Voyage," "Pleasures and Pains of Foreign Travel," "In the Hospital," "Glimpses of the Soul of Gilder," "Significance of Alfred Noyes," "Emily Dickinson," "Matthew Arnold's Apostolate," "Oscar Wilde the Consummate Flower of Æstheticism," "God's Tenderest Promise," "The Rich and Reeking Human Personality," "The Bible as a Strain of Music," "Values in Browning," "The Open Fire," "The Double Sky," "Beside the Sea," "A Salute to the Valiant."

Literary, biographical, and descriptive are the editor's proclivities rather than theological or biblical (a strong contrast to Whedon here), and this very considerably characterizes the general tenor of the articles contributed, although ministerial, ecclesiastical, philosophical, religious, social, and civic subjects somewhat liberally enter in, and once in a while theology gets a hearing. But the present age, we take it, is not so much in love, as certain past ages have been, with belligerent dogmatics or controversial encounters.

When the editor made his initial bow to his audience in May, '93, he said, "Our present conception regards it as the chief function of this office to concentrate the brains and scholarship of Episcopal Methodism upon the pages of the REVIEW, the editor being the servant of the church, to invite herein a perpetual convention of the highest abilities." This function has, without question, been ably fulfilled. The array of names gathered on the pages of these 147 numbers is a very imposing and even startling one. An analysis of them furnishes some interesting conclusions. Perhaps the most outstanding fact connected with them is the strong preponderance of presidents and professors in literary institutions. We have noted no less than seventy-five such institutions represented among the writers. They include, besides

the thirty-five or forty regular colleges, universities, and theological schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church in all parts of the country (and which need not here be mentioned), the following others: Yale, Bowdoin, Princeton, Rutgers, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Pittsburgh, New York, Hamilton, Beloit, Grinnell, Washburne, Lafayette, Wyoming, Ohio, Iowa, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Oklahoma, Maine, Tennessee, North Carolina, Lake Forest, Trinity, of Durham, N. C.; Handsworth College, Birmingham, England; Victoria of Toronto; Emory, of Oxford, Ga.; Union of Kentucky, University of Bonn, University of the City of New York, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg; Morehouse of Atlanta, Randolph-Macon, Highland of Kansas, Union Theological Seminary, Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Baptist Theological Seminary of Kansas City, Baptist Seminary at Newton, Masssachusetts. In some instances a large proportion of the faculty come on, one after the other. And in a few cases single writers furnish from half a dozen to a dozen or more pieces.

The oldest of all these, sole survivor from the writers under McClintock, is Professor Ammi Bradford Hyde, whose first article was upon Dante, contributed in January, 1852, six years after his graduation from Wesleyan (at the age of 21); and whose latest article was in September, 1904, on "The Bugler of the Light Brigade," at 95. Thus Dr. Hyde has written for 52 years under five administrations, a record without a parallel.

The survivors from the time of Whedon, so far as we have noted, are Buckley, Buttz, Buell, Carroll, Kelley, Potts, Scott, Sheldon, Warren, Winchester. Four others who still live—Bashford, Chadbourne, Neely, Thoburn—wrote for Curry. Rather more, of course (besides those already mentioned), date from Dr. Mendenhall's regime—Bristol, Bowen, Curtis, Cooke, Dorchester, Mains, Morris, Nutter, Durrell, Hartzell, Parkhurst, Price, Rogers, Steele, Townsend, Vincent.

Of some little interest is the inquiry what States have furnished the greatest number of the many hundreds of writers who have filled these 25,000 pages. Taking the last six volumes as a fair sample, we find that the 305 articles there printed are ascribed to the following localities: New York, 66; Massachusetts, 28;

Ohio, 25; New Jersey, 25; Illinois, 21; Pennsylvania, 20; Connecticut, 19; California, 11; Iowa, 9; Minnesota, 7; Kansas, 6; Colorado, 6; Wisconsin, 6; Maine, 5; Nebraska, 4; Indiana, 4; Maryland, 4; Michigan, 3; Louisiana, 3; India, 3; Italy, 3; District of Columbia, 3; Switzerland, 3; Tennessee, 3; Georgia, 2; Missouri, 2; and the following one each: Virginia, Montana, Panama, Arizona, Philippines, Prince Edward Island, Japan, Oregon, South America, China, Germany, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Oklahoma.

Among the professors, Borden Parker Bowne of Boston University supplied an extremely remarkable series of articles, unsurpassed in many respects. The first one, it is interesting to note, was sent from Halle while he was still a student there, 27 years old, in 1874. It was a thirty-page review of Strauss, under the title, "The Old Faith and the New," full of keen sarcasm, followed two years later by a similarly sharp critique of the "Cosmic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer and John Fiske." Then followed "Some Objections to Theism," in '79, "The Ethics of Evolution" in 1880, and later these: "The Logic of Religious Belief," "Philosophical Idealism," "Significance of the Body for Mental Action," "Natural and Supernatural," "Morality and Life," "Aberrant Moralizers," "Jesus or Christ," "Ethical Legislation by the Church," "Supremacy of Christ," "Some Popular Mistakes Concerning Evolution," "Mr. Spencer's Philosophy."

Equally astonishing and bewildering is the series supplied by Bishop Quayle, whose luxuriant imagination when it wanders lovingly around a congenial theme seems to have at command all the resources of the language, and then some more. His pieces are prose poems, a masterly grouping of facts, fancies, and ideas, bold in conception, brilliant in execution, corruscating, scintillating, beautiful to eye and ear. Here are the titles we have gathered: "On Reading Beautiful Books," "Tennyson's Men," "A Poet Chrysostom," "Did You Get Anything?" "Con Amore," "Nec Timeo," "The Uncommon Commonplace," "The Book of Ruth," "Cicero or Paul," "Preaching and Preacher," "Selfish Womankind," "The Literature of Devotion," "The Literature of Nature," "The Preacher and the Poet," "Jean Valjean," "The

Gentleman in Literature," "A Walk Along a Railroad in June," "Shakespeare's Men," "Debt of the Republic to the Preacher."

No less than thirty-three other bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church (besides Bishop Hendrix of the Church South) have contributed, some of them from five to ten articles, to these pages in the quarter century just past. Here are the names: Warren, Cooke, McConnell, Thoburn, Bashford, Vincent, Oldham, Hurst, Nicholson, Goodsell, Mallalieu, Warne, Robinson, McDowell, McCabe, Andrews, Burt, Neely, Foss, Hughes, Bristol, Luccock, Moore, Anderson, Cranston, Leonard, Nuelsen, Walden, McIntyre, Eveland, Stuntz, J. W. Hamilton, F. Hamilton.

Of women, Dr. Kelley has admitted, or secured, no less than 27, whereas in Whedon's time there were only three; three also with Mendenhall, and three with McClintock. Is not this an encouraging token of the degree to which women in these days are claiming their share in the realm of letters, as in all other spheres?

Of missionaries contributing there are 22—Taft, Headland, Burt, Brewster, Blickfeldt, Stevens, Ferguson, T. J. Scott, J. E. Scott, Kinney, Schwartz, Moore, McLaughlin, Calkins, R. M. Buck, O. M. Buck, Tipple, Wright, Wark, Pyke, Donahugh, Luering, Taglialetela. These represent Calcutta, Bareilly, Cawnpore, Meerut, Muttra, Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Hinghwa, Korea, Japan, Buenos Ayres, Pachuca, Rome, Frankfort.

Among the foreign contributors we find the names of Principal P. T. Forsyth, London; Thomas Allen, Birmingham; W. L. Watkinson, H. W. Horwill, London; H. W. Clark, W. T. Withrow, Toronto; Professor McFadyen of Toronto, Professor Wallace of Victoria University, John Telford, England, and Professor Edward Konig of the University of Bonn.

Several non-Methodists of our own country should have special mention: S. Parkes Cadman, C. C. Starbuck, Richard Watson Gilder, James S. Dennis, Charles E. Jefferson, Albert J. Lyman, Professor Johnson of the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church, Professor Crannell of the Baptist Theological Seminary, Kansas City; Professors Van Dyke and Hunt of Princeton.

The names of most of the high officials of the church (editors,

secretaries, publishing agents, etc.) appear in this list. The names of the prominent pastors also appear (together with a few laymen) and others not so prominent but with equally good minds, as evidenced by the productions of their pens. In fact, almost every number, besides the pieces of the stand-bys, the wheel-horses, the dignities and professionals, contains several articles from fairly new and comparatively undistinguished sources.

The close of the first century of the METHODIST REVIEW finds it at the head of all publications of its class in point of circulation, and, its friends think, in point of merit. Thirty-six years ago Dr. Elijah H. Pilcher at the close of his arduous labors in compiling an index to the volumes up to that time called the REVIEW "a fulfillment of the prophetic wisdom of its founders, a credit to its brilliant succession of conductors, and an honor to the church which it so ably represents." It continues to be all this, and more. May its shadow never grow less. May the denomination to which it ministers so efficiently still further show gratitude for its help by increasing the subscription list which already exceeds that attained at any preceding period. May the tempting feast it constantly spreads for its readers be richer yet as the years go by, adding both to the spiritual and intellectual life of those who sit at its banqueting board enjoying the stores of information, and the forces of inspiration which there abound. May it march triumphantly with clear convictions, well defined ideals and positive purposes, retaining the best things of the past and mightily aiding that ever-onreaching progress of thought which is one of the chief hopes of the church in its courageous advance to the conquest of the earth for its Lord and Master.

James Mudge.

"THERE 'LL BE NO DARK VALLEY"

The above title was the refrain of a popular melody, in vogue some years ago, and to our mind it expresses a true sentiment. It must be conceded that there exists almost universally a dread in anticipation of the act and process of dying. Men fear that the parting of the spirit from the body will be attended with excruciating pains far exceeding those ever experienced in any hour of physical anguish throughout life, and they shrink instinctively from the prospect. In the ritual of the Church of England this prayer is found: "Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death to fall from thee." I believe that a great weight of terror would be lifted off minds and hearts if reasonable assurance might be given in advance that no such dreadful ordeal awaits them.

I once interviewed a physician—prominent in the city and conducting an extensive practice—asking him whether such pangs ordinarily were present in the severance of the soul from its physical housing. And his reply was in this tenor: "No; in the first place few people, as death approaches, are aware of what is imminent. They are weak and tired, and generally want simply to rest and sleep. And gradually their sleep lapses into a painless and composed comatose condition, and this remains until in unconsciousness the heart-beats stop, the last breath is drawn, and the vital machinery stands still."

Few, indeed, are the incidents to the contrary. Where they exist some opiate, some sedative or anæsthetic could be mercifully administered. But euthanasia may be commonly looked for, not only with the believer but with the unbeliever alike. One does not meet in print, in these days, with the harrowing, unverified narratives, designed by their inventors to "point a moral and adorn a tale," of the "deathbeds of infidels." Such accounts, in nearly every instance, have been shown to be apocryphal and legendary. They could not stand the acid-test of strict historical investigation and criticism. Doubtless their inventors

meant well by setting afloat such pious gossip, but Christian truth is not served by fabulous and mythical literature.

Doubtless, too, one's mental attitude toward his last hour will depend, in no inconsiderable degree, upon the nature of his disease. One whose life has been far from ideal—perhaps positively immoral—if dying from tuberculosis, may have far less apprehension than the devout man who succumbs to some liver or kidney complaint. It is reported that a certain cardinal in the Roman Catholic communion, as he approached his end, confessed to his valet that he was greatly depressed, and found his expected joy at passing strangely absent. The reply of the common-sensed valet is significant: "Your Reverence, it is not on record that any one ever came to a victorious death from any disease in an organ below the diaphragm."

If death be, indeed, as Jesus said of his friend Lazarus, a "sleep," then, as Luther commented, we shall awake from it, in the Undiscovered Bourne, rested and refreshed, even as we do now from our nightly slumbers. It will be as painless as the "twilight sleep," so successfully employed by present-day gynecologists and surgeons. Just as we do not know the moment when we drop off to sleep each night, so, it is reasonable to suppose, we shall not know the moment when the last earthly slumbrous quietude o'ertakes us. We are not going to take any "leap into the dark." It is not probable that we are about to journey forth into "the land that is very far off"—or, in the language of the old-time Sunday school song, to the "happy land, far, far away." Of course, all is speculation on this point. We have been left without information, and we search even our Scriptures in vain for definite instruction. But opinion more and more tends today toward the view so beautifully voiced:

"It lies around us like a dream,
The land we cannot see;
But the sweet closing of an eye
May take us there to be."

Obsolete also has become the aforetime conception of a "sleep of death," the soul being unconscious, inactive, for thousands or millions of years, until the identical body, lying in its six

feet of earth, shall emerge, flesh and bone, and be reanimated with its former breath and intelligence. Such an outlook was naturally dismaying, and it is not surprising that humanity reacted from it in favor of some theory more rational and truly Christian. Too long, in Christian eschatology, have paganish notions prevailed. The "vale, vale, atque vale!" sounds in our ears like a hopeless dirge, as indeed it was. Those forlorn shadowy ghosts in Homer's narrative, flitting about so unsubstantially in the unreal, tenuous regions beyond the Styx, how pitiful and miserable do they seem! And how grand but gloomy is that description of Sheol located down through some awful earth-fissure, which we find in Job:

> "Are not my days few? Cease then,
> And let me alone, that I may take comfort a little
> Before I go whence I shall not return,
> Even to the land of darkness and of the shadow of death—
> The land dark as midnight,
> The land of the shadow of death, without any order,
> And where the light is as midnight."

Thanks be unto God and to his Son, Jesus, the Christ, that heavy pall has been lifted, and our hearts are no longer smothered beneath its heavy folds! By his death Christ delivered all "them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

Fiercely does Poe demand of the Raven:

> "'Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn
> It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore;
> Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!'
> Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

And with what terrible passion does the poet hurl back his curse:

> "'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend,' I cried, upstarting;
> 'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
> Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
> Leave my loneliness unbroken! Quit the bust above my door!
> Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
> Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore!'"

Well said Poe's biographer that this is the "extreme note of sadness," "caused by the tragedy of life and our powerlessness to grasp its meaning or avail against it." We have here the strain of irreparableness—a dirge of "hopelessness, and brooding regret"—"a vocal dead march":

"And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

If one's mind comes under the weight of such an overwhelming somberness as that, it is no wonder that the thought about the death passage should be tragic beyond description. And never in the annals of the world's writings has the "dread of something after death" been more distinctly and pathetically depicted than in Hamlet's familiar but none-too-famous soliloquy:

"To die—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!"

Obsessed with this misgiving, it is no wonder that men shudder at the very thought and mention of death.

And again not all the haunting rhythm of Omar Khayyam can redeem his verse from desolation which crushes the heart as between the upper and nether millstones. Hear him sing with unmatched melodiousness, but like the tolling of a funeral bell for all our hopes and accentuating the shrinking from the act of dying with annihilation in view:

"Alike for those who for *To-Day* prepare,
And those that after some *To-Morrow* stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
'Fools, your Reward is neither Here nor There.'

"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

"Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn;
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—'While you live,
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return.'

"A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The Nothing it set out from—Oh, make haste!

"O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain,—*this* Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies:
The Flower that once has blown forever dies."

And Whitman does not, with all his singular vocabulary, surging like the surf of the sea, roll the stone away from human hearts while men are gazing inquiringly toward the "bound of life," when they shall lay their burdens down. Hear him as he writes of that "Twilight":

"The soft voluptuous opiate shades,
The sun just gone, the eager light dispell'd—(I too will soon be gone, dispell'd)—
A haze—nirwana—rest and night—oblivion!"

Alas! if that be the end and climax of life's fitful dream-story, what, by contrast, were any amount of physical anguish compared to the dull, sodden feeling of wretchedness settling down upon those "having no hope and without God in the world"! For them, as they look toward the "Finis," Death may indeed seem, as so often styled, "the King of Terrors."

But is it not astonishing to find, but a few months ago, in a popular American journal, supposedly Christian, these lines—"Foretaste"—describing the doleful expected finality for the author in metaphor drawn from nightly bed-time preparation:

"I have turned off the light;
Turned off the world;
And laid aside my life and thought and motion,
And laid myself in my strait grave,
Resigned to darkness and nonentity"?

"Darkness and nonentity"—ah, if that were your "foretaste" and mine, we could not repress, as we felt our hearts beating like muffled drums their funeral marches to the grave, outcries of fright, and acute anticipatory mental and physical torture!

Out from every Hymnal and every Christian song let us

hope for the ultimate elimination of all such misleading phrases as still remain there: "Death's cold flood"; "Jordan's stormy banks"; "the fearful breakers roar"; "the pains, the groans, the dying strife"; "land of deepest shade"; "the waves of that silent sea that roll darkly before my sight."

Only in poetry, with its pardonable hyperboles of speech, but not representing any actuality, should we tolerate any representation like this, however lofty and pathetic, of our departure from these "warm precincts of the cheerful day":

> "When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
> I am nearing the place,
> The power of the night, the press of the storm,
> The post of the foe;
> Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form."

We should not admit for a moment the reality of "the black minute," "the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave." For us all positively let us be convinced there shall be no "moaning of the bar"—no fearsome bodily or mental suffering as we come in "sight of that immortal sea which brought us hither," and we "hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Like Whittier, let us each hope to "find himself by hands familiar beckoned" unto his fitting place.

"The Valley of the Shadow," let us hold, is more general in significance than what is expressed in the translation of the Shepherd Psalm found in the biblical text, and represents not specifically "death" alone, but any period of transition, symbolized by the movement of the shepherd with his sheep, leaving the exhausted pasture lands on one slope, descending to the shaded vale below, but only to pass through it to where new and lush grazing fields lie on some sunny hillside beyond. It indicates no experience of anguish, but only some natural disquietude and speculation that may welcome reassurance and comfort.

Let us love to think of Jesus during the preparatory years he spent in the Nazareth home; of him wandering out—it may be on star-lit nights when the canopy in that Oriental sky was ablaze with brilliant constellations—questioning, wondering, until the grand consoling thought took possession of his mind: "This uni-

verse is my Father's house. I shall be at home with him wherever I am—whithersoever I go. He permeates and fills the vastness. This earth is not the only inhabited or inhabitable spot in all the limitless realms of space. Those wandering planets yonder may be other 'mansions' or 'abiding places.' When I shall return to the Father, from whose presence I came out, leaving then the glory I had with him, I will select and prepare some suitable home-like place, secluded amidst the stupendous distances, where I can be with all who shall believe in me and accept my Teaching, my Mastership, my Atonement."

Ah, possessed by such a precious looked-for greeting and home-coming as that, shall we not still any perturbations as we approach the door into the Other Room?

And bating no jot of heart or hope as we fare on, shall we not join with James Martineau in his glorious confession of faith: "The profoundest feeling which possesses me at the end of life is, that I stand but little removed from its beginning, schooled only in the mere alphabet of its attainable lessons. . . . That other life we take to be a scene for the mind's ampler and ampler developments apart from those animal and selfish elements which now deform and degrade it by their excess"?

He, with his profound, clear-sighted intellect, believed that beyond the close of life, in the farther distance, there rises "the glorious vision of a purified, redeemed, and progressive universe of souls." For him there was this deep satisfaction that it is our rich privilege to make our own: "Death under the Christian aspect is God's method of colonizing; the transition from this mother colony of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration. . . . There is a domesticity that cannot be absorbed by the interval between two spheres of being—a love that cannot be lost amid the immensity, but finds the surest track across the Void—a home affinity that penetrates the skies and enters as the morning or the evening guest. . . . And since the grave can bury no affections, but only the mortal and familiar shape of their object, death has changed its whole aspect and relation to us; and we may regard it, not with passionate hate, but with quiet reverence. It is a divine message from above, not an invasion from

the abyss beneath; not the fiendish hand of darkness thrust up to clutch our gladness enviously awry, but a rainbow gleam that descends through tears without which we should not know the various beauties that are woven into the pure light of life."

So, with reverent curiosity, but not with any morbid, poignant emotionalism, let us "greet the Unseen with a cheer."

And, in this faith, may we not cry triumphantly, "O death, where is thy sting?" Can we not pray with rapturous faith: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who by thy death didst take away the sting of death, grant unto us, thy servants, so to follow in faith where thou hast led the way, that we may at length fall asleep peacefully in thee, and awake up after thy likeness"?

Therefore let us not think of Death under the semblance of a leering skeleton with a scythe, or as figured by an empty skull with crossed bones beneath; or as a hooded and draped figure, frightening us by darkened countenance and woeful beckonings of doom, but rather as God's fairest Angel of Light, standing at the portals of the Other Life to swing them wide open for our entrance into the regions of glory and eternal blessedness.

O brother-o'-mine, rejoice! "We're marching through Immanuel's land to fairer worlds on high!" "There 'll be no dark valley!" As our joyous brethren of the African race repeat their strain with such unfearing whole-heartedness and exuberance: "We're going to sing all over God's heaven!"

"Why should we start and fear to die?
  What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
  And yet we dread to enter there."

Levi Gilbert

ERASMUS AND LUTHER: THEIR RELATIONS DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE REFORMATION[1]

Sadly enough, perhaps, but with little hesitation in view of all the evidence, the historian defends the separation of Luther and Erasmus on the ground of incompatibility of temperament. Erasmus died in 1536. So early as October, 1516, Luther, who was then lecturing at Wittenberg, was bold enough to criticize the great humanist's interpretation of Paul's teaching on the righteousness of the law. The incident may appear trivial: it was really prophetic of the relations of the two men during the next twenty years.[1] On the one hand the great scholar, with his passion for learning and the quiet life; on the other hand the great reformer, at times almost a doctrinaire, yet nothing if not a man of action. In the nature of the case they could not work together. As we shall see, the attempts of friends to bring them to a common ground always ended in failure. Indeed, by a curious irony, Erasmus never spoke so favorably of Luther as he did when he was being urged to speak against him. But the point to begin with is the fact that in his earliest references to Erasmus Luther is plainly suspicious. In March, 1517, he told Lang that although he still read Erasmus (he calls him "Erasmum nostrum") he believed that he was a man who knew very little of the grace of God, and that he put things human above things divine. A few days after the publication of the Ninety-five Theses he wrote to Spalatin of one of Erasmus's dialogues that it was clever enough, but it evoked unwilling laughter at the calamities of the church, which demanded a threnody rather than a jest. For all this Luther could not quite escape the humanist's influ-

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[1] The sources for this article are as follows: *Erasmi Epistolæ* (London, 1642), an edition which includes the letters of Melanchthon, More, and Vives; and the De Wette edition of the *Briefe* of Luther (Berlin, 1825). The edition of Erasmus, the only one accessible, being so early, is deficient, and for a few of the letters referred to dependence has been placed on the literature; e. g., Drummond, Froude, Emerton, Faulkner, Jortin, Nisard, Feugère. Use has also been made of *Etude Critique sur les Relations d'Erasme et de Luther*, Andre Meyer (Paris, 1909); *Die Stellung des Erasmus zu Luther und zur Reformation in den Jahren 1516–1524*, Richter (Leipzig, 1900); *Der Streit Zurischen Erasmus und Luther über die Willensfreiheit*, Zickendraht (Leipzig, 1909); the *Luther* of Kostlin and of Preserved Smith; and the *Melanchthon* of Schmidt and of Ellinger. The number of letters involved is very large. All that could be attempted was to select salient portions, and indicate their drift by *précis* writing. The method does not make for literary finish, but it allows an objective statement of much evidence to be presented within reasonable limits.

ence. Early in the next year he told Spalatin that there was no more helpful guide in the study of the Scriptures than Erasmus, and a month later he requested Lang to secure for him the new edition of the already famous "Adages."

Meanwhile Erasmus was having trouble with the "theologasters" at Louvain, where he lived. They were demanding that he enter the lists against Luther, and this he refused to do. He wanted to be neutral. Such an attitude, he knew, was likely to arouse suspicion, and the fear of this plainly inspired the letter to Cardinal Wolsey. The date is disputed, but our sources give it as May 17, 1518. The writer declares that he had done his best to avoid even the appearance of sympathy with the Reformers, and that, so far from having helped—as some charged—in the composition of Luther's books, he had not even read them, and had, indeed, tried to prevent their publication. Later in the year Erasmus expressed to the rector of the university at Erfurt his conviction that a work of correction was necessary, but that Luther's way of carrying it on was to be deplored. Greater moderation would bring greater support. To an unnamed "detractor" Erasmus declared that he neither accused Luther nor defended him. He desired to have nothing whatever to do with the man. Any charge of collusion he regarded as a personal injury. This attempt to evade a direct utterance characterizes Erasmus's correspondence throughout 1519. In March Luther addressed to him a frank appeal for help. He suggested that there was a certain similarity in their work which justified this. Though his own attainments were infinitely less than those of Erasmus, he yet in all sincerity asked his cooperation. Such an appeal must have been embarrassing, and the humanist delayed his answer. He told the Elector Frederick that Luther was an upright man whom the elector should defend against unjust attacks. A letter to Melanchthon, however, was ominous. The young scholar, who had conveyed Luther's greetings to Erasmus, is bidden to confine himself to his studies. Erasmus knew nothing of Luther's books, except that there was some good in them which was spoiled by its violence of expression. This plea that he had not read Luther's books became Erasmus's line of defense for several years. He

offered it to Campeggio as a sufficient answer to the charge that he was actually their author. Although Luther must have known that Erasmus was taking this position, he entertained—so he intimated to Spalatin—the hope of a favorable reply to his appeal. The reply was dispatched at the end of May. It opened auspiciously: "Frater in Christo charissime, epistola tua mihi fuit gratissima." But superlatives are cheap. The letter told of tumults and detractions. Luther's writings were causing much trouble to Erasmus, who was accused of their authorship. As a man of letters, he had no interest in quarrels about dogmas. He must not divide his attention. Luther, too, would be well-advised to use a little more restraint. "A good reply," thinks Froude. "Cold comfort," says Emerton, with more truth. "What Luther wanted in the spring of 1519 was not pious exhortation to keep his temper, but a grip of the hand and a frank word of approval." A long letter to the Archbishop of Mayence reveals very clearly the uncertainty of Erasmus's mind at this period. He had no connection whatever, he said, with Luther's cause, and had barely glanced at a few pages of his books; much less had he written them. But there was good in the man, and he should be dealt with gently; a dangerous thing to say, as it would be construed as a sign of sympathy. Certainly Luther was right in his charges against the friars. His devotion to the gospel was plain. His real heresy, in the eyes of his enemies, was in his denunciation of indulgences, his contempt for the Mendicants, and his scorn of the Scholastics. "Whatever the monks do not like or understand is a heresy." But the archbishop must understand that his correspondent was not interested in Luther's cause as such, but only in the general church situation of which it was a part. This letter was given to Ulrich von Hutten to be delivered. Instead of delivering it he published it, after he had affixed "our" to the first mention of Luther's name. Erasmus, of course, was deeply chagrined. Luther himself saw the letter, and in the following January described it to Lang as an "extraordinary document." The publication of this and other letters alarmed Erasmus's friends, and one of them, Aloisius Marlianus, a Galician bishop, cautioned him against becoming entangled with Luther. Erasmus

emphatically denied that he had any desire to enter the Reformer's party. He was determined to support the Papal See. He had no interest in Luther, and would not care if his enemies devoured him. Only, it were better to answer him than to crush him. He himself had been asked to defend Luther, but he had replied that the only creed he knew was that of Rome. On the other hand, he had abstained from actively opposing the man, lest he should find himself fighting against the Spirit of Christ ("ne forte imprudens repugnarem spiritui Christi"). The reader thinks of Gamaliel, and believes he has found another clue to the elusive character of Erasmus.

On June 15 of this year, 1520, Leo signed the Bull against Luther—a document so vicious that Erasmus declared it must be a forgery. The newly elected emperor, Charles, was to be crowned in October. Rome made every effort to add to her own ban on Luther the ban of the empire. But the Reformer had a stanch friend in his elector, who refused either to punish or to surrender his subject. Perhaps the elector took courage from Erasmus's remark to him that the points in which Luther mainly erred were that he had touched the pope's crown and the monks' bellies. On the tenth of December Luther burned the Bull and his excommunication followed. Bearing these facts in mind we are impressed by a certain courage in Erasmus's letters of the period. In July he wrote to Spalatin that he hoped the work of Luther would turn out to the furtherance of the gospel, although his contentiousness was to be regretted. To the same effect he wrote to Pirckheimer in September. Luther's ability was undoubted, he said, but his ravings would spoil everything. Pope Leo was told that Erasmus had no connection with either Luther or his works. He had not actively opposed him, however, for the reason that he lacked time and ability, nor did he wish to provoke the hostility of Luther's powerful friends. Those who were attacking the Reformer were doing it so clumsily as to hurt their own cause more than his. To Chirigatus (Chisigat) at Rome he expressed his grief at the Luther commotion. He would fain settle it if he could. The stupid preachers were actually accusing him of being a Lutheran. His one desire was for the peace of

the church. Before long he would make an outspoken declaration of loyalty to the Roman See, even although it may not need the support of such a "little worm" as he. One of Erasmus's most persistent critics was a Carmelite preacher at Louvain, Nicholas Egmond. In October the humanist complained about him to Gottschalk, moderator of the University of Louvain. Egmond had, he said, in a recent sermon, he himself being present, flatly charged him with being Luther's ally. Was it to be a man's ally to demand that he be fairly judged? There were wise men who believed that Luther was right in many respects, and if this were so, Erasmus was not the man to deprive him of the opportunity of being heard. To Reuchlin he wrote that he would rather be a spectator of the present drama than an actor in it. Luther's cause was regarded by many as one with the cause of learning, and because Erasmus was known as a friend of learning he was unjustly attacked as a Lutheran. The same complaint was made to Conrad Peutinger, to whom Erasmus declared his great eagerness to compose the Lutheran "tragedy" (a common Erasmian expression). Christianity was in danger of extermination. The attack on Luther was really an attack on learning. The man was immoderate, but so also were his enemies. The spirit of the recent Bull was regrettable. Erasmus was in favor of the suggestion that the whole Luther difficulty should be referred to a tribunal of irreproachable men. This suggestion probably meant that the humanist was favorable to the proposal to hold a Diet at Worms in 1521. Perhaps with this in mind, Campeggio, the papal agent, appealed to him for his help. Erasmus replied that the present commotion was really a veiled excuse for attacking learning. He had read little of Luther. What was good in the man he approved, but certainly it was a mistake to answer his errors by a dreadful Bull ("Bulla terrifica"). Still, he had no intention of criticizing the pope: that would be too impudent. Martyrdom was a lot he did not covet. Four days later Luther burned the "Bulla terrifica," thereby, he wrote to Spalatin, registering his protest against his own books being burned instead of answered. This defiance served to increase the pressure on Erasmus to attack Luther. The knowledge of this may have inspired

Luther's letter to Spengler, which is so remarkable that its relevant parts should be translated: "I have never had the desire to quarrel with Erasmus, or to hold a dislike against him. I have heard that he does not want me to mention his name. I have written him a promise not to burden him with my friendship. . . . Erasmus and I will always, please God, be at one. It is true that I have sometimes secretly disputed with Philipp as to how near Erasmus was to the true way. To do that in a friendly spirit is any man's right. I will never begin an attack: it is enough that I defend myself from an attack already begun."

The correspondence of 1521 reveals a decidedly sharper tone in Erasmus's references to Luther. A certain N—— appealed to him to announce himself the Reformer's champion. In his reply Erasmus admitted the shortsightedness of the method of the attack on Luther. It was not arguing with a man to call him an ass, or a heretic, or a general nuisance. Neither was a Bull an argument. His own name was unjustly connected with Luther's. Would he defend Luther? Yes, if the man be proved a true Catholic. He himself meant to take care to stand on the solid rock of Peter. In the same spirit he told Nicholas Berald that, serious as the disease of the church was, the disease was preferable to the Lutheran remedies. To Jodocus Jonas he confessed that he once had some hope of Luther, but the fellow's insane ravings had at last become intolerable. Like the Scholastics, he had become a bigoted dogmatician. What he would like to see would be Luther freed from his extravagances, and working with the leaders of the church. The Reformer was acting a good part very badly, wrote Erasmus to Louis Berus. His immoderation was incredible. He rushed into danger without the least regard for consequences. This fear as to Luther's life was again expressed to Everaard, governor of Holland. It was poor policy, he said, to fight the reform cause with edicts. The allusion, of course, is to the edict against the Reformer which followed the Diet of Worms. The Diet had by this time broken up and Luther was safe at Wartburg. Erasmus, in common with most people, thought he was dead, and on May 24, three weeks after the disappearance, he wrote Archbishop Warham that Scylla had been

avoided only at the cost of being thrown on Charybdis. A letter to Richard Pace in July contains a complaint of false charges of Lutheranism made against him by the legate Alexander. He was anything but Luther's ally. A martyr's crown was not among the things he desired. "When the popes and the emperors decree what is right, I obey; when they command what is wrong, I submit for safety's sake. This is justifiable." It is expressions like these which give color to the charge that Erasmus was cowardly and insincere. He appears in a little better light in a letter to Peter Barbirius the following August. It was bad, he said, to be neutral, it was worse to be a rebel. To speak to an excited world about matters of faith was useless. He had himself tried it, with the result that he was regarded as an enemy by both sides. "I would give my life," he declared, "if I could compose this tempest." In the same month he again intimated—this time to Warham—the possibility that he might attack Luther. The fellow had devastated the whole earth. As for himself, he was a lover of peace, but he was strongly minded to take steps to write against such a disturber. How the resolve was at last carried out we shall see. About this time Luther sent to Spalatin a shrewd estimate of the humanist. Erasmus, he wrote, thought more of peace than of the cross. He pleaded for moderation, but the times demanded stern measures. If he thought less of personal glory he could do more for Christ. Future events tended to confirm this estimate. Thus the long letter to Paul Bombasius. "What do I hear?" it begins. "Pope Leo has read the friendly and careless letters I have sent you. And even discusses them with learned men? And has read letters to others of my little friends?" and so on. He goes on to assure Bombasius that he has always supported Leo's cause. He had not engaged in controversy with Luther, chiefly for lack of time. Then he had small faith in controversy to achieve anything. Still, if the Pope would give him written permission to read Luther's books, he would see what he could do. Suddenly the news spread that Luther was not dead after all, and Erasmus, who was making his long itinerary from Louvain to Basle, knew that vague promises would do no longer. He wrote to the Prince of Nassau's secretary that Luther's fate

was a matter of complete indifference to him, but it could not be denied that he had innumerable followers, and no one had yet answered him. Lord Mountjoy urged Erasmus to definite action. He replied that it would be no easy matter to answer Luther. To call him a fungoid was not to argue. Perhaps, however, a strong answer was possible, and when he had settled at Basle he would take the matter up. But after his settlement and just before the close of this year, 1521, he wrote to Pirckheimer: "I myself see nothing better in this Luther affair than for one to speak about it under one's breath." Early the next year Erasmus told the archbishop of Palermo that dogmatic definition had been the bane of the church, and Luther was falling into the same trap. The church could have peace only as there was some freedom of opinion. To Pirckheimer again the harassed humanist wrote that he was between the devil and the deep sea. Papal Bulls, for all their gravity, accomplished little. Why was not the difficulty referred to the counsel of prudent men properly chosen? At one time he had resolved to write something in the interests of concord, but both parties raged so that he decided to say nothing. One can hardly dispute Luther's opinion to Spalatin that Erasmus was continually saying one thing and meaning another.

But the significant thing about the letter to Pirckheimer just referred to is its closing word: "Learned theologians say that there is nothing wrong about my paraphrase of Romans 9 unless it is that I have allowed a little to the freedom of the will." This should be compared with Luther's letter to Caspar Börner a few weeks later. Luther said that he knew that he and Erasmus differed on the subject of predestination. If this should cause an open breach between them he would not fear his antagonist. He would not be the first to begin the strife, but, if it should come, let Erasmus beware! De Wette, in an introductory note, surmises that this letter was written with a view to keep Erasmus quiet on the question of the will—the question on which they at last broke. But the humanist's hesitation continued, and is strikingly illustrated by two letters later in this year, one to the President of the Senate at Mechlin, the other to Duke George of Saxony. Nothing had injured Luther's cause more, he told the

former, than Erasmus's disapproving utterances. Some tried to force him to write in defense of the Reformer: they were more likely to hasten the opposite action. They wanted a definite statement: before long he might surprise them with one. On the other hand, Erasmus told Duke George that Luther was doing a necessary work, although he himself had no intention of becoming entangled in it. His health and his age forbade his entering the lists against the Reformer. Others had done it to no purpose. Luther could most quickly be silenced by being ignored. The Pope's Bull—a mad bull indeed ("sœvissima")—what had it accomplished?

Meanwhile Leo X had died, and Adrian VI, a former friend of Erasmus, had become pope. In December, 1522, Adrian appealed frankly for Erasmus's help, and promised many things on the implied condition that he would try to win back those whom Luther had led astray. Erasmus's reply was almost naïvely non-committal. The times were troublous, he wrote, and one could not be too careful. But he would, if the pope so commanded, draw up and send by a secret letter a workable plan for dealing with the emergency. While waiting for Adrian's answer, he addressed a letter to Marcus Laurinus, dean at Bruges. It is a long letter of twenty closely printed quarto columns. Erasmus affirms his loyalty to Rome. The one reason why he did not attend the Diet of Worms was to avoid the appearance of undue interest in Luther. His intimate associations with many leading Romanists ought to show where he stood. Of course he had friends in the other camp as well, but he did not subscribe to all their opinions. He could even wish Luther well without approving his course. Their disagreement on the question of the will was of long standing. He himself was temperamentally a lover of peace. He would fain see Christ triumph, not through violence, but through the truth and reason of his followers, and with followers who displayed these virtues he would be glad to work. Soon followed the word from Adrian. In God's name, he commanded, let Erasmus disclose his plan instantly, and do that much to save the church from the threatening destruction. The humanist responded quickly. He denied all association with

Luther, but he urged the use of gentle measures in dealing with him. The prison and the scaffold were useless. Erasmus would therefore suggest four things: first, the offer of the papal pardon to all heretics; second, the suppression of uprisings by the proper authorities; third, a censorship of the press; and fourth, consultation with the wisest men of all countries. Thus the much-trumpeted "plan." It must have seemed almost a joke to Adrian. Death soon relieved him of his cares, and Clement VII, an Italian pope of the old school, became his successor. The accession of Clement was ominous for Erasmus's *via media* policy, but it was the conduct of Hutten which more immediately drove him to increased hostility to the Reformers. Hutten, for all his faults, had the heroic instincts of the soldier, and Erasmus's continual evasion aroused his contempt. At last, in June, 1523, he issued his *Expostulatio,* a passionate appeal to Erasmus to renounce his shifting policy, and to come out as a brave man for what he knew was right. The pamphlet has been described as a great Reformation apologetic. Erasmus replied promptly with the *Spongia* ("a sponge for drying Hutten's spatterings"), although Hutten died before it was published. The book, which contained a good deal of unconvincing dialectic, made one thing very clear: Erasmus, angered though he was by men like Hutten, would not make as yet an unequivocal statement of his position. He was as unwilling as ever to be out-and-out associated with either party. There was too much danger to reputation, and even to life. He would make no disturbance, and he would espouse no cause which he did not absolutely approve. Luther found consolation by writing to Œcolampadius that perhaps God had chosen Erasmus to work for learning and to stop short of the full gospel truth, just as Moses died in the fields of Moab. The increasing pressure on Erasmus is indicated by a letter in July from Cuthbert Tunstall of London, who said that the friends of Erasmus were waiting for him to come to grips with that atheist, Luther, whose teaching on the enslaved will made God the author of all human sin. Melanchthon appears to have sensed the coming storm, and he told Spalatin that the *Expostulatio* was a regrettable and inexcusable attack upon a venerable scholar. What Luther thought of

the controversy is seen in a letter to Nicholas Hausmann in October. He wrote that he could wish both that Hutten had not "expostulated" and that Erasmus had not "mopped." Erasmus thought his book was an *Apologia:* it was really a self-indictment. The opprobrium of such a man was not hard to bear; indeed, it was even a cause of rejoicing. But he added: "I have no bitterness toward him, but only compassion. If he despises my compassion, and prefers to go on in his own way, well and good. I shall esteem it a pleasure to have prayed for him, even although the prayer be vain." The letter, which contained a personal greeting to Erasmus, was probably another attempt by Luther to delay an expected attack. That attack was urged on Erasmus again at this time by Sylvester Priras, to whom he replied that his quiet methods had so far done more to crush Lutheranism than all the active hostility of men like Aleander. In February of the next year, 1524, Erasmus sent his congratulations to the new pope, declared himself a faithful son of the church, hoped Clement would not believe anything to the contrary, and said that even if he were declared a heretic he would not fight back. Clement sent a gift of two hundred florins, with the promise of more.

We have mentioned various attempts by Luther to induce Erasmus to keep silence. He was to make yet one more. In September of 1523 the humanist had told Henry VIII that he might enter the lists against Luther on the question of the will. Luther heard of it, and he now made the boldest possible appeal for peace. He wrote, he said, out of charity. He had no criticism to offer of Erasmus's hostility. He had the deepest respect for his services to letters. But he hoped he would not write against the reform cause. He himself would not write against Erasmus unless he were compelled to. Why could they not agree to be silent respecting each other? Luther would gladly observe such an agreement. Let them not devour one another. There was need in the world for each. Erasmus replied that he was deeply interested in the gospel, and anxious to avoid further disaster. He did not know that he needed to accept Luther's agreement, as the best thing that could happen to Erasmus would be an attack by Luther. Enemies would at once be silenced. Luther could

have found little encouragement here. The thing he feared soon happened. In September, 1524, Erasmus threw down the gauntlet with his diatribe on free will, in which he opposed a very moderate freedomism to Luther's extreme determinism. It has been suggested that Erasmus selected a speculative rather than a practical question for his point of attack because he really wished to harm the reform cause as little as possible. He overlooked the fact that to Luther the doctrine of absolute predestination was the indispensable philosophic ground for free grace and justification by faith. That is to say, the attack was aimed at a vital spot. Erasmus thus states his conclusion: "I incline to the opinion of those who allow something to free will, but much more to grace. Both the Scylla of pride—in claiming too much liberty—and the Charybdis of sloth and despair—in denying all liberty—are equally to be avoided." Erasmus followed the publication of the Diatribe with a flood of letters to such men as Wolsey, Melanchthon, Henry VIII, George of Saxony, John Fisher, Tunstall, and Theodore Hezius. Most of them bear the date of September 4, 1524. In general they are a statement and defense of his earlier restraint and a portrayal of the reasons that at last led him to write the Diatribe. The letter sent to Duke George may be selected as typical of the group. Erasmus says that he had not written against Luther before because of his age, his lack of qualifications, his natural distaste for controversy, and his conviction that after all the Reformer was doing a necessary work. He had at last entered the arena for three main reasons: first, because his silence was construed as evidence of a collusion with Luther; second, because of the action of certain impudent and intractable men who treated everybody with contempt; and, third, because something had to be done to save the cause of the gospel. Additional reasons as stated to Melanchthon and Fisher were his longstanding promise to write something, his fear that if he did not he would disappoint his friends and encourage his enemies, and the general knowledge that Luther had promised his own silence in return for that of Erasmus. Cardinal Wolsey was assured that, in view of conditions in Germany, the publication of the Diatribe was a bold deed.

There are four more important letters in the correspondence of Erasmus for this year. Melanchthon replied with characteristic gentleness to the letter about the Diatribe. The young theologian offered a notable defense of the Reformer. Luther, he said, regretted the abuse with which many had repaid Erasmus's great services to learning. The Diatribe had been very favorably received at Wittenberg, notwithstanding its sprinkling of black salt ("nigrum salem"). Luther had promised that his reply would be moderately expressed. He could endure more than some people thought. Erasmus sent a long and careful answer. He said that he had at last broken silence only because he did not wish to seem to be wanting in devotion to the gospel. Much that Luther taught was offensive. By his extravagance he originated as many evils as he cured. It was not necessary to tell all the people all the truth. As to Luther's kindly feeling for him, he was indifferent, but he doubted it. He himself, unlike Melanchthon, hoped that Luther's reply to the Diatribe would not be moderate. The more vicious it was the better for Erasmus's reputation. The letter to Duke George bears a striking resemblance to the letters of earlier years. It reviews his relations to the Reformer prior to the Diatribe—his attempt to restrain him, his belief that he might be God's instrument to purify the church, his fruitless suggestion of compromise, his moderate utterances against him and the trouble they made, and at last of necessity the Diatribe, a book well received at Wittenberg, where Luther lived, but unsparingly denounced at Basle, the home of the author. To John Cœsarius, Erasmus complained in this wise: "I have laid the egg which Luther hatched! Indeed! A strange saying enough, fit for the limbo. There is a vast difference between the innocent hen I started, and the vicious cock that Luther brought out." He goes on to say that the ever-increasing ills of the church had at last compelled him to break his silence. As a lover of peace he had long tried, but in vain, to please both factions. Jove himself could not do it. By writing as he did he simply chose the less of two evils. He would rather be stoned than lead a faction, but in the cause of the gospel he would never be found wanting.

Luther allowed over a year to elapse before he replied. He

was occupied, he said, with more important matters. Certainly 1525 was an eventful year for him. His hands were full with the vagaries of Carlstadt and Münzer, the heavenly prophets; in June he took the momentous step of marrying the nun Catherine von Bora; and during this year the widespread economic unrest culminated in the dreadful Peasants' War. But his letters during the early part of the year show that he was keeping the free-will controversy in mind. "You would not believe," he wrote to Spalatin, "how the Diatribe disgusts me. It is distressing to me to have to reply to so unlearned [reading *ineruditio* for *eruditio*] a book by so learned a man." A few days later he assured Nicholas Hausmann that he would reply to Erasmus's book. To Nicholas Amsdorf he wrote that the reply would not appear until Carlstadt had been attended to. Other letters of the period—for example, to Johannes Brismann—were to the same effect. Erasmus must have heard of this intention. Luther was going to reply to the Diatribe, he wrote to Calcagninus in May. Doubtless it would be violent enough. The letter brought a reply from Calcagninus, which is remarkable for its bitterness toward Luther. The Diatribe pleased him, he told Erasmus, on the general principle that anything pleased him which was directed against the Lutheran insolence. He was especially pleased that the humanist had vindicated his orthodoxy. Albert, Prince of Carpi—really an enemy of Erasmus—wrote that the Diatribe did not go far enough. Erasmus sent him a spirited self-defense. He had resisted, he said, the strongest inducements to become a Lutheran. But rather than lift a finger against Rome he preferred to receive naked and defenseless the attacks of both parties. He kept silence as long as he did because he believed Luther was sent to do a necessary work of correction, and there were many princes, bishops, and even some cardinals who had the same thought. Meanwhile Luther was preparing his reply. He so wrote to both Hausmann and Spalatin during September. Spalatin was asked to pray that God assist in the writing for the promotion of the divine glory. The book finally appeared in December under the title of The Enslaved Will (*De Servo Arbitrio*). It is in a far greater degree than the Diatribe a polemical writing with a

definite direction, says Zickendraht. In it Luther defended the most pronounced Augustinian form of predestination. God's foreknowledge absolutely predetermined everything—evil as much as good. It was the supreme act of faith to believe that the God who thus arbitrarily saved or damned was merciful and just. This was the teaching of the inspired and infallible Scriptures. The bitterness of Luther was astounding, wrote Erasmus to the elector of Saxony, referring to the book. John de Laski was told that in its petty extravagance Luther had surpassed himself, and on the same day Erasmus wrote to Reginald Pole that Luther had replied to the courteous ("modestissima") Diatribe as one would not to a Turk. "He forgot," says Schmidt, "his own 'black salt,' and his hope that Luther's reply would not be moderate." Erasmus made a rapid counter-attack in the *Hyperaspistes,* Part I, in which he considered not only the question of the will, but the Lutheran movement and its doctrinal foundation generally, the whole of which was arraigned. Even the Peasants' War was attributed to the influence of the Reformer. A few days after its publication Luther wrote to Spalatin that that enraged viper Erasmus (a word-play on the Greek title *Hyperaspistes,* ἀσπις being Greek for both "shield" and "asp," or "snake") had broken loose again—an utterly inconsequential creature ("animal vanissimum") who would slay a man by his tongue. Both the letters and the table-talk show that Luther made no change in the opinion of Erasmus indicated by these expressions. On the eleventh of April, 1526, shortly after the publication of the *Hyperaspistes,* Erasmus wrote to Luther for what appears to be the last time. The letter is decidedly bitter. Luther, he said, had raged ferociously against the courteous Diatribe. What did it help the argument to call Erasmus an atheist, an epicurean, a skeptic, and a blasphemer? Such an attack only exposed him who made it. Plainly Luther did not desire peace. He would rather agitate the storm. The personal injury Erasmus did not mind so much—although he deserved something better; but public calamity was torture to him, the more so when it was unnecessarily brought about by one man's intractability. It would seem to be Luther's duty to lay the powers of darkness he had raised rather than to

rush upon a temperate controversialist. It was to be hoped that he would soon come to a better mind.

There were still ten years of life left to Erasmus, and his correspondence continued as voluminous as ever. But concerning Luther and his cause it contains no features essentially new. In our study we have reached the period of the open breach between the two men, and the breach was never healed. A review of the findings does not leave on the mind the best possible impression of the great humanist. The reason for this is that we have had to deal necessarily with that side of him which he presented toward Luther and his cause, and it is manifestly unjust to judge the brilliant scholar—"le chef du parti modéré en religion et de tous les lettrés de l'Europe," as Nisard says—by what was undeniably his least attractive side. For this reason it is only fair to let Erasmus speak once more in his own behalf. The letter selected for this is dated April 1, 1529, and is addressed to Ludwig Berus. André Meyer calls it a "profession de foi." Let it be remembered that a few days before this Luther had told Wenzel Link that he left that atheistic Lucianite, Erasmus, to the judgment of Christ, and that shortly after the letter to Berus he wrote to Jacob Montanus that such a rancorous and frivolous fellow as Erasmus was deserved nothing but contempt. Bearing in mind these censures, one reads the letter to Ludwig Berus with a feeling akin to wonder. Erasmus says much as to his troubles, but he declares that they have not quite overwhelmed him. This was due, not to his own power, but to the help of the Highest, which he had learned to trust, and which he believed would not fail him in the end. It was bad to afflict the innocent, it was worse to return evil for positive good, but who could describe the wounds cruelly inflicted by a friend? Erasmus had been attacked by those whose teeth were arrows, whose tongue held the venom of asps, and whose words were sharp swords. Some said that he dealt with false teachings too leniently, others that he dealt with them too sharply, and yet others that he sought to foster them! He desired a quiet old age, but he would not purchase it at the expense of being a sectary. Indeed, he would rather fight against sects to the number of seventy times seven than forsake the fellow-

ship of the church catholic. No one could perish who stood firmly on the true Rock. Without question the church suffered by comparison with its early days, but no power could drag him from his association with it. Human malice might destroy his property, his reputation, even life itself; it could not, without his consent, destroy his piety. The potter knew what he was doing as he shaped the clay this way or that, and God was the great Potter, who would not cast aside what his hands had wrought. Or again, he was like a physician who, for all his methods seemed sometimes cruel, sought only the recovery of his patient. Erasmus had occasionally felt the very human desire of seeking revenge on his foes, but he let it pass. They had tried to wound him, but they did not even draw blood. He said to himself: What matters their wicked design? Would you, for vengeance' sake, lay hands on the church, who at the font made you Christ's child, who fed you on the Word of God, who brought you up on the Sacraments—a mother indeed? For the sake of a moment's revenge would you endure the irrecoverable loss of your soul? Thus cogitating, he overcame his temptation, but the experience taught him to understand how such men as Arius, Tertullian, and Wycliffe were driven to schism by envious clerics. But he himself would cling to the church, come what may, for to promote its well-being had been the one aim of all the work of his life. He supported the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist because he did not believe that Christ, who was Truth and Love, would suffer his church to retain serious error. ("De Eucharista nullum video argumentandi finem, tamen mihi numquam persuaderi potuit neque poterit, Christum qui veritas est, qui charitas est, tamdui passurum fuisse delectam sponsam suam hærere in errore tam abominando, ut crustulum farinaceum pro ipso adoret.") He may have had scruples as to the words used at consecration, but in this also he submitted to the judgment of the church. He certainly did not believe with some that any Christian could consecrate, or grant absolution, or ordain. Because some unworthy men might profess true doctrines was no good reason why he also should not profess them. He would continue to bear as lightly as possible his private woes: it would not be for much longer. The

Day was at hand for him. What he could not bear easily was the ruin of the church. If the ruin involved only those who were responsible it would not matter, but innocent men and women also must suffer. Yet for the sake of the pious few the threatened deluge might be averted: who could tell? In that hope let the afflicted heart trust. After this fashion does Erasmus confess his faith. There is a dignity about the letter which is very impressive. What has been written is only a bare indication of a part of the contents, but it is perhaps sufficient to show the great humanist's capacity for lofty sentiment, and to provide the ground for a strong plea for the essential sincerity of his attitude to both the original church and the Lutheran party. The evidence is abundant that Erasmus believed that the church needed reforming, and that he was eager to help. Where he differed from Luther was on the question of the method. Luther was a gunner with a howitzer; Erasmus was an ambassador with a white flag. Each was profoundly convinced that the method of the other was wrong. The fundamental difficulty therefore between them was in the fact that they were two temperamental incompatibles.

Edwin Lewis.

THE REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON

In 1886 I spent a day in Brighton, England. That fashionable watering place was experiencing an unusual excitement: the Derby was on. The sporting element from all parts of the kingdom was there to bet their money on the horse they hoped would win. I, too, had been attracted thither by the fame of a racer which had reached the finish and had won the Derby. The dust of his race yet hung in the air. The speed and brilliancy of his career and the finish of his course still hold the admiration of the spectator, for the racer was the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. I entered a bookstore and asked the young woman in charge who was the successor of that distinguished ambassador. She gave me an appraising glance as she answered, "The Rev. Frederick W. Robertson had no successor." I visited the modest Trinity Church, where the throngs had hung enchanted upon the lips of the gifted preacher, and wondered at its smallness; for I thought surely it should have been a cathedral that would seat thousands to be in proportion to the measure of the man "whose praise was in all the churches." I went to the cemetery, and stood uncovered by the monument erected to his memory by the workingmen of Brighton. I had stood by the Burns monument, and the Wallace shaft, and the Wellington memorial, and at salute by the equestrian monument to "William the Silent," but none of them meant more to me in the way of genius, of courage, and of championship of human rights, than did this knightly soldier of the Cross. It is a striking commentary upon his unique and brilliant career that, although it is over sixty years since he went to his crown, so thoroughly have his life and labors been viewed and reviewed by panegyrists and critics of every variety of talent that one can scarcely write anything new concerning him. But who is restrained from writing about spring or the ocean, or love, because he can say nothing new of them? It must needs be that we should have our say.

He was born in London, February 3, 1816, at the home of

his grandfather, Colonel Robertson. His father also was a captain in the army. Hence it is not surprising that in after years he wrote, "I was rocked and cradled to the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. A review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears; I cannot see a regiment maneuver, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation." There was a military fervor that always ran molten in his veins. In this spirit he says, "Could I have chosen my own period of the world to have lived in, and my own type of life, it should be the feudal ages, and the life of a Cid, the redresser of wrongs." In temperament he was like Loyola, who, first a page at the court of King Ferdinand and then a brave and chivalrous soldier, was wounded at the siege of Pampeluna, and then and there, during a slow convalescence, the reading of the Lives of the Saints so fired his imagination and kindled his religious zeal that he forsook the army for the church. So we can see that, with this temperament, if Mr. Robertson had been permitted to use at some fateful Pampeluna his commission in the Horse Guards he too must have reached the crisis at which he would have turned from a military to a ministerial career. But, though all his plans were laid for entering the army, by a seemingly trivial event his entire future was changed. The soldier idea of our hero was defeated by the barking of a dog. In a neighboring house to Captain Robertson's a young woman lay very ill, who was unable to sleep because of the barking of the captain's dog. In reply to a note of protest her mother received such a courteous letter of compliance with her request that she went in person to thank the captain. She was accompanied by a Mr. Davies, a very spiritual man, who there met young Mr. Robertson and in the course of their ripening acquaintance exerted such a winning influence upon him that he was prevailed upon to abandon his plan for a military life, and to become instead a captain in the army of the Lord. He himself ascribes the turn in his life to this incident, but he said he was glad he had his commission first, for now it could not be said that he entered the church because he failed of an appointment in the army. Though he thus struck his colors to a superior flag he was governed by the same

motive, but toward a wider humanity, which was moving him to enter the army. The object of his life was not changed, but simply the scope and direction of his service. When making his plea for entering the army he said to Mr. Davies defensively, "I do not become a soldier to win laurels, but to do good." He simply transferred to the mighty conflict for the winning of souls the same spirit of courage and self-sacrifice which would have led him to die for an ideal in battle. After the die was cast, passing a soldier on the street, he pressed tightly the arm of a friend, and exclaimed, "Well, so I am to have nothing to do with them. Poor fellows! they are but little thought of. Few care for their souls." Then with marked emphasis and energetic manner he quoted from Coleridge's Sibylline Leaves the lines:

> "As if the soldier died without a wound;
> As if the fibers of his godlike frame
> Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch
> Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds
> Passed off to heaven translated, and not killed;
> As though he had no wife to pine for him,
> No God to judge him."

This martial spirit pervaded all his career. In seeking admission to the army he was impelled by the hope that in fellowship with the soldiers he might be able in his own life to reveal to them the life of the Christ. In a study of the life and labors of this remarkable man we would, if possible, learn the secret of his success; what it was which gave him his unusual power over men. "What meat did this our Cæsar feed upon that made him great?"

To what extent did his natural disposition, his native traits, contribute to his triumphs? He had the bulldog traits of the Englishman—an asset of importance, contributing to his self-reliance. There is scarcely a time after he appears in public life when, if he had been challenged as to what he stood for, or on, he could not have answered, as did Disraeli when so interrogated, "I stand on my head." In the whole of his career one is led to exclaim, "I smell the blood of an Englishman!" This is manifest in his stubborn opposition to what he regarded as the dangerous tendencies of the Tractarian movement. It is apparent in his

interview with his bishop when he offered him the rectorship of Saint Ebbe's, at Oxford, a forlorn hope. He hesitated, not because of the undesirable character of the charge, but because of his known disagreement with the bishop's views. In the final interview as to the appointment the prelate said to him: "I give my clergy a large circle to work in, and if they do not step beyond that I do not interfere. I shall be glad, however, to hear your views on the subject"—Mr. Robertson's views as to baptismal regeneration being under consideration. He had no sympathy with the evangelical view, which left it doubtful whether the baptized child was or was not a child of God, but because the Tractarian view declared that all baptized persons were children of God he could so far sympathize with it; on all other points his difference was radical, starting as he did from the basis that baptism declared, and did not create, the *fact* of sonship. At the end of an hour's conference his lordship said, "Well, Mr. Robertson, you have well maintained your position, and I renew my offer." Since, however, all his countrymen were endowed with the birthmark which contributed to his success we must seek for added reasons to explain him. Not alone the Welsh blood in Lloyd George makes him what he is, but it helps. So with Mr. Robertson. We must go after the other things.

There was an unusual amount of the heroic native to him. He says of himself, "There is something of combativeness in me which prevents the whole vigor being drawn out except when I have an antagonist to deal with." He had little difficulty in finding antagonists in the doings, traditions, and conditions for which he did not stand, against which his nature and convictions arose in revolt. In this regard he was a veritable Saint George transmuted from fiction into action. He was as a Knight Templar, with his motto "Non Nobis." We have it from his own pen that from his childhood up he was another Timothy who kept himself "pure." He was a Paul who "kept his body under." He was a Joseph who would not "do this great wickedness and sin against God." His exalted idea of the sacredness of woman *per se*, coöperating with his infantile justification, served as an anchor to hold him from going adrift during the stormy period of his

passions. In one of his letters he writes: "The beings that floated before me, robed in vestures more delicate than mine, were beings of another order. At seven years old woman was a sacred dream of which I would not talk. I remember being quite angry on hearing it said of a lovely Swede—the loveliest being I ever saw—that she was likely to get married in England. I worshiped her only as I should have done a living rainbow, with no other feeling. Yet I was then eighteen, and she was to me for years nothing more than a calm, clear, untroubled fiord of beauty, glassing heaven, deep, deep, below, so deep that I never dreamed of an attempt to reach the heaven. So I lived. . . . It is feelings such as these, call them romantic if you will, which I know, from personal experience, can keep a man all his youth through, before a higher faith is called into being, from every species of vicious and low indulgence in every shape and every form." It was this high ideal which led him later to declare that capital punishment should be retained only for seduction. It can be inferred with what vigorous scorn he would denounce those who apologize for the "social evil" as a human weakness which must be pandered to —those physicians who claim for men a certain amount of indulgence as essential to health. Having such an experience and convictions, one would expect him to do what a friend reports of him: "I have seen him," he says, "grind his teeth and clench his fist when passing a man who he knew was bent on destroying an innocent girl." Heroism seems to be an attribute of genius. Bunyan revealed it in his seventeen months in the army, in his scorn of imprisonment, and in his immortal achievements while a prisoner, especially his Holy War. Robert Louis Stevenson says of himself, substantially, that he seemed to have rising within him an aspiration to lead an army at a charge. Cervantes must have had it in large measure as, with one arm contributed to the army, in an off-hand sort of venture in prison he gave to the world his windmill-charger, his heroic Don Quixote. It seems to find expression for itself however hampered—just as the beaver will build his dam when imprisoned. So the subject of our paper had the heroic spirit astir within him and, whatever his vocation, it was certain to manifest itself. It was this trait asserting itself

when in 1840 he wrote: "Somehow or other I still seem to feel the Queen's broad arrow stamped upon me, and that to the men whom in my vanity I imagined I wished to benefit in a red coat I might come with a better-founded hope of usefulness in the more somber garb of an accredited ambassador of Christ. In short, if it were practicable, I feel a strong desire for a military chaplaincy." He was fearless and courageous. On one occasion, when his little son evinced a spirit of fear and shrinking where bravery was required, he said, "There must be none of that. I cannot permit a son of mine to be a coward."

His experimental knowledge of saving truth seems to have been developed within him gradually. In his Life and Letters one searches in vain for any specific account of his conversion. Apparently he never lost or forfeited the heirship in Christ with which he was born. William James, in his Varieties of Religious Experience, seems to hold to the theory that there are "once born and twice born" children of God; the former consisting of those who are temperamentally inclined to choose the right way, who take the spiritual capital with which they are born and put it out to usury day by day, the latter consisting of those who by a second birth suddenly experienced enter into saving relations with God. In this class are found those having such marvelous revelations of the divine love as are reported by Saint Augustine, and Alleine, and Jonathan Edwards, and John Bunyan, and David Brainard, and Luther, and Tolstoi. It is the difference between crisis and lysis. I have given the composite of what I understand to be Mr. Wells's theory, which he adapts from another. Now, without accepting or rejecting it, I simply wish to say that Mr. Robertson does not disclose any crisis experience in the various accounts which he gives of his religious life. You come upon it as you do upon Elijah the Tishbite. At Oxford, and afterward as an Oxford man, you face him as a John the Baptist crying, "The kingdom of God is at hand," evincing always as his objective the disinterested love of Christ, the possession of God which evinces itself in love for others, the real preaching of Christ to the poor—Christ, the human, yet how divine; the laboring, the loving, the exalting Saviour of the people. In 1840 he wrote:

"Every day convinces me more and more that there is one thing, and but one, on earth worth living for, and that is to do God's work and gradually grow in conformity to his image by mortification and self-denial and prayer. When that is accomplished the sooner we leave this weary struggle the better, so far as we are ourselves concerned. Till then, welcome battle, conflict, victory." Again he says, "I believe earnestly in God's personality—by which I mean consciousness, character, and will." Again: "I could not say that to aim at the heart's excellences without seeking the Spirit's agency is a deep delusion and a dangerous dream. Surely Cornelius and men like him did so; and the earnestness of their aim brought that very conviction of a void which opened their souls for the reception of the Spirit." And yet his life's motto was, "Walk in the Spirit and ye shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh." Bishop Edward Thomson, when president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, once said in chapel: "Young gentlemen, if you could take this round world in your hand as an orange, and express from it every possible pleasure which it contains into a cup, and drink it, that could not satisfy you; God alone can satisfy the longings, aspirations, and needs of the soul." Mr. Robertson utters a kindred thought when he writes, "I think there is something implanted in man's heart, fallen creature as he is, which defies him to be content with anything but God alone." In harmony with this he writes: "I have become distinctly conscious of one thing—that my motto for life, my whole heart's expression is, 'None but Christ'; not in the (so called) evangelical sense, which I take to be the sickliest cant that has appeared since the Pharisees bare record to the gracious words which he spake and then tried to cast him headlong from the hill of Nazareth; but in a deeper, real sense—the mind of Christ; to feel as he felt; to judge the world and to estimate the world's maxims as he judged and estimated: that is the one thing worth living for. To realize that is to feel 'none but Christ.' To my own heart that marvelous fact of God enduing himself with a human soul of sympathy is the most precious and the one I could least afford to part with of all the invigorating doctrines which everlasting truth contains. That Christ feels *now* what we feel—our risen, ascended

Lord—and that he can impart to us in our fearful wrestlings all the blessedness of his sympathy, is a truth which, to my soul, stands almost without a second."

Slowly he developed the habit of following his intuitions. Nothing was authoritative with him which did not meet an inward response. By this he "proved all things and held fast to that which was good." He followed the Truth wherever it led him. An *ex-cathedra* utterance was not worth the paper it was written upon unless it coincided with his own views. He says, "A man must struggle alone. His own view of truth, or rather his own way of viewing it, and that alone, will give him rest." In 1850 he writes, "I have almost done with dogmatic divinity, except to lovingly endeavor to make out the truth which lies beneath this or that poor dogma. . . . I am gathering fresh accretions round the nucleus of truth. I hold surer every day that my soul and God seek each other, and am utterly fearless of the issue. I am but an infant crying in the dark, and with no language but a cry, nevertheless I am not afraid of the dark. It is the grand awful mystery, but God is in it, the light of the darkest night." His was the Baconian philosophy which compelled everything which he accepted to yield to the experimental test, and it led him to take issue with the radicals, Chartists and Tractarians, and the Newman movement, and they cast him out of their synagogue. Thus he came to know more and more the meaning of the "lonely bivouac." This led him often to say, "The woof of life is dark, but it is shot through with a warp of gold." A verse of Wordsworth, his favorite poet, influenced him greatly,

> "One self-approving hour whole worlds outweighs
> Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas,
> And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels
> Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

As he followed farther and farther into the great ocean of Truth which more and more separated him from creeds and customs and parties and persons that had been a traditional inheritance, he writes, "I remember that half-painful half-sublime sensation in the first voyage I took out of sight of land, when I was a boy; when the old landmarks and horizons were gone, and I felt as if

I had no home. It was a pain to find the world so large. By degrees the mind got familiarized to that feeling and a joyful sense of freedom came. So I think it is with spiritual truth. It is a strangely desolate feeling to perceive that the 'Truth' and the 'Gospel' that we have known were but a small home farm in the great universe, but at last I think we begin to see sun, moon, and stars as before, and to discover that we are not lost, but free, with a latitude and longitude as certain and far greater than before." But he recognized that truth, to have power, must be in the concrete. He says: "It is a great thing when we learn that to understand and appreciate, and even feel, truth, is not one atom of power given to the will to be true. The discipline of habits and acting does this, as old, wise Aristotle long ago saw; we become good by doing good. Not by moral treatises, for goodness is the habit of the will; not perceptions nor aspirations. . . . Sin resides in the will, not in the natural affections. . . . What they call means of grace are like the means of traveling—very good for getting fast over the ground without exertion, with the assistance of others, but not so good for developing inward muscular energy." Means of grace assist a man "in knowing all about God and the spiritual life; but in respect of thinking for himself, getting power to stand alone and lead a John Baptist life in the wilderness, with no means of grace, sermons, gifted ministers to commune with—why, I think he had much better go to Juan Fernandez at once and try to find out how much he has in him of his own; of what stuff he's made, and how alone he can face the everlasting Fact and feel at home in it. . . . Rely upon it, the spiritual life is not knowing, nor hearing, but doing. We only know so far as we can do; we learn by doing, and we learn to know by doing; what we do truly, rightly, in the way of duty, that, and only that, we are." He had long felt that Christianity was too much preached as theology, too little as the religion of daily life; too much as religion of feeling, too little as a religion of principles; too much as religion for individuals, too little as a religion for nations and the world. He determined to make it bear upon all classes as to the questions which agitated society, and upon the great movements of the world at large.

He regarded his whole life as a prayer. He regarded every aspiration after God and the salvation of men as a prayer. He writes, "Is not prayer spiritual life, whether it be in words or aspirations?" His biographer says, "Prayer, always customary with him, had become the habit of his life at Oxford. It was while there, to fend against the perils of the Newman movement, that he wrote and used the prayer, "The enemy has come in like a flood. We look for thy promise. Do thou lift up a standard against him. O Lord! here in Oxford we believe he is poisoning the streams which are to water thy church at their source. . . . Light our darkness in the university with the pure and glorious light of the gospel of Christ. . . . Hear me, my Lord and Master." As to the value of specific petitions he bears this testimony: "I can always see, in uncertainty, the leading of God's hand after prayer, when everything seems to be made clear and plain before the eyes. In two or three instances I have had evidences of this which I cannot doubt."

He had a profound sense of the responsibility of the ministry. In 1840 he writes: "The ministry is not to be entered lightly, nor without much and constant prayer for direction; but if a man's heart be set to glorify his Lord with the best service his feeble mind and body can offer there can be nothing comparable to the ministry. . . . I cannot conceive of a more exalted joy than the being permitted to see the fruit of our toil in the conversion of the thoughtless to our dear Master." At Oxford, 1839, he writes, "I wish to have some solitude to calm myself to a contemplation of the rapidly approaching time when, if ever, I must declare myself to be moved by the Spirit of God to be his ambassador. To do this with all the whirl and throbbing of the unbridled imagination and worldly feeling rife in my breast is a thing too horrible to be thought of steadily. . . . I do believe the station of a popular preacher is one of the greatest trials on earth: a man in that position does not stop to consider how immense is the difference between deeply affecting the feelings and permanently changing the heart. The preacher who causes a great sensation and excited feelings is not necessarily the one who will receive the reward of shining as the stars for ever and ever because he

has turned many to righteousness. . . . Prosperity makes earth a home, and popularity exalts self and invites compliance to the world. It is the old story of one winter in Capua effecting the ruin of Hannibal, which neither the snow of the Alps nor the sun of Italy, the treachery of the Gauls nor the prowess of the Romans could achieve." Again he writes: "I have been much engaged in preparing candidates for confirmation. What a solemn charge the ministry is! I feel it more day by day, and my own unfitness for it. Surely a man would almost give it up if he dared." As the awful burden of souls grew upon him he thought he had mistaken his profession, and said, "I would rather lead a forlorn hope than mount the pulpit stairs." But later he writes: "It seems to me a pitiful thing for any man to aspire to be true, and to speak truth, and then to complain in astonishment that truth has not crowns to give, but thorns."

He was strangely gifted with the ability to discern the signs of the times and of coming events. In 1840 he writes as to the outlook: "The prospect we have, as far as human eye can judge, is a stormy one, and predicts more controversy than edification. It is impossible to look round on the strange aspects of all things—the church reeling to her center with conflicting opinions; in all circles, whether political or religious, minds unsettled and anticipating a crisis; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking for those things coming upon the earth—without feeling that our path will be a rugged one, and that the hour of trial is at hand." His estimate of the distinctive characteristics of the French and English is peculiarly suggestive at this time. He writes: "The distinction between the French spirit in war and ours is—theirs is, 'La Gloire!' Ours is, 'Duty.' And this was the real source of England's sublime battle cry at Trafalgar, and the reason, too, why English troops can stand to be mowed down as well as to rush to the charge. It is the latter only for which the French are remarkable. 'Hard pounding, gentlemen,' said the Duke at Waterloo, coming to a regiment which had lost, as some did, six hundred men before they drew a trigger. 'We shall see who will pound the longest.' " "La Gloire!" against "Duty." Surely in our world-conflict it is matter for profound

thanksgiving that "La Gloire" and "Duty" are shoulder to shoulder. I quote but one other example of our right to classify him as a "seer." It was in 1852 that he wrote: "How devoutly it is to be hoped that in the coming conflict of the nations America and England will stand side by side instead of opposite, for, if not, it will be all over with the cause of liberty for some centuries at least. The conqueror in the strife will be then a military power and must, perforce, crush the peoples under a tyranny. And as to a universal war, that is inevitable, and in every direction men's minds are forboding it—a very strange symptom of the times to be so prevalent long before a single *casus belli* has made its appearance. It is one of those mysterious phenomena which plunge you into the deep question of prophecy—what it is in our human nature, and how and why it works. At present this anticipation resembles the inexplicable awe and sense of coming danger which makes the dumb unreasoning cattle restless at the approach of a thunderstorm. . . . I am told that the ministry are full of apprehensions, and that even the late Cabinet would have taken much more decisive measures but for their fear of that infatuated Manchester peace school. . . . Strange, that people with so much more to lose in case of war should be so blindly unwilling to pay in the present price of peace!"

In this analysis of his life, teachings, and character, we have endeavored to bring before us the messenger of God who for six years was to Trinity Church, Brighton, what Mr. Beecher was to the Plymouth pulpit in Brooklyn. As all of Webster's life was a preparation for his masterful play to Hayne, so all that had gone before, in his nearly seven years of curacy work in "leading strings" and his Oxford training, was but a preparation for Mr. Robertson's famous pastorate. His ardent temperament, his devout character, his giant intellect, his scholarly attainments, his breadth of vision, his catholicity, his original and independent way of dealing with his themes and his remarkable humility, which kept pace with his growing fame, were assets of his power. So endowed, it would have been like reversing the law of gravitation if his preaching and labors had failed to make a profound impression. From the beginning to the close of his pastorate his sermons

created an intellectual and spiritual ferment which leavened the entire city. They aroused a sense of the immanence of Jesus Christ in relation to all classes and conditions of society, but they did more than this: they quickened the intellectual and spiritual life of the whole church, high and low, which was honored by his abiding adherence to it. While all his sympathies and services were enlisted on behalf of what the low church stood for, he had many ardent admirers and warm friends among high churchmen, but his courageous exploration of new fields of thought, his daring departure from the staid, stolid, and accepted moribund condition of the church, very soon arrayed against him all the reactionaries in pulpit and pew. He disturbed their slumbers and compelled them to see that if they accepted his teachings their antiquated machinery must be relegated to the scrap heap. His advent in Brighton created much the same kind of sensation as that aroused by Garrick when he first appeared upon the stage. His acting was so sprightly and inspiring, in contrast with the slow and formal movements which had obtained before his appearance, that Quinn, the leader on the stage before the new star arose, gathered a group of actors about him and said, "Gentlemen, if this young man is right then we have all been wrong." So the fight was on. The preacher trained his guns upon the works of the enemy with such accuracy of aim that everybody in town felt he was hit—that is, sooner or later. Sunday after Sunday and year after year he so preached the gospel of the Son of man that what was called society had its mask of respectability torn off and was made to see its own grossness. As the glowworm shines like a diamond in the dark but is shown to be nothing but a worm when exposed to the sunlight, so did the light of the truth make apparent the hideousness of their sins. And when, as rotten logs are turned over in the springtime the invading light causes the creatures of darkness concealed beneath to seek to escape, so now, as various classes of sinners were exposed, they sought to escape the inevitable conclusions concerning them by betaking themselves to their refuges of lies. After they had recovered from their first stupefaction they fired back. They made him and his utterances the subjects of their attacks in their aid societies, their clubs, their secret

orders, their open meetings, their newspapers. They assailed him in signed and unsigned letters. And then, as of old, "the hail swept away the refuge of lies." To them we are indebted in large measure for the series of his letters which reveal his life and character. He spoke much of truth and was crowned with its thorns. A Pharisaical woman whose beloved dogmas were made to appear worthless as life preservers sought him out and protested that that kind of preaching would unsettle the faith of the people. He replied, "I don't care." Horrified, she exclaimed, "Do you know what they did to Don't Care?" "Yes, madam; they crucified him," he replied. No wonder he writes, as he views the resistance to the truth, "I believe there is at this time a determined attack made by Satan and his instruments to subvert that cardinal doctrine of our best hopes, justification by faith alone; and how far he has succeeded let many a college in Oxford testify. It is the doctrine more than any other which we find our hearts turning aside from and surrendering. Anything but Christ. The Virgin, the church, the sacraments, a new set of our own resolutions, any and all of these will the heart embrace as a means to holiness or acceptance rather than God's way. You may even persuade men to give up their sins if they may do it without Christ; as teetotalism may witness." No wonder that during these days of conflict he should write, "The ludicrous now rarely troubles me, all is awful. . . . I have too much of . . . hell rampant to grapple with to give much time to reading or church questions; indeed, even the Tractarian heresy has banished from my mind amid the sterner conflict with worldly passions and open atheism; for we have some of these madmen here." The truth is ever divisive, and so it was then. As many had left his Lord when he uttered truths which, if accepted, must separate them from their false lives, so many dropped away from his services—only to make room for other rallying throngs attracted by the truth and the burning eloquence with which he declared it. It was the courageous denunciation of wrongs and injustice, as manifested in the daily dealings of men with one another, which somehow drew to him the laboring classes. They felt that here was a man who preached to them a Christ who sympathized with them and

was one of them. His whole life was a reproach to the selfishness and self-indulgence of many who posed as the elite of the Kingdom.

He spoke much about self-sacrifice, and he gave up his own pleasures and pursuits to almost anyone. He grudged a sixpence spent on personal gratification, and retrenched in what was even needful that he might give to the necessities of others. A friend on one occasion was expressing his enjoyment of the freshness and thoughtfulness of the sermon of the preceding Sunday, and telling him of the slow and silent results of his teaching in revolutionizing long habits of thought, life, etc. Mr. Robertson remarked that what surprised him most was that he had been left so long unmolested, in spite of great grumbling, dissatisfaction, and almost personal hatred. The friend said, "I can tell you the reason. You preach positively instead of negatively; you state truths which they cannot deny; they can only talk of tendencies, consequences, etc.; they can only say it is dangerous, they dare not say it is false; if you were once to preach defensively or controversially it would be all over with you, and it would do your heart and mind harm besides. But everyone sees that you have a truth and a message to establish; you set up your truth and they're dismayed to find that, if that be true, their view is knocked down—but you did not knock it down."

His humility was coextensive with his greatness in other respects. In the last year of his life, at the height of his amazing and increasing influence, he writes: "I cannot say how humiliated I feel at degenerating into the popular preacher of a fashionable watering place. . . . Another Sunday done. Crowded congregations, pulpit steps even full, anteroom nearly so. . . . I sat in church thinking: Now how this crowd would give many men pleasure, flatter their hearts with vanity, or fill them with honest joy. How strange it is given to one who cannot enjoy it, who would gladly give all up, and feels himself, in the midst of all, a homeless and heartless stranger." He never was a leader or the servant of any party in the church. He stood alone. He fought out his principles alone. One was his Captain, even Christ; and he did not care, provided he fought under him the good fight, what regiment he belonged to. All were his brethren in arms who

were loyal to his Master's cause. The brilliant Edward Irving—who rallied to himself admiring throngs by his great gifts of oratory, and but for the strange fanaticism which wrecked his spectacular career might have left behind a constituency as mighty as did Beecher and Spurgeon to carry on his work—was the cotemporary of Mr. Robertson. It may be that the deplorable mistake of the great London preacher warned him away from any tendency to fanaticism. James Anthony Froude says, "Inventive genius tamed by skepticism is like a bird with a broken wing." Mr. Robertson had no broken wing. His spiritual wing and his intellectual wing lifted him into the alluring ether of truth. He appealed to the conscience and the intellect of his hearers and so they flew with him. But "the zeal of the Lord's house" ate him up. For months he struggled against a physical breakdown. A tumor involving the gastric ganglia brought on the fatal crisis in which, breathing out his soul in the resigned utterance, "Let God do his work," he went home to the "still country" and rested from his labors.

Thus tracing his independent career we have discerned in him the astonishing adventurousness of a Savonarola, the daring challenge to the dead formalism of his day of a John the Baptist, the seraphic and faraway vision of an Isaiah; but more than all, and over all, we have seen in him a reincarnation of Christ the Lord.

N. A. Robinson.

THE STRUGGLE FOR BREAD AND FOR HUMANITY

Bread is the staff of life upon which man leans from the cradle to the grave. Never did so many people lean upon this staff so heavily and anxiously as now. The day of cheap bread has passed; the day of dear bread is with us; the day of scarce bread, and even of famine will surely come, according to Mr. Hoover, unless the most careful economy and provision be practiced. The cry of outraged hunger has already been heard. Bread riots have overthrown many a government in the past and may again.

Nations are only as strong as their food supply. Some persons contend that the compelling cause of this war, and most wars, was the pressure of population upon food supply and the consequent determination to get possession of more territory and strategic trade routes. Wars will never cease until economic harmony and commercial integration become more securely established.

"But man does not live by bread alone." Economic forces are mighty, but they are not almighty. The economic man is not the whole man. His ideals and beliefs are the larger part of him. These certainly glorify him as nothing else does. Take out of human progress the spiritual and moral factors and nothing but barbarism would be left. Food and environment do much for man, but they do not make him wise, happy, or good. It has been well said that "When Adam fell, it was not in a slum, but in the Garden of Paradise. It was not with poison in his veins, amid vicious surroundings; it was in conditions as perfect as the fashioning hand of the Almighty could make them." The man who said this was "sent into a factory before he was in his 'teens to make one of a gang of lads under an overseer who used physical violence to get the most possible out of them." But that factory lad, in spite of dwarfing labor and forbidding conditions, rose to be a leader in society.

Our industrial system, which is so much railed against, has much that is depressing and destructive. Drastic changes have been made and others must follow. Industrialism, as now or-

ganized, and democracy are in many respects incompatible. But the assertion that this system inevitably condemns the masses to poverty and crushes out all ability to rise overlooks the fact that three fourths of those who have a competency and wealth have climbed up its iron rounds. And where success has not been achieved in the terms that the world recognizes, many a humble worker is heroically doing the painful right and has bread to eat that the world knows not of. The unleavened bread of sincerity and truth is far more nourishing than the cake and confectionery of luxury. There is something in every man which is superior to all conditions. What men believe and love has more to do with their real welfare than any material goods.

Man's greatest need, the one which is common to all races, and cries out in all conditions, especially in such a crisis as this through which the world is now passing, is his need of God. Hall Caine, in describing that memorable service in Westminster Abbey, when the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes hung for the first time in the chancel, said: "In hours of peace and prosperity our philosophies seem to eliminate the Almighty. But how the mighty facts of life strike us down to our knees before the altar of Him who is eternal righteousness. When the great trials come, the great perils, the great adventures, we want a God who knows, a God who cares, a God who judges between right and wrong, and is ready to listen to our cry." The great writers and the people generally are becoming more religious. This renaissance of religion to meet the awful irruption of barbarism is the most significant and hopeful sign of these tragic times.

In that "maddening maze of things" into which Belgium and France were plunged, everything that was visible spelled disaster. It was faith in certain invisible realities that stemmed the tide of battle and gave civilization another chance for its life. One of the sublimest sentiments of this war was written in those dark days by King Albert of Belgium. "Do you know," he wrote; "do you know what I marvel at most in the world? It is the powerlessness of material forces. Sooner or later the world is conquered by the Idea."

What does he mean by "the Idea"? He means much the same thing that Bertrand Russell does, who, though a free lance in religion, has been constrained by the awful experience of this war to look for solace into the Unseen. "If life is to be fully human," he says, "it must serve some end which is above mankind, such as God or truth or beauty. There must be a breezing into our human existence of something eternal, something that appears to imagination to live in a heaven remote from strife and failure and the devouring jaws of time."

The most impressive picture of "something eternal amid all the destructions of time," something that interprets the tragic struggles of past civilizations and our own, is in John's enraptured vision in the Book of Revelation. John saw the Beast warring against the Lamb. He singled out Babylon as a great world empire dominated by the Beast. The idolatry of materialistic forces and the prostitution of religion and the nobler forces of civilization were there exemplified on a colossal scale. John describes that ancient imperialism as "a beast with seven heads and ten horns." Each head had a virtuous face, and each horn promised some material gain. This Beast "drew the third part of the stars of heaven and cast them upon the earth." Wherever absolutism has power it assumes to rule by divine right; it drags the livery of heaven down into the dust of worldly expediency. Religion and philosophy are subsidized to bless monstrous aggression and enthrone might over right.

John says: "The Beast wars against the Lamb." The Lamb is the symbol of God's redemptive power bodying forth to save humanity lying under the dominion of the Beast. "The wrath of the Lamb" is outraged Divine justice and love, the most terrible power in heaven or in earth. Its "eyes are as a flame of fire, its vesture is dipped with blood, and out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword with which to smite the nations." The Lamb is no friend of peace when wrongs are strangling mankind. John saw the Beast and the kings of the earth and their armies making war against the Lamb and his armies. And the Beast was taken, and the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the Beast and

them that worshiped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire." This is lurid language, but not so lurid or terrible as the judgments that have been and are still being visited upon the Beast of besotted power from Babylon down to the present day.

Every nation has forgotten God and bowed down to base masteries. Overwhelming disaster now threatens them. "The earth has become the tomb of brave men" more than ever before. All human means of protection against war have been swept away. Military preparedness has not been a sufficient defense for any nation; neither has militarism on the most colossal scale. Militarism always breeds war, and war, when it has brought forth its horrid fruit, scatters the seeds of death and more wars. It is a vicious circle around which humanity has swung for centuries, without learning its palpable lesson. Many of the safeguards of civilization, which have been so painfully built up by prayers and blood, have broken down. Many of the forces which make for human progress have become discredited. Even the church, the best friend of humanity and the most successful organizing force for good, has been rent into warring factions. Catholics are fighting Catholics, and Protestants are fighting Protestants. Patriotism has become strangely perverted. As Edith Cavel said just before she was led away to be shot, "Something more than patriotism is needed." Many arms of human strength have been turned to base purposes. Philosophy has been bribed to lend a flattering unction to unscrupulous aggression; science has been dragooned into making engines of destruction; treaties have become "scraps of paper." President Wilson's noble utterance, "The world must be made safe for democracy," has become a powerful rallying cry. But will the world be safe under democracy? Is democracy strong, wise, and good enough to rule? Certainly not without much political and industrial and spiritual rehabilitation.

I have never been so proud of my country as I am now, when, without even a suspicion of national aggrandizement, facing the awful hazards and enormous costs of this most gigantic of all wars, she is enlisted in defense of a common civilization.

I shall be as glad of victory as any one, but I fear that even peace with victory will not be an unmixed blessing. Germany's victory in 1870 demoralized her and made her money mad and war mad. The older Germany, which scholars loved—the Germany of Goethe and Beethoven, which the world admired—has receded into the background; and a militaristic, mechanistic Germany, which has made the most damnable war of all time, has dominated her people and seeks to dominate the world.

As nations become rich the lusts of gain and power gather together like vultures for carrion. Americans are already notorious for their worship of the almighty dollar, and they will be as keen for trade advantages in the markets of the world as other peoples. National rivalries and jealousies will beset us on every side and may strain our relations with those who are now our friends, and have been fighting our battles. Have we sufficient wisdom and goodness to walk uprightly amid the machinations and temptations incident to world politics and economics? Are we exercising an abiding faith in those eternal verities and divine forces which have safeguarded society in the past and can alone save us and the nations from the lusts that always prey upon power?

Nearly thirty years ago Pasteur, in France, who waged war so bravely and successfully against parasitic diseases, uttered these noble and inspiring words: "Two contrary laws seem to be wrestling with each other nowadays; the one a law of blood and of death, ever imagining new means of destruction, and forcing nations to be constantly ready for the battlefield; the other a law of peace, work, and health, ever evolving new means and delivering man from the scourges which beset him. The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of humanity. The latter places one human life above any victory, while the former would sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of one. . . . Which of those two laws will ultimately prevail God alone knows."

This prophetic utterance of Pasteur has been most dramatically fulfilled. These two forces, the monstrous aggression to exploit humanity and the sacrificing uprising to defend and establish

its essential interests, are struggling for supremacy. Both profess to be struggling for existence, and both invoke the sanction of that old cosmic law of the survival of the fittest which has dominated life in all its forms. But altruism is as primordial as egoism. But for mothering and the will to cooperate life would have ceased. Amid the wild welter of animal struggle were gleams of finer instincts, and amid the furious shock of tribal and national wars have gleamed the spiritual ideals which have lighted man to higher and holier attainments.

The will to power and the will to survive are essential to nations and individuals, but these vital motives, when not restrained by religion and morality, and exercised without regard to the rights of others, are destructive alike to conquerors and conquered. The spirit of nationality has helped human progress mightily; without it mankind could never have thrown off the crushing despotism of the Middle Ages. Every people, however small, must be free to live its own life and in its own way, or it can never attain a true development and fulfill its appointed destiny. But the very growth of nationality means expansion, and expansion, when unrestrained by some higher, holier power, leads to aggression, which makes war. Will humanity ever overcome the lusts which breed war?

Tennyson, face to face with "the godless fury of peoples and the Christless frolic of kings," longed for "some diviner force in the changes that he should not see"; "something kindlier, higher, holier . . . when all should be for each, and each for all." He looked forward to the time when "all the full-brain, half-brain races should be led to Justice, Love, and Truth—

> "Earth at last a warless world, a single tongue,
> Every tiger madness muzzled, every serpent passion killed,
> Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled."

It was a glorious ideal. He said that "it was far away." It still is. Even an international mind, an international conscience, and an international police are not yet realized. But man must obey something "kindlier, higher, and holier" in church, state, and society. "All must be for each, and each for all," or war and

want will continue their ravages. The sublime passion which under the drastic discipline of war pours out blood and treasure for country and civilization, must be "filtered and fibered" by Christ love into all the social body of which he is the real living Head. The forces that renovate and save must conquer those that break down and destroy. Even war, which when waged for exploitation is destructive alone, must be made to serve the higher interests of humanity. The great cataclysms of human history, notably the dissolution of the Roman Empire; the rending asunder of the Papal power in the time of Luther; the French Revolution; and our Civil War, accelerated the redemption of the world. Humanity groaned and travailed together in pain, but the pain was the birth pangs of a better social order, which had been growing under the very ribs of death.

Such will be the outcome of this, the greatest of all wars. The Lamb that saves will surely overcome the Beast that slays. "The Son of God goes forth to war," destroying that he may save, and saving that he may destroy. The Bible is no scrap of paper, but the Bread of life; the glorious army of the apostles and martyrs in every country and in every century have not died in vain. The kingdom of God is no mere dream; it is the inner, organizing force in society and is becoming increasingly recognized as the only safe and salutary rule for mankind.

Daniel Dorchester

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

When this Review was publishing its fifty-third volume, a young man graduated from Wesleyan University. He was born in the next room to a library and had been kept at his books as a student steadily since he was thirteen. In the houses where he grew up he received the impression that the supreme use of books, from the Bible down, was to help a man preach the everlasting gospel. He still holds that opinion. In childhood he had tumbled over piles of the Methodist Quarterly Review in his father's study, as did Daniel A. Goodsell, who had thereby one memorable adventure. Somebody gave little nine-year-old Daniel a box of paints and brushes; wherefore it became necessary to paint something. He hied him to the parsonage study, found a copy of the Quarterly Review containing at the front a steel engraving of one of the saintly leaders of the church. The youthful artist conceived the happy idea of transforming the saint into a soldier. So he painted a cocked hat on his head and epaulettes on his shoulders, and decorated the clerical gentleman's smooth face with a fierce moustache and military goatee. "At this point in the proceedings," Bishop Goodsell used to say in relating the touching incident to Annual Conferences, "my father appeared upon the scene with consequences too painful to relate." Without any such pathetic memories of his father's study the boy who was in college in the middle sixties, used in vacation time to lie on his back on the floor with a half-dozen copies of the Quarterly under his head for a pillow and grapple with the great articles, while his father was out making pastoral calls.

After two years' teaching to get the hang of himself and his resources, he entered upon his lifework as a minister. The bookish young fellow knew little of human nature, but, aware of his lack, was anxious to learn. Pastoral work soon taught him that the two classes who were most easily accessible were the children and the sick, suffering, and afflicted. He had sense enough to move up close to them. With them there were fewer formalities, conventional barriers were

down, they were natural. There he found real access to real human nature. With them he could do most in spiritual ways. They gave him his best opportunity. From them he learned much and their society did more to humanize him than anything else. In the course of time the man whose boyhood and youth had been spent in contact with the old Quarterly was placed by the church in the editorial office of the METHODIST REVIEW. In editorial years, looking back over his pastoral life, he realized that the children and the sufferers had been not only his best opportunity but also a boundless blessing to him. More and more a feeling of indebtedness grew in him, and a desire to pay some tribute to both those classes. Gradually his mind, guided by his heart, saw a way. He decided to use the pages of the REVIEW for such a tribute, and in four numbers of the volume now closing the editor has offered his affectionate homage, to the charming children in May and July, to the brave, patient sufferers in September and November. That is the genesis of those editorial tributes.

A man who has debts he can never pay should at least acknowledge them. To do so is meet, right, and his bounden duty.

A SALUTE TO THE VALIANT—II

George Meredith spoke of "the thrill of the worship of valiancy." That thrill a certain boy, deep in his books, felt in reading of Shakespeare's young soldier Claudio, who "in the figure of a lamb did the feats of a lion"; felt it over the Ballad of Chevy Chase and the verse,

> "For Witherington I needs must wail
> As one in doleful dumps;
> For when his legs were battered off
> He fought upon the stumps:"

felt it over the old battle-ballad in which Sir Andrew Barton, when he was pierced, said quietly,

> "I'll but lie down and bleed a while
> And then I'll rise and fight again:"

felt it in later years over William Vaughan Moody's wounded knight who, though facing dire defeat, yet "blew his battle-horn across the vales of overthrow," and upon a dark disastrous morn made the echoes ring with rallying and laughter; and felt it still later over the story of Charley Edwards, of Texas, one of the "characters" who made Washington picturesque with his broad black sombrero, flowing mane, and

far-sweeping moustache, and such a voice that when he whispered to the man sitting next him an attendant of the House came down the aisle and said, "Shouting not allowed in the gallery." When a fatal and frightful malady struck him down, Charley faced it with a smile and through five years of agony dauntlessly died daily, punctuating the long grim months with laughter, and going to the Dark Tower like Childe Harold. Did we not all feel Meredith's "thrill of the worship of valiancy" over that gallant young French officer who rode away on an errand so deadly-dangerous that Marshal Joffre could not help kissing the beautiful boy good-by, as he sent him off to his rendezvous with Death?

Valiancy is not monopolized by soldiers. A crutch may be as fit an emblem of valor as a sword. Glaze, the African explorer, was not a soldier, but H. M. Stanley wrote of him, "He relished a task in proportion to its hardness, and welcomed danger with a fierce joy." Browning, in The Grammarian's Funeral, as William Lyon Phelps points out, makes of a plodding pedant exactly the same kind of hero as a dashing cavalry officer leading a forlorn hope; and that pedant's example has inspired many kinds of men to stick tight to their task, even the man now writing. The first Valor Medal conferred by the National Arts Club is not given to a man in uniform, but to Elihu Root, a patriot who never smelled the smoke of battle. Tennyson's story of the siege of Lucknow, after singing of Havelock and his Highlanders, sings also of the "valor of delicate women," and praises their fortitude in the hardships and terror of the assault for eighty-seven days, while "ever upon the topmost towers the old banner of England blew." Those British women were scarcely more valorous than Ida Gracey, enduring through many years a siege far more relentless with capitulation inevitable at the end after much suffering, while ever above her beleaguered citadel she kept the flag of her courage afloat. When you read of England's great soldier Lord Wolseley, "In that slight shattered body dwelt an invincible force, a happy temperament, and a power of endurance no trial ever shook nor any stress of circumstances impaired," you may notice that the description fits our fragile little heroine almost as well as it fits the famous Field Marshal. So far as we know she spoke of herself as a soldier only once, and that was near the end to her friend Mrs. J. M. Cornell—"I'm a homesick soldier." But she did even better than some soldiers, as, for example, Colonel Francis Younghusband, the fine British officer who led the "Mission to Lhassa," beyond the Himalayas to the capital

of Tibet. Seasoned and hardy soldier though he was, his fortitude broke under suffering when, having been run over by a motor car, he lay broken and helpless half-a-year on a bed of pain. His courage oozed away, and through the long hard months his faith let go; he concluded in his weakness that the presence of pain in the world rules out belief in any wise and beneficent Ruler. He could conduct hard campaigns and fight battles, but could not endure such tests as Ida Gracey bore for years. And she did better thinking even in the fiery furnace than Benjamin Jowett, the famous Greek professor, and other comfortable closet-thinkers did in the peaceful shades of Oxford. They lost courage, faith in life, and in the value of existence, as did also Oxford University for a time in Jowett's day. This she never did; she reached that chastened and purified love of life which is the noblest result of suffering and the supreme attainment of wisdom. That much-commemorated tragic girl, Rahel Varnhagen, tells us that, although, in all her afflictions, she never was at variance with existence and always refused to regard pain as the ultimate purpose of life, yet, when harsh treatment from a cruel father was added to painful illness, she "lost the courage to be happy." Ida Gracey never lost the courage to be happy, partly, perhaps, because she never knew harshness or lack of love. Affection was lavished on her all her days. In her home she was the center of solicitude and tenderness and sweet ministering; and as for friends, one said to her one day, "You were made to be loved and a lot of people were evidently made to love you. I think you must belong to the royal family." When she asked, "Why?" the reply was, "Because you have such a big retinue"; and the next day she received roses with this card: "To her little Majesty, from a member of her large retinue."

Dr. Richard C. Cabot speaks of "a shiver of admiration" which persons of sensibility experience in contact with fine characters or in witnessing difficult feats well done. E. V. Lucas confesses to feeling a quiver of ecstasy over Paul Cinquevalli, juggler and acrobat, whenever he saw him doing unparalleled feats with almost miraculous dexterity and ease, suppleness and grace, until Lucas would exclaim with tears of joy, "You Beauty! O, you Beauty!" while another observer said, "Cinquevalli always makes me cry." But suppose the juggler had had to keep tossing hot iron balls, that burnt him every time they came down, up in the air for hours—what would Lucas say then? And would the other man shed *scalding* tears? The audience at the Gilder Memorial meeting in Carnegie Hall felt a

shiver of admiration and a quiver of ecstasy when Forbes Robertson read in his matchless way Gilder's poem, "Music in Darkness," the deep, vibrant masculine voice rendering with perfect elocution and exquisite modulation the lines so perfectly suited to the psychological moment—a golden voice filling the house with rich melody—the whole performance being by every token high on the list of perfect things, making one man whisper to his seatmate, "Simply perfect!" "You seem to think I'm perfect, just as papa did," Ida said to a friend who after her father's death was trying to cheer her in the fierce endurance-tests of her last tortured weeks. "Yes, dear child, I do think you are about perfect," was the reply.

Beware of superlatives and italics is a good-enough caution. But is there nothing superlative in life? Why is the word "perfect" in the dictionary unless there is use for it on some corresponding reality? Now and then that risky word may be applied without fear of arrest or molestation. Jane Austen feared she had made the heroine in one of her novels too good, and wrote a friend about it, saying: "Pictures of perfection, as you know, made me sick and wicked." Excessive eulogy is nauseating. But did the author of Sense and Sensibility and Pride and Prejudice never find any touch of perfection in human character and achievement? Some have even thought they saw something perfect in her works. What put the note of joy and calm into Wordsworth was his recognition of the fact that human life is bosomed in the life of an eternal Spirit of Perfection. The Master's command "Be ye perfect" is guarantee and assurance that we may be perfect in something, possibly in love which is absolutely the greatest thing in this world or any other. The joy we have in glimpses of perfection is a lure to aspiration and a bribe to all our strivings. For the Christian as for the artist, orator, musician, or writer perfection must be the aim. To Ida Gracey's friends it seemed that in character and conduct she approached perfection.

The Lady of the Decoration who knows a good fighter when she sees one, being one herself, felt Dr. Cabot's shiver of admiration when on Saint Valentine's Day she sent to Ida Gracey (whose distinction was in being a decoration rather than wearing one) a token of affection with this inscription, "To a bully fightin' Valentine, whose brave example will brace me for many a gray day of strife." We have heard of a cowboy, who had he known our brave little heroine and overheard this greeting, might have shouted, "Right you are, Mrs. Macaulay. 'Bully fighter' is the word": the cowboy who galloped gaily into

town joyously firing his revolver into the air, filled with the frolic gladness of his own high spirits if with nothing more intoxicating, and who, after making the circuit of the settlement, rode up to a convenient board fence, and, standing up in his stirrups, shot into it this sentiment: "Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in plain' a pore hand well." He didn't learn his spelling in school nor his figure of speech in Sunday school, but his doctrine was "dead right," and his bullet-in on the board fence indicates that he would have shouted for a glorious sick girl who all her life "plaid a pore hand well."

William Winter wrote, "All human life has for its ultimate object a spiritual victory." Aspiration toward that victory is evidence of normality. Ida Gracey was normal in every part except her sick body. Once in the semi-twilight of her shaded room in her last year she was seen radiant with gladness, sitting bolt upright in bed, a slender, dainty figure, erect, elate, with translucent face and burning eyes—like a white wax-candle topped with flame, such as is seen in a golden candlestick upon an altar—telling exultantly of the almost assured success of her plans for the Cripples' Home at Kiukiang, about which she had prayed fourteen years. The radiance of her countenance made her friend decide then and there to dedicate to her his book, The Illumined Face; "To one who through years of suffering bears an illumined face." So triumphant was she that the friend said, "I would name you Victoria if I had not already called you something else." "That would be something to live up to," answered the spirited girl, who, in very truth, was always "living up to" something above her —up to the admonitions of her mother's pictured face looking down from the wall above the bed, with whom her eyes often seemed communing and consulting—up to Christian standards of character and life—climbing toward "those high table-lands to which the Lord, our God, is moon and sun."

Here for a moment we pause and turn aside, to ask whether, in always *living up,* she was not a normal part of the natural universe, in every layer and level of which we see finger-boards pointing upward and hints of what looks like aspiration—up from inorganic to organic, from mineral to vegetable and animal and human and *beyond.* Mysterious and suggestive is that dreaming of something higher; that semblance to aspiration of which we catch faint momentary glimpses along the cosmic trend in certain strange and curious movements of elements and creatures, one range of things seeming to glance wistfully toward the next above. Deep in the rock's dark

bosom the shapeless minerals are taking on fronded shapes, as if dreaming of leaves and aspiring to enter the vegetable realm. On the winter window-pane the frost is sketching ferns and thickets with exquisite artistry, as if dreaming of the next realm above and aspiring to it. In the boggy acre the pitcher-plant is rehearsing rudimentally the process of digestion by feeding on insects it captures in its trap, apparently striving to enter a higher order, the order of carnivora. Parrots and magpies are trying to talk like humans, as if aspiring. From crustacean to man is a far cry, yet that queer little creature, the Faira crab, of Japan, seems to see across the gulf, for he makes a mimicking face at man and wears a frontispiece startling, ridiculously, bewilderingly human, as if aspiring. The monkeys in the jungle seem aspiring to become by slow stages anthropoidal. And the scientist exhibits a picture of Mr. Pithecanthropus sauntering up the slopes of the ages to apply for his naturalization papers in the State of Manhood. Infinite effrontery! But it seems to be customary in this universe. And this upward look and urge which we notice and which science declares, from protoplasm up to personality, from mineral to man, does not stop on the natural human level. The scientist is the one person who can least consistently hesitate to believe in a higher development for the natural man into spiritual realms. Why should man be the first "quitter" in the ascent, the first to halt the progress of the universe when the finger-boards along the cosmic trend still point upward? And why is it not as natural to find the supernatural above the natural, spiritual above carnal, as to find animal above vegetable and vegetable above mineral? Science is logically bound to insist that for the human being born into man's estate "The Climb to God" is naturally the next thing in order. In the light of all that science and religion teach, whoever is not "living up" to higher and better things is an abortion or a degenerate, or a case of arrested development, a kind of monstrosity in nature. When children and grandchildren of slaves stand in a Christian Church and roll the anthem over and over in the abysmal depths of their bass and contralto and on the far heights of their treble and tenor: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is"; those aspiring black people have nothing less, but something more, than cosmic warrant for their aspiration and their exultant certitude. William Winter and Ida Gracey, aspiring to "spiritual victory" as the supreme object for a soul to "live up

to," were loyal to the System of Things and obedient to the voice which calls down through the universe, "Come up higher."

At her bedside one would be impressed with the solitariness of intense physical suffering, the isolation being indicated sometimes by a look of withdrawal and remoteness, such as was noted in Louis Stevenson by Mrs. Wyatt Eaton, who was on the Jersey coast at Point Pleasant on the Manasquan, one memorable summer afternoon in 1887, when the Sanborn Cottage entertained Stevenson, who was visiting at Brielle across the bay. She describes him as tall and emaciated, frail and ethereal-looking; but gay, blithe, boyish, and contagious. Rejoicing in having seen the author of Treasure Island and The Merry Men at his best, surrounded by his friends and with the light of his best emotions on his face—lit with the glow, the verve, the vital spark—this woman writes: "Even in his playful mood, responding to the banter and merriment around him, a look now and then would creep into his eyes, like a beatitude; a look that gave me the feeling that he was already beyond our mortal ken." That "look like a beatitude," which gave us the feeling that she was in a world beyond our ken, came at times into Ida Gracey's face, a strange look of remoteness, as of a soul withdrawing to some far height, a look, too, of ineffable dignity, which made one almost stand in awe of her and ask mentally, "Into what region have you risen now?" To one who spoke of that look, a girlhood friend replies: "Yes, I know that look of dignity on Ida's face, but it did not awe me as did her withdrawal into regions of intense pain, leaving me with a sense of exclusion, as if even my love could not reach her and it seemed impossible for me to be anything to her. Such moments were the awfullest of all." When someone was praising Patti's singing to Sainte Beuve, and using Shakespeare's words, "Her voice is like the lark, which at heaven's gate sings," the French critic responded, "Yes, but Nilsson's is like a voice from the *other side* of the gate." There were times when Ida Gracey sounded from beyond, from a region above our experience and beyond our sight. Once when I was praying at her bedside, the feeling came over me strangely that she was nearer to God than I and that I would better stop and ask her to pray for me.

Arthur Benson, noting the unanimity of the tributes paid Arthur Hallam as proving how he was admired by his contemporaries, says that nothing but the presence of an overmastering charm can explain such a conspiracy of praise. A similar consentaneity concerning Ida Gracey indicates the presence in her of a similar personal charm

about which Benson says that it is beyond analysis or description, ineffable, makes no effort to exert its power, indeed is unconscious of itself, yet fills us with desire to understand it, to win its favor or to serve it. That charm in her, sickness only served to enhance, until she seemed different from ordinary humanity, somewhat as a pearl is different from a pebble. A mystery it seemed that suffering, instead of spoiling the attractiveness of her face, rather refined it, made it more delicate and spirituelle. Years of pain did not take away the sweet girlishness, what Browning calls "the darlingness." At the Gracey Memorial Meeting of the Interdenominational Missionary Union a vivid, vibrant, and responsive woman said quiveringly and yearningly, "Ida was like my own flesh and blood. She was ineffably beautiful to me. Her eyes and the tender lines about her mouth drew out my whole heart. I keep her picture on my desk." One friend of her father wrote him thus: "I saw your daughter only once and for only a few minutes. She seemed like a frail being from some other world whose wings had been caught and tangled in the thorns of our rough world—a prisoner of hope, evidently attended by the angels who are God's ministering spirits." One who spent many hours at Dr. Gracey's bedside in the years of his helplessness, said to him one day, "If she were my child, I should be one of two things, either as proud as Lucifer or so grateful to God that I could not find words to express myself. Now, which are you?" And the venerable minister answered tenderly, "Thankful, thankful!" The devoted physician to whose care her mother had committed her and who watched over her faithfully for years and saw her in all conditions, under all circumstances, said, "She is an angel of light." The young woman who served as her last day attendant, says, "She sure was an angel." Soon after learning of her departure the pastor of a large church in Detroit, who had known her in her father's house in Rochester, wrote: "Her pure and Christlike life will follow me as long as I live. Last Sunday morning I took for my Communion talk 2 Corinthians 3. 18, and then I told the story of her life. I know of no one who more perfectly illustrates those words of Paul than she." The words are these: "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." "You little white angel," said one who saw her enduring acute suffering with a patient heroic smile. "I'm not an angel," she protested, but her face was angelic at the moment she was protesting. A girl-friend

of her early years writes: "She was a dear marvel—such deep affection and wide helpfulness, so many lovely ways and unexpected turns, such humanness, with none of the subdued saintlinesses that sick folk, if they are good as she was, are apt to drop into, but just a natural healthy human soul, such as we all love—a difficult thing to maintain in a sick body. Her charming innocent naughtinesses were the delight of my heart." Several months after her translation two men, on the Pennsylvania Limited running east out of Chicago, fell to talking of her. One of them had known her in earlier years flitting about on crutches at the Thousand Islands, and the other only her bedridden final years in the darkened room. Their conversation about her closed with the man from Pittsburgh saying, "She was superman, something superior in human quality"; and the New Yorker saying, "She was the fairest flower I have ever seen blooming in a chamber of suffering—and fairer in her fading than others in the bloom of health."

Toward death she bore herself becomingly. No man can foreknow how he will feel at death's approach, but big Sam Johnson blubbering beforehand in fear of death is scarcely a worthy or inspiring figure. We hear Stopford A. Brooke saying in his quiet London study, "I expect the day of my death to be the most romantic day of my life." We see George F. Watts, when his final days seemed only looking in on him one by one just to say "Goodbye," tranquilly expecting the coming of the white-robed angel he had once painted as Death, saying calmly to his wife, "I often catch sight of that white figure behind my shoulder, and it seems to say to me, 'I am not far off.'" We find Lewis Carroll, nearing the end, feeling it would be nice to have it over with, writing his sister: "I sometimes think what a grand thing it will be to be able to say to oneself, 'Death is over now and there is not that experience to be faced again.'" We read in Edwin Booth's letter to an afflicted friend, "I cannot grieve at death. It seems to me the greatest boon the Almighty has granted us. Why do you not look at this little life with all its ups and downs as I do? At the very worst, 'tis but a scratch, a temporary ill, to be soon cured by that dear old doctor, Death, who gives us life more healthful and enduring than all the physicians can give." George Washington has told us that when facing death in battle he found something strangely fascinating and exhilarating in the sound of whistling bullets that meant death. Charles Frohman, on the slanting deck of the sinking Lusitania, said to those who with him

would all be drowned together in a few minutes, "Why fear death? It is life's most beautiful adventure." Sir James Paget, the eminent English surgeon, is even of opinion that there is often a certain physical pleasure in dying. All the poised composure seen in these calm spirits was in Ida Gracey, and something more. Death was an old familiar friend; the two had been neighbors and comrades for years. They had played tag along the border. She often said, "Why, I'm no more afraid to die than I am to put my head on my pillow." She dreaded intense suffering, but she no more dreaded death than she dreaded her father's kiss.

When the end drew near, and especially in her very last hours, she was her own sweet self, perfectly natural, cool, composed, fearless, glad. She calmly noticed advancing symptoms and understood all that the signs meant, and when the inhalation of oxygen was begun she knew it was the physician's *viaticum,* the last thing done for the dying. In a quiet moment of the final night she said to her sister, "Don't you think I've had all my pains and can go to heaven now? Would it be cowardly for me to ask to go to-night?" In hours when her room was an outpost of eternity, she was not only cool and serene but playful. Her sister needing to go out in the rain, asked, "May I take your umbrella?" "Why, yes": and then a flash of humor, "I think I can spare you my rubbers, too." She knew she might be in heaven any minute. Umbrellas and rubbers are not needed on the streets of the City of Gold. That blithe spirit, done forever with umbrellas and overshoes, was hovering merrily and unabashed on life's outer rim, and that gay touch of gentle play with her sister was like a last caress reached out to the playmate of all her years. O, Beauty! O, Sweetness! That was just like you.

After physicians had given Amiel his death-warrant, he was dying by inches and knew it through seven long years. The following record in his journal in his last weeks is precisely descriptive of her last weeks: "A terrible night. For four hours I struggled against suffocation and looked death in the face. It is clear that what awaits me is suffocation. I shall die by choking. I should not have chosen such a death, but when there is no option one must simply resign oneself. 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'" Ida's last suffering was like Amiel's. "It's terrible," she said appealingly as she strangled in agony; and then, lest she be misunderstood, "I don't mean to complain."

Her last word and Bishop McIntyre's were the same. In the Chicago Hospital Mrs. McIntyre bent over her husband in the quiet

lull which looks like improvement but precedes dissolution, and said, to cheer him, "We'll soon be going home, Robert." "Lovely!" he answered—his last word ere his heavenly "going home." On Ida Gracey's last night, her sister, bending over her, spoke of a small sum of money left by their mother and asked, "Don't you think it would be nice to put it into your cripples' fund, as mother's contribution?" (The first gift she received toward this had been from her father, and now the last while she is alive is from her mother.) "Why, yes! Lovely!" Then the final silence, and a little later she was gone. This lifelong cripple and the famous bishop ended on the same high note, the note of joy, he thinking of the return to the comfort of his own home, she full of the joy of giving a Home to poor friendless little cripples by the thousand in the long years to come. It was lovely to go home; lovelier to give a home.

Emily Dickinson wrote of her dearest: "There was no earthly parting. She slipped from our fingers like a snow flake gathered by the wind." Robert Browning wrote of his Elizabeth: "God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light." So was it with Ida Gracey. Without shiver or quiver or sound she slipped away. One thinks of Emily Dickinson's childlike verses:

> She went; this was the way she went:
>   When her task was done,
> She took up her simple wardrobe
>   And started for the sun.
>
> Her little figure at the gate
>   The angels must have spied,
> For we could never find her
>   Upon the earthward side.

A startling accompaniment attended her midnight departure. Lightnings were flashing and thunders crashing at the moment of her going. Jean Ingelow would say, "God Almighty's guns were going off and the land trembled." The artillery of the skies seemed firing a Salute to the Valiant, as if heaven thought fit to honor with a soldier's music and the roaring rites of war the passing of this intrepid and unconquerable soul, who went up past the great guns of the thunder unafraid. Her soul well-knit and all her battles won, she mounted surely to eternal life, more than conqueror through Him who loved her and gave himself for her. And thus was brought to pass the saying which was written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Of George Meredith's face in the coffin it was written, "The dead lips smiling at life as in life they had smiled at death." Not so hers. A weary look was on the sweet marmoreal face in the pearl-gray casket, wearied by long and wearing pain. Standing beside that casket and looking on the tired but lovely face, the minister read with inward surge of exultation from the book of Revelation the words of the great voice out of heaven, in this accentuating repetend fashion, "Behold, God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death—*and there shall be no more death;* neither sorrow nor crying—*neither sorrow nor crying;* neither shall there be any more pain—NEITHER SHALL THERE BE ANY MORE PAIN." At the cemetery on the hill this thanksgiving rose on the still air of a balmy springlike February afternoon: "Almighty God, with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity, we give thee hearty thanks for the good example of this dear child of thine, who, having finished her course in faith, now rests with thee." And upon the sorrowing group was pronounced this benediction: "Now the God of peace who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen." Thus, in the stately Christian fashion, with supernal pomp of lofty language was laid away that light little body, a "scrap," she said, a remnant of skin and bones, sealed eyes and lips, and long dark hair; like the burial of a dead bird, or withered lily or crumpled leaf. The grave is filled and the flowers piled upon it, a red cross surmounted by a white crown standing highest. The procession winds silently down the slope, out the gate and back to the duties of life. And "thus endeth." No, not quite. Rather, "here beginneth." Behold, I show you a miracle.

The curtain rises now on one of the most pregnant and meaningful tableaus ever set; one of God's own romances woven of actual events in which all the elements are mixed to give the world assurance of the presence of a superhuman artistry that makes theater plays seem wooden, mechanical, clumsy, and infantile.

After the burial, the monument. Her monument is not here but a world's-width away, at Kiukiang, a walled city of 40,000, on the south bank of the Yangtze, situated between river, lakes, and hills. There

is the oldest mission of our church in Central China. During fifty years an influential Christian community has been established there by the building of Rulon Fish High School, William Nast College for boys, Danforth Memorial Hospital for Women, Knowles Bible Training School for girls; and, now, a Home for Cripples (attached to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, as its orthopedic department), and soon Dr. Edward C. Perkins' Water-of-Life Hospital for Men.

We pause to note that the Cripples' Home is one of the by-products of suffering, and came by one of God's rough main-traveled roads along which he often sends his caravans of relief and blessing. Thackeray wrote: "Most likely the Good Samaritan was a man who had been robbed and beaten on life's road and knew what it was to lie stripped and bruised by the wayside." The superintendent of a large hospital reports that most of the gifts for buildings or endowments come from bereaved or otherwise afflicted people. It is said that most of the improvements in artificial limbs have been invented by the first man who lost a limb on the Confederate side in our Civil War. Out of his crippled condition benefits have emerged for thousands of maimed. Out of Senator Leland Stanford's loss of his only child came limitless benefit to endless generations of boys by the building of Leland Stanford, Jr., University. Out of A. R. Crittenton's loss of a loved daughter came his impulse to father thousands of friendless girls by the establishment of Florence Crittenton Homes in near a hundred cities for a class most in need of true friends and least likely to have them. Out of George Matheson's bitterest hour of anguish comes one of the great hymns of the ages to comfort the anguish of countless souls with the "Love that wilt not let me go." Joyce Kilmer says, "Lips that have not kissed the rod breathe only light and perishable breath; they only *sing* who are struck dumb by God." It was because Miss Sullivan had suffered an attack of blindness lasting several years that she was moved with sympathy toward a little blind deaf-mute child in Tuscumbia, Alabama; whereby Helen Keller got a teacher who brought her out of darkness into the marvelous light of a wonderful life. And to-day, amid the horrors of the most hideous, atrocious, and diabolical of wars, it was inevitable that blind Helen Keller's relief-money should go to those soldiers whose eyesight has been destroyed; her gifts accompanied by words like these: "From the mist which surrounds me—dark, endless, and immeasurable—I stretch my hand to those brave young men whose light has been put out by shells. I cannot rest until I have done all I can in

order to help them from misery and desperation." Robertson Nicoll says, "In order to understand Louis Stevenson one needs to spit a little blood." It was because Ida Gracey knew all her life what it is to be lame that her pity went out to cripples, and to China, the land that is fullest of cripples, so that this empty-handed girl cherished for fourteen years a wild dream of building a home and hospital for the most friendless of her own afflicted class. When finally she dared announce to her friends her plans, and that the practical women at the head of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had approved them as practicable, if only money enough was forthcoming, gifts began to come in. Wealthy women, guests in the sanitarium, gave some of their jewelry for her project. The medical superintendent brought his baby girl with a big gold piece clutched in its tiny fist to drop it on the invalid's pillow. It became fashionable to do something by contributions or sales for this lame girl's angelic enterprise. Her pretty Peabody ducks, with rainbows round their necks, in the duck-pond in West Park, laid eggs and hatched their broods for it. Like David, she had it in her heart to build a house unto the Lord—a House of Mercy. Like David, she died without seeing its completion, but not without the joy of assurance in her heart. A friend said to her, "If you go before the money is raised and the building erected, and I survive you, I will watch over your project and see it through." Not very long after this little lame soldier "went west," her brave enterprise "went over the top" to victory. By the cooperation of many friends the building now stands complete, paid for, and full of little cripples, for whom it is a home, a hospital, and a school. It needs only endowment to carry current expenses. There is plenty of ground for enlargement when needed. The plot of ground Ida coveted most for a site was desired for two reasons; because it was adjacent to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, and because it belonged to a Chinaman and on it was a pond or pool used by the Chinese for drowning babies. Infanticide is frightfully common in parts of China. A Chinese women recently told one of our missionary workers, with entire *sang froid,* that she had drowned seven of her own girl babies. That lot was purchased, that horrid pond filled up, and on the lot stands to-day a solid and convenient edifice on the front of which friends have placed a tablet of enduring brass, "The Ida Gracey Home for Cripples." When Miss Jennie V. Hughes, head of the Knowles Training School for Girls, cried joyfully to us from the antipodes, "The Gracey Home for Cripples is completed. How

radiantly happy Ida must be in heaven," this was the message sent up by spirit wireless:

> "While well you fare in God's good care
>   Somewhere within the blue,
> You know to-day, your dearest dream
>   Came true—is true—all true."

As a rule the members of the heroic invalid class suffer unnoticed, and slip unobserved out of life's backdoor into oblivion. We have thought fit to set her and her class for a moment where they belong, in full public view, among the valiant. In that tremendous masterpiece of portraiture, the Ring and the Book, the Pope offers A Salute to the Valiant in his declaration that Pompilia through all her tragic sufferings is a greater victor than Michael the Archangel with his sword and shield and spear, and that all the valor of the world's warriors cannot match the marvel of a soul like Pompilia's.

We have also classed Ida Gracey with notable benefactors. When a railroad magnate, having helped to loot a railway system, puts some of his millions into a Home for Cripples, the newspapers head-line him as a noble benefactor; but this simple, unpretending girl, whom no newspaper head-lines, is far more noble and more beneficent. And the Home for Cripples at Kiukiang is more wonderfully beautiful than the Robin's Nest at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, supported by Vanderbilts and Rockefellers. A beautiful little Christian philanthropist was she, in comparison with whom the "Richest woman in the world," gloating greedily over her hundred millions, was a scaly, sordid, and gluttonish creature crawling crookedly in the muck; the memories of the two differing as a fragrance from a stench. So the human race would vote.

We have not exaggerated. Ruskin twitted G. F. Watts, painter of portraits, with turning his sitters into angels though they were mere humans. But Lady Holland said to Watts, "I never really know my friends till you have painted them." We are apt to be sceptical about the greatness of our contemporaries. George William Curtis said, in his eloquent lament over Theodore Winthrop, "Heroes in history seem the more heroic because they are far off, haloed by distance. But if we should tell the plain truth about some of our every-day neighbors, equally heroic, it would sound like high-colored fiction." Age and experience should not wither one's enthusiasm for humanity. Professor Seelye, in his "Ecce Homo" forty years ago, affirmed and endeavored to show that the crowning distinction, the most fascinat-

ing trait, of the Man of Galilee was his enthusiasm for humanity. Breathes there a man with soul so dead as never to himself hath said:

> "How beauteous mankind is!
> O brave, good world that hath
> Such people in it"?

In W. L. Watkinson's Gates of Dawn, the passage for March 21 (Ida Gracey's birthday) is: "He was transfigured before them," with this exclamation following, "What possibilities of glory there are in human nature!"

We have not over-labored our theme. Our meanest and dingiest danger is that we may be too dull to appreciate those with whom we live, the only ones to whom appreciation is of any value. This brave girl is far more worthy of this, our modest In Memoriam, than Arthur Henry Hallam was of the thousand verses from England's greatest laureate in the longest, most elaborate, and most labored threnody ever composed, on which Tennyson labored seventeen years in eulogy of one in whose portrait A. C. Benson sees "a heavy-featured young man with a flushed face, who looks more like a country bumpkin on the opera-bouffe stage than like an intellectual archangel."

What was it this prostrate, helpless, suffering sick girl really achieved? We will paint the thing as we see it, for the God of Things as they Are. Not much imagination is needed to visualize and dramatize what essentially happened there at Kiukiang. The tableau is like this: Pagan mothers throwing their babies into a loathsome pond to drown and float, to swell and rot and stew stenchfully in the sun; the demons of cruelty which devour both bodies and souls almost visibly squatting around the margin, their jaws dripping with the putrid hell-broth. Above this fetid feast of fiends, hovering in the sky on wings of Christian pity, the spirit of a seraphic girl, friend of the friendless, helper of the helpless, who with one wave of her white hands frightens away the fiends; and, as if by miracle, up from that grisly ground there rises red the divine fulfillment of a sick girl's dream, to be a shelter of mercy and love for poor little hated and devil-hunted cripples through many generations. Secretary F. M. North, of the Foreign Missions Office, looking upon that noble Christian settlement at Kiukiang, wrote: "The grouping of Christlike service in and about the Danforth Hospital is one of the finest expressions of missionary beneficence and devotion I have ever seen." The cluster of buildings which house that humane settlement is

among the solidest of Christian evidences. The work done in and the influence radiating from that great center of beneficent activity constitute an enormous, far-reaching, and convincing evangelizing force. "What think ye of Christ, who brings you such great gifts of mercy and love, health and knowledge, enlightenment and peace?" is the question that flies abroad on every wind that blows over that whole region. As a result of an operation on a crippled boy patient in one of the Chinese Mission hospitals, ninety people of his village came seeking the "Jesus-religion."

Browning gives a thrilling and ennobling poem to commemorating the simple deed of a poor young coasting pilot, who, happening to know the channels and being of the crew, took the flagship's helm and steered the French fleet, chased by enemies, safe to port; and who, when asked by the admiral to name his own reward, only requested a whole holiday, leave to go and see his wife whom he calls the Belle Aurore. Not finding that humble hero's name carved upon the Louvre or any public place, the poet decides to put that name upon his pages, saying:

> "So, for better or for worse,
> Hervé Riel, accept my verse;
> In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
> Save the squadron, honor France,
> Love thy wife, the Belle Aurore."

The name of the valiant little invalid of Clifton Springs is not numbered in "the thin red line of 'eroes when the drums begin to roll"; it is not even in the foolish pages of "Who's Who?"; but it is stenciled in these pages of the METHODIST REVIEW.

And it has its place in the sun on the front of the Ida Gracey Home For Cripples in the city beside China's great river at Kiukiang where grace, mercy, and healing will soon be flowing from the Water-of-Life Hospital, as already for many years from the other noble institutions grouped in that shining center of Christian beneficence.

And yonder in "the land which is very far off," where her eyes "see the King in his beauty," in the City of God by the River of Life, one page in the Lamb's Book of Life shines with the pearly luster of the name of Frances Ida Gracey. The angels love the very letters of that name.

THE ARENA

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PREACHER

It was Emerson who said, "It makes a great difference with the force of any sentence whether there be a man behind it or no." If that is true of any ordinary utterance, it is tremendously so of the message which comes from the pulpit. The truth which is wrapped up in the sermon may be vitally important; but its practical efficiency in the accomplishment of its purpose is mightily enhanced by the personality of the preacher. Phillips Brooks says "there cannot really be a sermon in a stone, whatever lessons the stone may teach." It is only when a living man has seized the truth which the stone suggests to him and brought it home to the understanding of living men that its message becomes a sermon.

There is no life work in which the personality of the worker counts so largely as the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ. "Why do you ministers work so hard all the week," asked a layman, "and then come up to Sunday with two sermons that you know to be poorer than thousands which can be had in printed form? Why not bring to the people the best that can be found in all the sermonic literatures of the world?" Why? Simply because the preacher must be himself; and no man can be really himself in the use of the thoughts and words of others. His effort becomes that of the impersonator whose whole endeavor is to be for the time not himself but another. The effectiveness of preaching depends not so much upon the message as upon the messenger. If it were not so, then the sermon might often be omitted altogether from the service of worship that the worshiper might have time at home for the reading of a sermon or book which presents the truth in more logical, or instructive, or convincing form than the oral message of the preacher of the day is likely to do.

But who that has listened to the impassioned words of a great preacher and then, after the passing of years, has read from the printed page the identical words which on the other day he heard as they fell hot from the lips and heart of the speaker, has not felt that the preacher himself was a large part of the sermon? During my student days in Boston it was my great privilege to hear many times in the pulpit of Trinity Church that prince of preachers who swayed his city as few men have done. When the time came to gather a few books as the nucleus of a personal library, I selected among the first some volumes of the sermons of Phillips Brooks, thinking thus to bring back, as I sat in my study, the inspiration and uplift of which I had been conscious as I sat in the audience and looked into the face of the preacher. But my expectation was doomed to disappointment. The sermons were works of art, based upon truths which were fundamental. The literary quality was above criticism, bearing evidence of the utmost care in the minutest parts. If

the books had come into my possession as the work of an unknown author, I doubt not that I would have found in them both edification and inspiration. But somehow I could not forget the man who was not there, his magnificent physique, his flashing eye, his torrent of words, his tremendous earnestness which made him a veritable dynamo in the pulpit. I could not bear to read the sermons which had been committed in cold type to the printed page. It was the unspeakable personality of the man, body, heart, and soul, which, more than the words which he uttered, had made the sermons to which I had listened and which seemed to me to be lacking in those which I tried to read.

It is a gospel of experience with which the preacher has to do. Hence the preaching which accomplishes the purpose for which men are called partakes of the nature of testimony. That does not mean that in verbal form the sermon must always be like the statements made from the witness stand in the courts. But the preacher must somehow let it be known to his hearers that he deals with experience and not with theory, if he would exert a molding influence upon the thoughts and lives of those to whom he preaches. There must be a certain definiteness and assurance in the quality of his preaching which impresses upon his hearers the fact that here is one who knows God, that here is one who is able to think God's thoughts after him, that here is one who walks amid the great mysteries of life, death, and the hereafter unafraid, that here is one who has trodden somewhat in advance of the multitude the path that leads to God, that here is one who is called to be an interpreter of God to his fellow men.

But preaching is something more than testimony. It is life. The preacher must identify himself with his message. He must give himself as he preaches his sermon and as he lives his life. Dr. Cuyler tells of a Scotch woman who was asked her opinion of her preacher. "What do I think of him? I would rather see him walk from the door to the pulpit than to hear any other man preach." David Starr Jordan once said of two men of rare spirit, though frail in body, that it would pay the university to retain them on the faculty and continue their salary in full if they were only able once in a while to walk across the campus. The true minister of Christ not only proclaims the gospel message, in a sense he is the message. He cannot withhold himself without jeopardy to the cause which he represents. As men will inevitably interpret his words by his life, the two must correspond; and all the power of his life must be devoted to the enforcement of his message.

With what perfect abandon the great Teacher threw himself into his ministry! His words as they have been brought to us through the centuries have a power of life beyond those of any contemporary. His deeds of helpful service have never been approached by any others. But when words and doings were backed by all the power of his matchless personality it is no wonder that men were amazed and that some who were jealous of their position as leaders were even afraid. When they listened to his words they said, "Never man spake like this man." When they touched him in the midst of the throng, virtue went out of him for their

healing. He stood one day and cried, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life"; and when men looked at him, they saw the way to God.

So the true preacher to-day, by his very presence if not by the words that he speaks, is ever saying, "I have learned the way to God. I have seen the Christ. Come with me and I will show you the way that leads to life." He, by reaching out his hand to those who know not God, becomes the living link which completes the chain of man's connection with God.

James Freeman Jenness.

Downers Grove, Ill.

IN BEHALF OF BOYS AND GIRLS

In behalf of the boys and girls who are coming into membership in the Methodist Episcopal Church, I beg to raise my voice for a revision of the ritual for baptism. Within the month I have administered the holy sacrament of baptism at the altar of my church to above forty persons. Of these thirty were lads and lasses of from ten to fifteen years of age. They had professed conversion in our revival meetings, had been admitted to preparatory membership, and on my invitation stood at the chancel to take the covenant and to receive holy baptism. They were a lusty group, alert, bright-faced, clear-eyed, happy. The great congregation looked on sympathetically and prayerfully. In discharging my solemn duty on the occasion I addressed to them those awful words of our ritual, "The Baptismal Covenant": "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them." And I required these same helpless lads and lasses to answer, "I renounce them all."

They were not an untaught group. They were from our good families. They had been in our Sunday school and Junior League since early childhood. They were as well informed as any average group anywhere. But what did they know about "the works of the devil"; "the vain pomp and glory of the world"; "covetous desires of the same"; "carnal desires of the flesh"? The reading of the Covenant fairly choked me. I felt like apologizing to these youngsters for inflicting upon them, in the church of God and at a moment so happy and glorious, words so archaic, so musty, so meaningless, so inexcusable.

Rightly—and more and more—emphasis is being placed upon the matter of bringing children into the church. If any child of our glorious Methodism fails of being brought into the church at a tender age, then the church has been recreant in its duty toward that child. Many families, very many, do not present their children for baptism in infancy. I state the fact without comment. In our revival meetings the children are the first to yield to the invitation. They fairly rush into the arms of a loving Saviour when invited so to do. Their conversion is always happy. Their hearts rejoice as do the hearts of older folks and more so. They

receive Christ with a faith that is simple and wonderful. They come into membership in the church with the least possible urging upon the part of the minister. It is truly wonderful, and the sweetest part of our religion, the way children respond and accept their Saviour. Uniformly their joy and delight in Jesus is most striking and beautiful. Their past is the simple life of childhood. Their sins are not many nor specially grievous. The good God receives them gladly, and they receive the good God's redeeming Son gladly, and all in all it is the gladdest part of a modern revival. And then to freeze the marrow in their bones by addressing to them those terrifying words!

Please hear me. There ought to be a revision of this Covenant. Our good big dictionary of to-day contains words in abundance that will express all the thought covered up in these mystic symbols, words that have a present-day meaning and appropriateness. I will not at this moment attempt to frame such a covenant. I am a busy pastor, with scores of young Americans waiting upon my ministry and many hundreds in my Sunday school. It is my joy to have led many hundreds of children to the Saviour and into the church. I plead for them. I plead for a ritual that will sweeten and enrich as well as inform and inspire a worshiping congregation of young people. It can be done, it ought to be done. Do you not think so?

James G. Tucker.

Mount Carmel, Illinois.

"I WILL ADVERTISE THEE"

This is the slogan of one of the prophets in the Bible who was successful in his work. The Bible itself is a textbook on advertising. It is a sacred advertisement. The Bible shows the success of sacred advertising and is itself the most perfect form and style of a paid advertisement, because the book itself is a paid advertisement in that it was purchased by money, brain, and the blood of the martyrs.

There runs through the entire Bible the announcement or the advertisement of the coming of a King, which raised intense expectation. The coming of that King was to be spectacular. He was to be a God, an everlasting Prince. There has never been more effective advertising than that of the announcement of the coming of the Christ by the prophets and seers. His birth as told in the New Testament is the finest piece of descriptive advertising that the world has ever seen or read.

The writers of the Bible intended that Exodus should advertise the departure of the chosen people from Egypt, that Joshua is the Doomsday Book of the Israelites; and the priests certainly ritualism and the Jewish religion in Leviticus, and the advantages of worshiping God in the tabernacle and temple. The lovers of law advertised in Deuteronomy the second law, and the priestly writers continued to advertise or advocate the growth of laws, forms, ceremonies, and religious forms, and the prerogatives of the priests.

Did not Moses advertise the divine mission? It was a spectacular way of advertising when he killed the Egyptian, and even his enemies recall it later. The historic books of the Bible are proof of specific advertising. What can be more spectacular than the story of the sun standing still for Joshua?

The fall of Adam, the temptation of Eve, the flaming sword, the mark on Cain, the tower of Babel, Moses's rod that budded, the miracles, the story of Cain and Abel, and of the Red Sea—surely these were used by the writers and priests most effectively in advertising their religion and their God. Was not the temple an objective advertisement? The holy fire and the holy of holies, the priestly garments and everything connected with the holy worship of the temple—all these were to advertise the presence of God. The wings of the Cherubim, the garments of the priests, the lights that shone on the breasts of the priests, telling of the presence of Jehovah, and the story of the Scapegoat in Leviticus, are all told to advertise certain priestly principles and religious ideas. They were facts, but they were used to advertise their religion and to increase the attendance at church and to instill in the minds of the people a greater regard for God. It was pure and undefiled advertising that brought results.

We preach to a hundred people when by judicious advertising we might bring the people outside the churches into the churches.

There are more people not present at church than are present. Church advertising is to reach the men who most need the gospel. If ever the unsaved are to be saved, and the unchurched are ever to become members of the Church, it must be by advertising. The church has the biggest and most beautiful thing on sale. The good news of the gospel makes everybody happy and everybody needs it and it will do everybody good.

If they do not come for it, we should take it to them and we should take it to them through the medium that reaches their eye, their desks, and their homes, which is the newspaper.

I heartily believe that advertising reacts most favorably upon present members, greatly increases the attendance at the services, and far more than returns its cost in increased income. It gives the church a better standing throughout the neighborhood, steadily increases the membership, stimulates all the activities, and will give the church the attention of the whole people. In advertising we "deliver the goods." "We reclaim lost trade." We get new customers to fill "His House" with people.

Every church should have a fund for advertising, and pay for advertising just as it pays for preaching and for the janitor.

It would pay to keep a fund separate for advertising purposes in every church. Every pastor should be taught how to advertise.

Among the advantages of advertising are: (1) The church has the most important message. (2) The world needs this inspiration. (3) The only way to give it universality is by advertising. Advertising attracts attention, intensifies interest, and produces results.

J. T. B. Smith.

Chicago, Ill.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

THE SEARCH FOR THE FUNDAMENTALS—ROM. 8. 1-9

THE necessity of religion to satisfy the needs and aspirations of mankind is felt in all races and ages, even among those whose perceptions are distorted and very imperfect. However low their conceptions of the mysterious powers from which they seek relief, they feel that they need the help of some power beyond themselves. They see through a glass, darkly, but they see that there is a realm where God rules and where suffering souls must seek refuge from the sorrows that encompass them.

There probably never was a time when the deep problems of human life and destiny were so much in the minds and hearts of men as in the great crisis through which the world is now passing. Humanity bleeding and in agony is crying out for God, for the living God, who hears prayer and is near in every time of trial. The literary critical problems concerning the Scriptures have given place to the deeper problems of the inner life of which they are the sacred depository.

Much has been written concerning the fundamentals of Christianity on which all Christians should unite in a universal brotherhood which knows no clime, no race, no external conditions; a brotherhood which will be cemented by love. Men are seeking for the fundamentals. How may we ascertain what the fundamentals are and where they may be found?

It seems to the writer that this can best be done by asking, What are the needs of humanity that are universally felt in the present great crisis in human history?

The fundamentals of Christianity may be regarded as the truths which Christ has provided to meet the needs of the human soul. A great teacher wrote in the album of his student a sentiment in six words well worth keeping in remembrance: "Nothing in ourselves. All in Christ." Paul in his letter to the Colossians wonderfully asserts the fullness of Christ to supply all the needs of humanity: "Where there cannot be Greek and Jew, circumcision and uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bondman, freeman: but Christ is all, and in all." These needs may not be fully realized nor verbally expressed, but they are in human nature, and are revealed in the great crises of every human life. The first thing that arrests attention is the universal feeling that man is not what he ought to be; that he has not measured up to the lowest ideals which thoughtful men feel to be the true life, much less to the sublime teachings of Christianity. Things are awry, the world has gone wrong, it needs to be made right. In Scripture language, men are sinners. They are under sin's power and they feel the oppression.

We are not discussing a dogma of religion, but a question of daily experience. The great problem of this modern age is how men who have gone wrong shall be made right. This is the problem of all religions. It is the problem which humanity, consciously or unconsciously, is trying to solve to-day. The question has been answered by the greatest teacher

that has appeared, save the Master himself, the apostle Paul. He states the problem and presents the remedy in his Epistle to the Romans. In the previous discussion he has shown the universal sinfulness of man. There is no exception, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." He has shown that the remedies that have been provided apart from divine revelation are inadequate to reach the depths of human need. He has shown that the moral law given on Sinai, although it was spiritual, and the "commandment holy and just and good," has not brought man to perfection.

It has revealed his disease, but has not provided an adequate remedy. In the seventh chapter—so full of human experience—Paul has shown the conflict of the awakened soul struggling for the higher life which his mind approves, but which in his own strength he cannot attain.

In the eighth chapter Paul shows that the life in Christ Jesus satisfies the needs of humanity under all conditions. The cry of despair at the close of the seventh chapter, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" is answered by the joyous cry of deliverance, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The union of the believer with Jesus Christ by faith, as shown in the sixth chapter, has brought the soul into the precious experience, "There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death." Rom. 8. 1, 2.

With what does the causal particle "therefore" connect? It is probably an inference from the whole preceding discussion. Vaughan remarks, "Now the apostle is free to expatiate unchecked on a wide field which takes in both time and eternity, both grace and glory."

The last part of the fourth verse, "who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit," is not found in some important manuscripts, and is omitted in the Revised Version. It presents the fundamental proposition of the gospel. It is the fundamental truth of Christian liberty. Sanday says of the eighth chapter: "This chapter carries us into the inmost circle and heart of Christianity. It treats of that peculiar state of beatitude, of refined and chastened joy, for which no form of secularism is able to provide even the remotest equivalent." We are here taught that the bondage to sin has been broken and sinners, through faith in Christ, have entered into the freedom of the gospel.

It should be noted that in the conflict of the awakened soul in the seventh chapter there is no mention of the Spirit. In this chapter the Spirit becomes the dominant word, especially in the first seventeen verses. The "law of the Spirit" has become victor over the "law of sin and death." The life in Christ Jesus has filled the soul of the believer and he no longer "walks after the flesh but after the spirit." The reason for the failure of the law to rescue sinful humanity is given in the third verse: "For what the law could not do" (Greek, the inability of the law, or the impossible thing of the law), not through the imperfection of the law but the weakness of the flesh, the dominance of his lower nature, "God, sending his own Son," not an angel, not a messenger merely, but

a Son, "in the likeness of sinful flesh"—that is, "with a human body, which was so far like the physical organization of the rest of mankind but yet which was not in him, as in other men, the seat of sin." (Sanday.) Beet, on the word "likeness," says: "The material of Christ's body was like that of our bodies, which are controlled by sin. This proves that the sending refers to Christ's birth. God sent his own Son, though sinless, clothed in flesh like that in which sin dwells. This implies his existence before his birth as even then God's own Son." In this flesh he proclaimed the doom of sin and the enthronement of righteousness.

The apostle now describes the helpless and sinful state of those under dominion of the flesh and contrasts it with the freedom of those who have received the Spirit of God, who has given to believers the new life in Christ Jesus. Those who are of the flesh exercise their minds upon the things of the flesh. Their intellect and affections are centered upon ambition, pleasure, and that which concerns this life only. Their works are described by Paul in Rom. 1; Gal. 5. 19-21. What a fearful catalogue. On the other hand, those who are of the Spirit set their affections on things above. How beautiful is Paul's description of those whose lives have been illuminated and transformed into the life inwrought in the soul by the Holy Spirit. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love" and all its accompanying graces—which, if realized in the lives of mankind, would make this world a Paradise.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE TEXT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT

Professor Edward Naville, of the University of Geneva, Switzerland, delivered December, 1915, a course of lectures before the British Academy in London, in which he discussed with great learning and candor the question of the language and script of the Old Testament (see Schweich Lectures for 1915). These have, at last, appeared in book form. They are both interesting and scholarly and as such have already attracted the attention of many Bible students, and, no doubt, they will continue to be read and criticized by scholars of all schools of biblical criticism; for just now much of the so-called "settled results" of criticism, when applied to the Old Testament, are found wanting, much more so than when the Graf-Wellhausen theory was accepted as scientific truth.

Professor Naville puts up a very strong argument to prove that the Massoretic text of the Hebrew Bible, on which almost all modern versions are based, is of much later origin than has been generally supposed. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that not a single book of the Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, but that the entire collection is a translation from kindred languages.

Whatever the language in which these books may have been written, it will be readily admitted that the square letters in which they have come to us cannot be much older than the Christian era. This being so, no

one will care to maintain that any book of the Hebrew Scriptures was originally written in this script.

Writing goes back in many lands to gray antiquity. It was employed by the Semitic people at the very least four thousand years before our era. The earliest Semitic writing yet discovered is the cuneiform, which originated not with the Semites, but with the Sumerians, a non-Semitic people. At any rate, whether the Sumerians originated the cuneiform style of writing or not, they made use of it before the Semites did.

There is no general agreement as to the origin of Canaanite script, sometimes called Phœnician and Old Hebrew. Some have contended for a cuneiform derivation, others have maintained that it is a modification of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, while others still, like Sir Arthur Evans and Mosso, do not hesitate to seek for it a Cretan origin. Professor Naville accepts the Cretan derivation, and in support of this view, quotes Sir Arthur Evans:

"As for the Phœnician alphabet the attempts to trace it to an old Semitic source like the cuneiform or still more to Egyptian hieroglyphs ended in failure. . . . In view of the preponderating influence of the Ægean civilization on the coast of Canaan and the actual settlement there of the Philistine tribes, the derivation of the Phœnician letters has to be considered from a Minoan source."

But leaving the script, and to return to the language of the earlier Hebrew books, Professor Naville argues that these must have been written not only in the script but also in the language of Babylonia. He is, to be sure, not the first to entertain this view, for Conder, Sayce, Berger, and Jeremias as well as many others not so well known had already suggested it.

No one will doubt the *possibility* of the Babylonian cuneiform being used in this way. It was the common script for many, many centuries. The Code of Hammurabi, which dates back many ages before Israel was in Egypt, appears in it. This great ruler has been identified by some of the most distinguished scholars as the Amraphel of Genesis, and therefore a contemporary of Abraham, the founder of the Hebrew people. Abraham, it should be remembered, was not an ordinary emigrant, but rather a powerful sheik at the head of a large clan, of whom quite a goodly number were able to bear arms. Coming from Ur of the Chaldees, there can be no reasonable doubt that he spoke the Babylonian language and was familiar with the cuneiform script, current in his days, as well as for centuries afterwards. Genesis, indeed, mentions the fact that when he purchased a parcel of land at Macpelah from the Hittites, they gave him a formal deed for the property. Such deeds, written on clay tablets, have been discovered in large numbers. We know, too, that the Hittites of Boghaz Keni used the cuneiform script for their contract tablets. There is, therefore, no reason for thinking that the Hittite colony at Hebron could not have done the same.

Such a chieftain as Abraham would have some culture, some laws for the governing of his tribe; if these were reduced to writing they would most naturally be in cuneiform, the script prevailing from the

Euphrates and beyond to the Mediterranean and from Armenia to the Nile. If written at all, they would be on clay tablets, durable and easily carried along with the patriarch wherever he went. It may not be too bold a conjecture to think that material for the first portion of the book of Genesis may have been among these tablets. Of course, this is mere conjecture, but let us ask with Professor Naville if it is any more so than the 264 fragments patched together in the formation of Genesis with its J, E, JE, P, R, etc.?

Moses was born while the Israelites were in Egyptian bondage, and, according to the Hebrew Scriptures, was taken while a babe to the court of Pharaoh, and brought up and educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The training of a courtier, then as now, would, no doubt, include instruction in languages, especially in the language and script most common in that day, the language understood by all the Semitic governors and rulers subject to Egypt. The Tell-el-Amarna tablets, correspondence from officials in Palestine, Syria, and other countries tributary to the Pharaohs, are sure testimony to the prevalence of the Babylonian cuneiform at a time somewhat earlier than that of Moses and the exodus.

Admitting that Egypt had its own system of writing, these tablets, nevertheless, prove that the Egyptians were familiar with cuneiform. What could have been more natural than that Moses, a Semite himself, should have been versed in that language and script, or that the Israelites, though they might have employed the literary language of Babylonia, spoke a dialect that was very similar to it? There was, as is well known, a great resemblance between the various Semitic dialects, and the farther back we go the greater the resemblance. There can therefore be no reason for supposing that the immediate descendants of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob did not speak the language of their distinguished founder.

Nor can there be any reason for believing that the Israelites in Egypt were unfamiliar with writing. Morally and religiously they were the peers of their neighbors, why not then intellectually? If they had any written records it would most probably be in the language and script current among the Semitic peoples of the period from the Euphrates to the Nile. Nor is there any reason for disputing the Hebrew tradition that Moses gave laws to his people, or that such laws and religious instruction were reduced to writing. If so, this would naturally be in cuneiform. For let us repeat, for emphasis, that this script was in very general use centuries before Moses as well as centuries after his time.

It is, however, not known that the Canaanite script, that is, the Phœnician or the so-called Hebrew alphabet, had been invented before Moses had left Egypt. Notwithstanding many explorations in Palestine, no writing in the Canaanite script cf an early period has been unearthed. The few tablets discovered at Gezer and Taanach are in cuneiform. Professor Naville quotes the following from Professor Sellin, who found eight tablets at the latter site: "Between 1500 and 1350 B. C., Babylonian writing was the only one used at the courts of the princes of Palestine. . . . Even supposing that this writing was used only by the rulers and their officials, and that the people could not read and write, this fact is certain: in the

already extensive excavations which have been carried on in Palestine no document has ever been found in any except Babylonian writing. As for the Phœnician or Old Hebrew writing, it cannot be asserted with certainty that it existed before the ninth century."

Incidentally it might be noted here, though it has no immediate bearing upon the text of the Old Testament, that cuneiform writing was not limited to the Semitic people, for in the archives of the court at Boghaz Keni, the capital of the Hittites, a very large number of tablets in this script were brought to light; nor were all of them in the Babylonian language. There was also in cuneiform a treaty of Rameses II and Hattusil, a Hittite king. It is well known that this Egyptian ruler was a persecutor of the children of Israel, therefore reigned about Moses's time.

Now supposing that Moses is the author of the Pentateuch—Professor Naville maintains that he did write the bulk of it—and did write it in Babylonian cuneiform, the question naturally arises: How long did it remain in that form or when was it changed into Hebrew characters, in which we have it now? Let the Professor answer for himself: "Their present form was given them when the rabbis turned the books into the vernacular of Jerusalem, to which a new script, the square Hebrew, derived from Aramaic, was adopted. The Judaic dialect written with that alphabet is what is called Hebrew."

All schools of biblical criticism agree that the various books of the Old Testament cover a period of at least about one thousand years. In so long a period there must have been changes in both script and language. This would be true of any language and literature. Consequently a different script or dialect should be expected from writers separated by a period of nine or ten centuries. Looked at from this standpoint, the conclusion of Professor Naville that the Pentateuch has passed through at least two translations before assuming its present form will not appear strange.

The final revision or translation "into Hebrew, that is, Jewish, the spoken dialect of Jerusalem"—to use Professor Naville's own words—"was put into writing by the rabbis about the time of the Christian era."

This hypothesis, to say the least, is novel, if not startling; for it neither agrees with the advanced higher critic, who depresses the date of almost every book in the Old Testament, nor yet with the conservative, who, in the main, has accepted the rabbinical tradition that Ezra is the author of the canon, and that the Hebrew Bible as we have it to-day is practically the same as it came from him.

Speaking of the superseding of the Babylonian cuneiform by the Aramaic, Professor Naville says: "It happened in Palestine as in Mesopotamia that the people went over from Babylonian cuneiform to Aramaic by a kind of a literary evolution chiefly occasioned by the invention of the Aramaic alphabet, a far more practical script for common use than cuneiform, which could be written only on wet clay."

Let us now ask for some evidence that the Jews had adopted the Aramaic. We find traces of it in our Saviour's quotations from the Old Testament, notably in the phrase: *Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani*" (Mark 15. 34). But as in the case of the universal use of cuneiform we must turn

for proof to Egypt, where the Tell-el-Amarna tablets were dug up. For here, too, were discovered Aramaic papyri of great value at Elephantine, where there was a colony of Jews, the most important of which is the one addressed to Bajoas, the governor of Judah, asking that the temple which had been erected there by their fathers, and destroyed by the Egyptians, might be reconstructed." Though these papyri date from 494 B. C. to 405 B. C., it is known that large numbers of Jews had settled in Egypt at an earlier date, at least as early as the eighth century B. C. Isaiah speaks of five cities in the land of Egypt that "speak the language of Canaan" (Isaiah 19. 18). The papyri brought to light at Elephantine are all in Aramaic without a trace of Hebrew except in a few proper names. Professor Sachau, who has examined these papyri as carefully as any scholar, says: "I have searched with the keenest interest every bit, every fragment from Elephantine in the hope of finding something Hebrew, but in vain. The Jewish colony had Hebrew names, but everything written was in Aramaic."

No doubt these Jewish colonists at Elephantine carried with them not only their religious ideas and practices, for they had their own temple, but also their language. Thus, then, if they spoke Aramaic in Egypt it may be logically inferred that they spoke the same language in Palestine before coming to Egypt. This being true, the language of Canaan was not Hebrew but Aramaic. Let no one say that Aramaic was limited to diplomacy and official correspondence, for there is abundant evidence in the numberless *ostraca* found in the ruins of Elephantine that Aramaic was the language of the common people as well, for on these broken potsherds are jotted memoranda concerning all manner of trivial business affairs.

In conclusion, let us ask, If this hypothesis of the learned Swiss professor be correct, if no book of the Old Testament was originally written in Hebrew, but rather in Babylonian or Aramaic, and if the Pentateuch, especially, had undergone two translations before appearing in its present form, that is, Massoretic text, which cannot be much older than the Christian era, what becomes of the documentary theory, with its minute analysis, based very largely upon difference in vocabulary, linguistic peculiarities, and style?

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

SUBSTITUTES FOR CHRISTIANITY

The recognition of the indispensableness of religion in human society is a marked characteristic of the thought of the present day. The older men of our generation can, however, look back upon a time when it was not so. In that earlier period an aggressive naturalism in philosophy and the socialists' materialistic interpretation of history represented religion as a damaging illusion and a hindrance to progress. To-day it would be difficult to name a significant movement of thought that is expressedly anti-religious. This situation has awakened, at least in America, a very general optimism respecting the religious outlook. With few

exceptions the many books and essays that treat of the religious outlook strike the note of joy because of the general "drift toward religion." In this hopeful strain we are glad to bear a part. Only we must not suffer ourselves to be beguiled into the fancy that a revival of interest in the problem of religion is in itself equivalent to a return to Christ. Even in a nominally Christian society we dare not assume that every manifestation of religious life is a sign of essential Christianity. To be "for religion" is not always to be for Christ. Even Antichrist is not antireligion. Yet doubtless the growing sense of the indispensableness of religion is a very hopeful sign. The recognition of the need of religion may be for many men a step toward the acknowledgment of Jesus as the Christ. But when our observation of the spirit and tendency of the modern religious movements reveals some of them as frankly opposing, some as radically perverting biblical and historical Christianity, our optimism cannot remain unqualified.

Proposed substitutes for Christianity are not exclusively of recent date. Yet they are in a marked degree characteristic products of the most modern intellectual and social development. Several of the most notable of these substitute religions are native American products. These are already tolerably familiar to us; and in any case they do not fall within the scope of a "foreign outlook." But we shall also exclude from our present survey some of the older movements of foreign origin, either because they are already familiar to us all or else have only historic significance. As leading phenomena of this group mention may be made of the cult of reason of the French Revolution, the cult of humanity in the positivism of Comte, and the theosophic system of Madame Blavatsky. Again, we do not find occasion in the present connection to take special notice of the Buddhist and the Hindu propaganda in Christian countries. We shall consider only such recently proposed alternatives to Jesus Christ as have had their origin within the cultural organism of Christendom. Babi-Behaism might perhaps fairly find a place here since this movement has of late so earnestly sought contact with certain elements of Christianity and has won an exceptional recognition from some Christian people; yet because it is really an extraneous movement we shall not include it.

Many different countries have presented phenomena belonging to the category of substitutes for Christianity. In the numbers of such phenomena, broadly and inclusively regarded, America undoubtedly stands first. With their various types we are only too familiar. Some of the European countries, however, show a type of religious movement which is but little in evidence among us. It it such a movement as grows out of the reflective thought of competent scholars and is openly offered as a substitute for Christianity. Only one movement of American origin falls under this description, namely, the Ethical Culture movement. But the founder of the Society for Ethical Culture, Dr. Felix Adler, is a Jew of foreign birth and education. Our more typically American substitutes for Christianity, such as Christian Science and New Thought, are notoriously deficient in speculative grasp and in a power of consistent self-criticism. One of these even fails to recognize that it is not Christian.

Within the last two decades the land which has put forth the most noteworthy "philosophers' religions" is Germany. The new substitutes for Christianity remind us of certain kindred movements of earlier times. Goethe had a religion, but he clearly recognized its difference from Christianity. "I am not a Christian. I am not, indeed, an anti-Christian, but I am a decided non-Christian." His religion was essentially a revival of the classical principles of self-realization. His philosophy of life shows many significant points of contact with Christianity. He would gladly make use of many elements of Christianity, while striving toward an ideal which he clearly knew was not of Jesus. Strauss also knew that the religion that he preached in his later period was not Christianity. Such a man as Lagarde did not go so far; he only proposed the "Germanization of Christianity." Nietzsche, on the other hand, was more radical than Strauss. He could not say with Goethe: "I am not anti-Christian." He was boldly and aggressively anti-Christian. The historical significance of Nietzsche rests upon the fact that it was not merely the dogmas but above all the morals of Christianity that he attacked. Much as we recoil from the spirit and tendency of the Nietzschean ethics, we gratefully recognize its absolute frankness in its opposition to Christianity. But even Nietzsche is too much written about to require our special attention at this time. Nor shall we pause to philosophize upon the tendency, so common in our time, to regard one's absorbing enthusiasm for some object or one's loyalty to some cause, as being one's "religion." Such enthusiasms are generally too individual, too private, to have a public significance. Those who entertain them seldom offer them as a program for others.

The conscious propaganda for this or that substitute religion assumes various forms or adopts various methods. Sometimes it openly attacks the church and calls for secession from it. Not infrequently, however, the institution and its traditions are left unmentioned. The result in the latter case is likely to be an inward substitution without an outward break with tradition.

It would be interesting to inquire into the causes that have made the intellectual soil of Germany more fruitful of seriously proposed substitutes for Christianity than that of other nations. It has not always been so. For a hundred years from the beginning of the French Revolution all the notable conscious rivals of Christianity that sprang up on the soil of Christendom were French: the cult of reason, the theophilanthropic movement, the positivistic religion of Comte. We cannot venture a complete answer to the inquiry. No doubt, however, the unfortunate aspects of the modern history of the relation of church and state have had something to do with it. Powerful as has been the religious thought in Germany in recent years, the church in its existing form could afford it but small opportunity for effectual expression. Along with the statement of the general situation we must mention also the fact that the modern German passion for organization has led the freethinkers, who in an earlier day would have confined their speculations to books and conversation, to seek to win the people to a practical adoption of their

principles. A significant aspect of these movements is the fact that their protagonists are animated by a national spirit, and appeal to the people as a whole. They have no mind for organizing some mere sect.

We may classify the new substitute religions according to their controlling motives. Some are æsthetic, some ethical, some scientific, and finally some are mystical.

The æsthetic substitute for religion is of course never a positive system, but only a ruling idea. This idea is that the satisfaction and ennobling of life is to be sought not in the worship of a postulated Deity, but by means of the beautiful in nature and art. Such a thought was dominant in the "religion" of Richard Wagner. But the most decided and consistent representative of this standpoint is Ernst Horneffer, originally a disciple of Nietzsche. Horneffer's watchword is: "Der Wille zur Form," as Nietzsche's had been: "Der Wille zur Macht." Of course Horneffer understands the term "form" in a very broad sense. It includes not only artistic appreciation and production in the stricter sense, but the whole range of personal life, individual and social.

Horneffer was born in 1871. His enthusiastic adherence to Nietzsche found expression in various activities, especially in his Lectures on Nietzsche (1900, eleventh edition, 1904). In 1905 Horneffer came forward with a series of lectures on The Future Religion, which he delivered in several cities. The lectures were accompanied by discussions which in some instances assumed a rather sensational form. It is significant and characteristic of the general tendency of the age that Horneffer strongly asserts that every great civilization rests upon a religious basis, and that the supreme need of the age is a genuine inward religious conviction. But he criticizes the church severely and passionately; nor does his criticism confine itself to the church. Christianity itself is assailed. In the "Will to Form" he gives a sketch of a new religion. "Form" means organization for cultural ends. Christianity is not wholly bad, but it should be done away, even before the new religion has been duly clarified and tested. Instead of the Christian love of one's neighbor, Horneffer sets "creative power" as the supreme virtue. Instead of the Christian idea of God, in which the notion of the divine perfection is emphasized—a notion which is only an "oppressive burden"—he would inculcate faith in an "unfinished" creative will, which is to be brought to its formation through us, and so find its "deliverance." Similar thoughts are found in the writings of E. von Hartmann and his disciple, Arthur Drews, of The Christ Myth fame. At one point even Mr. Britling's theology is much the same. Horneffer's ethical ideals are in certain important respects decidedly strict, even "heroic"—he insists upon the inviolability of monogamous marriage and chastity before marriage—and his whole theory of life is at least earnest and sincere. Nor has he been satisfied with mere words, but has sought to put his doctrine into practice by organization and a variety of activities. Numerically considered his following is as yet not very significant. His violent attacks upon the church are at least in part excusable in view of the abnormal and hampering relation of church to state in Germany.

The substitution of ethical endeavor and ethical culture for Christianity (and for all religion in the strict sense of the term) is represented in Germany and other countries by branches of the well-known "Society for Ethical Culture." A characteristic feature of ethical culture—within and without the "Society"—is the stress laid upon nationalism. We cannot (it is said) serve all mankind directly; we must strive first of all to serve our own people. The ideal of certain philosophers of this tendency is above all to inculcate loyalty in one's station and calling, and loyalty to other social ranks, higher and lower, and supreme loyalty to the supreme authority.

In connection with the subject of "Ethical Culture" in Germany we must say a special word concerning Professor F. W. Foerster. Born in Berlin in 1869 as son of Wilhelm Foerster, the astronomer, Friedrich Foerster early became, like his father, an ardent supporter of the Society for Ethical Culture. The German organ of the movement, "Ethische Kultur," was for some years edited by him. On account of an article on "The Kaiser and Social Democracy" he was condemned to a term of imprisonment. He afterward removed to Zurich, where, in addition to vigorous activities as secretary of the International Alliance for Ethical Culture, he labored as privatdocent in the university and organized free courses of ethical instruction for the boys and girls of the city. Out of this latter activity grew the most popular of his many admirable books—his Jugendlehre (1904 up to 1909 40,000 copies sold). His immense success in pedagogical lines led to his appointment to the chair of pedagogy at Munich. But we specially desired to mention two things concerning Foerster. One is that some years ago he forsook the narrower standpoint of ethical culture and became an evangelical Christian. The other thing is that he has written concerning the causes of the present war in such a way as to bring upon his head the wrath of many of his compatriots. For he criticized very frankly the militaristic party of Germany and refused to exculpate Germany from a pretty large share in the guilt of the beginning of the war. A goodly number of Foerster's colleagues in Munich published a declaration of hearty disapprobation of his views. Perhaps his early imprisonment for *lèse majesté* and his long residence in the republic of Switzerland had made Foerster's vision a little keener.

Movements to make science a substitute for all religion have appeared from time to time in various countries since the period of the French Encyclopædists. That which specially characterizes the more recent movements in relation to this matter is that they do not propose to do away with all religion, but only propose to substitute a "religion of science" for Christianity. There are still, of course, many philosophers and scientists who either deny the reality of the object of religious belief or at least are agnostic in relation to the matter. But there are very few to-day who do not recognize that "religion" at least has a valuable social function. Just what a man's criteria of truth may be who can acknowledge a real, constructive, and permanent good as resulting from no other ground or cause than a subjective illusion, we have never been able to

guess. But at all events our modern scientists and philosophers are almost unanimous in recognizing the necessity and rights of "religion," even though some of them find no necessity for a God. The most noteworthy attempt to create a religion on the basis of natural science is that represented by the Monistic Alliance. Under the earlier leadership of the (German) Monistic Alliance (Haeckel) the recognition of the religious interests of human nature was scant. Under the leadership of Ostwald this recognition has been enlarged. Ostwald has made it a part of his program to provide for the complete moral and religious training of the youth on the basis of natural science and a monistic philosophy. While we must deplore the spiritual poverty of such a movement, yet we cannot fail to recognize a certain significance in the fact that the monists of Germany, Switzerland, and France refuse to discard all religion.

The return of the tide of mysticism is one of the marked features of the recent development of Christian thought. The anti-mystical polemic of Ritschlianism was perhaps in the main wholesome. Nevertheless the revival of interest in mysticism in our day is a very impressive and significant phenomenon. The recognition of a mystical element —"eine gesunde Mystik"—in Christianity is, however, much less than the acceptance of a fundamental mysticism. There is in every land to-day a tendency to substitute some form of religiosity for positive, historical Christianity. Whether in the form of a Europeanized theosophy or in the form of any individual religious phantasy, positive Christianity is often displaced to make room for some pleasing form of religiosity—a vague sense of reverence for the great world-mystery instead of the worship of the God revealed in Christ.

This tendency to mysticism, especially in forms more or less alien to Christianity, has lately manifested itself very strongly in scientific circles in various countries. The old scientific skepticism respecting the biblical testimony seems to hold sway in the minds of many men of that class. For many of them the Bible is a closed passage—"no thoroughfare." Yet they long for religious comfort. Some form of theosophy, or some religion of the feeling, mingled perhaps with a strange credulousness as to "psychic phenomena," seems to them the only open way. It is our part to labor and to pray that the closed passage of the written Word be opened again to all men, even to those who are learned in the book of nature.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

The Christ We Forget. A Life of Our Lord for Men of To-day. By P. Whitewell Wilson. 8vo, pp. xvi+328. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Jesus of History. By T. R. Glover. 12mo, pp. xiv+225. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

These two books deal with the life and teachings of Jesus in a way out of the ordinary. Mr. Wilson is Parliamentary Correspondent of the London Daily News and has taken a conspicuous place among the ablest journalists of the British metropolis. The war sent him to the Bible for inspiration and guidance. He read the Book with perseverance and resolution and there made the discovery of Him who alone can help in trouble and crisis. "Over and over again, nations have revived by reading the forgotten Bible. . . . So did the Reformers, the Puritans, and the Methodists, and so do missionaries the wide world over. Don't worry about clergy and churches. Let them go their own way—at any rate, for the moment. Read and know the Bible, and all else, including public worship, will fall into its place." This is a layman's account of the impressions made on him by Christ as he read the story for himself. And so we have an unconventional volume about the unconventional Christ. For that reason alone this is a very refreshing book. It introduces us to aspects of the Unique One which have either been neglected or overlooked, but which make him ever so much more attractive. While scholarship is never intrusive, its presence is marked on every page and the style of writing is vivid and forceful. The opening sentences arrest the reader: "Here, in my room under the eaves, with my mother's Bible before me, and the clamor of history a mere murmur in the distance, I am to write for those who wish to read this outline of the life of Jesus, the Christ of God. I am to write as one who has, for himself, watched great men and great events, but can recall none so great as he, and what he did. What I here present is not a fifth biography of him, where incidents are set out in order of date, but a portrait, in which many aspects are blended, stroke by stroke and sentence by sentence, until his face, his form, his character are gradually revealed, as on a canvas. Yet he is more than any such picture—for he lives and moves amongst us, even to-day. And if this book teaches anything, it is that we must see him, if at all, each for himself." The author keeps his promise. The interest is sustained right through to the last page and one closes the book with renewed consecration to Jesus Christ. Concerning his irresistible claims we read: "The world is ever drawn back to a Personage who with effortless grandeur fills the stage of history; and even the most careless of us realizes, when he gives himself time to think, that if Christ's status be reduced, so is the status of all mankind. Slavery, sweating, injustice, vice—these and every degradation of our race are rebuked in Christ and cannot survive.

Once and for all, he challenged Rousseau's despairing dictum, that 'man is born free, but is everywhere in chains.'" Mary, the Virgin Mother, is referred to as "a peasant-princess devoid of what is called genius." "She was no Esther, destined by her beauty to sway an Eastern court. Elizabeth of Hungary was a woman of sincere piety, but her saintliness turned to tragedy, and even Joan of Arc lived too much on visions. But Mary's temperament was normal. She was as orderly, as sensible, and as capable as Florence Nightingale. She did not prophesy. She did not preach. She suffered no martyrdom. In her home there was a steady discipline and every wholesome interest. Her vocation was housekeeping, and she adorned it." The Master's practice of precision and definiteness is described in quite an original manner, though not wholly free from excusable fancy. It is in the chapter on "The Education of Jesus." "His favorite subject was arithmetic, in which his accuracy, as of a skilled artisan, accustomed to the foot-rule, was unerring. He always liked to put a numeral into his teaching, and the numerals were always appropriate. There were five wise virgins and five foolish ones. The first servant had five talents, and the second two, while the third had only one. The laborers were engaged at one penny a day, and the last gang began work at the eleventh hour. The woman hid her leaven in three measures of meal—how often had our Saviour seen his mother do the same!—and what the other housewife lost was one piece of silver out of ten. He spoke not vaguely of sheep, but precisely of an hundred sheep, less one, which leaves ninety and nine. The price of sparrows was two to the farthing; the seed, if properly sown, would yield, some thirtyfold, some sixtyfold, and some an hundredfold, showing that even good ground varies in fertility. God forgives us ten thousand talents; all that we can forgive our neighbor is, by comparison, one hundred pence. . . . In him we see God as Craftsman, calculating the times and seasons by his solar system, yet numbering with equal care the very hairs of our head. In that divine audit, not one of us at any time can be 'missing.' Amid the abundance, not one soul and not one morsel of bread must be wasted. Here is a ledger in which all the figures are set out without concealment or chicanery, an example for stock exchange, banker, missionary society, merchant, company promoter, and cathedral chapter, of what is meant by honest finance." There is a very striking chapter on "Christ and Finance." Four chapters consider the fact and teachings of the Temptation. "The Judge on His Throne" discusses the Sermon on the Mount, "What His Truth Costs" has to do with the parables. There is a great deal of sensible writing on the miracles, which sets the subject in the right context. By the side of this exceptionally suggestive book, we place Glover on The Jesus of History. Those who have read his great chapter, "Jesus of Nazareth," in his important book, The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire, will be glad to read this extended exposition of the teaching and influence of our Lord. He uses illustrations quite extensively from the Latin classics and from the best literature. The chapter on "The Man and His Mind" gives with remarkable vividness the mental atmosphere in which the parables were spoken. Jesus's habits of

thought were marked by "a certain swiftness, a quick realization of a situation, a character, or the meaning of a word. . . . He saw things instantly and in a flash. The tone of the parables is due largely to this gift of visualizing, to use an ugly modern word, and of doing it with swiftness and precision." There are chapters on the relation of Jesus to his disciples, and his teaching on God, man, sin, and the choice of the cross. They are all marked by clear insight and lucid writing. The chapter on "The Christian Church in the Roman Empire" makes real the task of the disciples in the face of serious difficulties. Paganism was strong in the splendor of its art, architecture, and ceremony, and in its infinite adaptability. But it failed because it stood for the "unexamined life"; because it did not associate morals with religion; because, in common with all forms of polytheism, men were afraid of the gods; because it took from the grave none of its terrors and had no message of immortality. The Christian succeeded because he "out-lived" the pagan, "out-died" him, and "out-thought" him. "The old religion crumbled and fell, beaten in thought, in morals, in life, in death. And by and by the only name for it was paganism, the religion of the back-country village, of the out-of-the-way places. Christ had conquered." The argument from experience is impressively handled in the closing chapter, "Jesus in Christian Thought." Here is a timely word as to our present situation: "In the case of every great revival—the Wesleyan revival, and the smaller ones in the United States, in the north of Ireland, in Wales—in every one we find that, where anything is really achieved, it is done by a new and thorough-going emphasis on Jesus Christ." It is no small compliment to say of these books by Wilson and Glover that they both help to rediscover Jesus.

In the Day of the Ordeal. Sermons. By W. P. PATERSON, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. vii+262. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2 net.

The Master's Comfort and Hope. Sermons on John XIII. 31—XIV. 31. By ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D., Principal of New College, London. 8vo, pp. xiv+239. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2 net.

The Sacrifice of Thankfulness. Sermons. By HENRY MELVILLE GWATKIN, D.D., late Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, The University of Cambridge. 8vo, pp. xxiv+166. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $2 net.

THE preaching for these distracted times must deal with providence and faith, with redemption, sacrifice, and fortitude. It must make God real and Christ precious to us. It must guide the intellect, warm the heart, and quicken the will. The teaching function of the pulpit needs to be emphasized for the sake of direction which those in the pew are seeking. Scholarly preaching with the prophetic unction is the demand. This implies a combination of qualities. There must be vision, under-

standing, enthusiasm, energy, courage, patience, and ability to bring things to pass. It is surely a summons to versatility, but nothing less will do. "Many congregations would apparently rather have a business man's administration than to have a true prophet in their pulpit." All the more then is the need, as Bishop McDowell so well demonstrates in his Yale lectures, why the prophet should by his bearing and message make himself indispensable. The type of preaching which can effectually build up Christian character is illustrated by these three volumes of sermons. The first is by a Presbyterian, the second by a Congregationalist, and the third by an Anglican; but the fact of denominational differences does not obtrude itself. Dr. Paterson has a sermon on The Presbyterian Heritage, and Dr. Gwatkin refers to the Episcopal Church in his sermon on The Lord's Supper; but outside of this the sermons have the ring of a scholarly and spiritual catholicity. These preachers are speaking from the depths of personal sorrow and sympathy, after they have satisfied themselves that we are all "the objects of the knowledge, the protection, and the ministrations of an almighty, an all-wise, and a benevolent Deity." Dr. Paterson's volume is dedicated to his wife and to the memory of his two sons who nobly fell on the fields of war. In his first sermon, which gives the title to the book, he says: "The war has proved to be a dividing force in the realm of religion. A general effect of the upheaval has been to make us lose interest in things of minor importance—such as games, personal gossip, our bodily ailments, and the narrow issues of party politics—and to concentrate our attention on matters which are of vital moment for time or eternity. . . . While the faith of some has been shaken, the faith of more has been deepened and confirmed by the experiences through which we have recently passed." He does not regard this war as a divine retribution or a purification to make us better, but rather as a preparation that better things may be done. This preacher was sharing his comfort with others when he declared: "It may even be that many are sacrificed in soul as well as in body, to the end that a brighter day may be ushered in. . . . If the present struggle is to be the operation that is to remove the deadly disease which has afflicted the race from its infancy, it does not seem, from the point of view of general history, that the fee was too heavy for the cure. It is also to be expected that after the war a stronger faith will be cherished in the possibility of coping with other malignant evils." In another sermon he expresses himself optimistically as to the harvest of spiritual results: "The struggles of the past have often been followed by a remarkable stimulation of the higher life of humanity, and by the subsequent appearance of a generation of great men. We are probably justified in looking forward to a similar compensation and consolation. We already see the beginnings of a moral conversion. The mark of the children of the new age will surely be that self will be less central in their thinking than it was in ours." The sermon on The Social Mission of the Church shows a grasp not common in those who generally deal with this subject. Very few have done justice to the ethical value of a Christian congregation. "In many ways the congregation is a very remarkable social institution. We should realize

this vividly were it not that we are so prone to undervalue that which already exists, and to form extravagant expectations in regard to other schemes which have not yet been fully tested. From the social point of view, a congregation is a very remarkable creation, if only from the fact that it unites persons of every class and grade of culture, as well as of every period of life, in a society which is based on the principle of human brotherhood." Dr. Paterson soberly realizes the gravity of the issues that depend on the war and the serious responsibility of every individual at home and at the front; but he is equally confident that the outcome will advance the Kingdom of God. Happy are we if we share such a faith. Principal Garvie's volume ministers consolation. What he learned in suffering and loss he conveys through these heart-to-heart sermons, based on the greatest chapter of the Bible. Here is expository preaching of the finest kind, with its wealth of insight, knowledge and appeal. There are many quotable passages, but only a few can be given. "The highest calling can be fulfilled only at the greatest cost: and so in success and prosperity a man may fail to fulfill his manhood, while in struggle and grief he may become all that God means that he should be. . . . Failure in Christian living is in many cases due to inability for self-examination and self-estimate. While there is a morbid introspection, which not only brings misery, but even causes weakness, yet on the other hand there is a thoughtless assurance of an adequate faith claiming a sufficiency of grace, which results in disastrous defeat in any moral struggle of unusual and unexposed severity. . . . The Incarnation of God is *continued* in the Christian Church; not in its sacramental rites or sacerdotal orders, but in the witness, worship, and work of the whole company of believers, the one flock of Christ found now in many folds. . . . The cultivation of religious emotion without the development of Christian character is injurious to the soul. Emotion is good only as the motive to action. The satisfaction in Christ which does not issue in the service of Christ is a subtly dangerous form of self-indulgence. . . . Sanctity and sincerity are essential to the man who would be the organ of the Spirit; and in the long run it is the reason and conscience of the Christian community as a whole, and not any of its ecclesiastical organizations, which can test the claim of any man to speak by and for the Spirit of God." This golden passage in the Scriptures is worthily expounded and the reader of these twenty sermons will find much to edify and satisfy him. Professor Gwatkin emphasizes the thought of thankfulness in his sermons, which are short but illuminating. He wastes no words, but speaks to the point and carries the reader along by the sheer force of clear thinking and lucid expression. "The great house of God's building is the Church of Christ; and the Church of Christ is wider than the carnal factions which arrogate to themselves its glorious name, and circumscribe the infinite and boundless reach of mercy by shibboleths of their own invention." The sermon on Psalm 30. 5 has this pregnant thought: "There neither is nor can be joy without a touch of sorrow in it; and we miss the true joy if we try to take it alone. Take the joy of sense, of wealth, of ambition, even of knowledge. All these have their pains, and all are base and disap-

pointing unless they lead up to the true joy of life, the joy of human love and kindness." The sermons on Christian Motive, Immanence, Partisanship, Chance, Common Mercies, can be repeatedly read and with increasing profit. Faith, comfort, hope, and thankfulness are the subjects of these three preachers, and they speak to good effect.

Concerning Prayer. Its Nature, Its Difficulties, and Its Value. Edited by the Author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." 8vo, pp. xiii+502. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3 net.

Why Men Pray. By CHARLES LEWIS SLATTERY, D.D. 12mo, pp. 118. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

THE subject of prayer needs to be repeatedly considered in the light of ever-increasing demands. It is of such importance and the issues are so manysided that a single individual cannot adequately deal with this burning topic. A symposium is a helpful way of discussing it, provided the several writers confine themselves to their particular assignment. Such is the case with the first volume. It consists of papers which were read, discussed, and revised at a series of fraternal conferences and then rewritten for publication. The authors are a lady, three laymen, two parish clergymen, two clerical dons—all Anglicans—a Wesleyan theological tutor, a Congregational minister, and an American professor belonging to the Society of Friends. The introduction makes a startling confession, which we quote because of its application to our own land: "In all the Churches of late there has resounded a call to prayer. It has met with singularly little response. The reason is not far to seek. The present generation is ready to respond to a call for high service—that has been demonstrated by the war—but the times do not allow men to put thought and effort into anything unless they are convinced that it is well worth while. And at the back of most men's minds there is the belief, more or less clearly defined, that prayer is an activity the value of which is open to question, that for the men and women who have to carry on the world's work it decidedly is not worth while; it may safely be left to ministers and monks and to pious ladies who have nothing else to do. By many even of the more religiously-minded to-day the whole conception of prayer is felt to be full of perplexing questions. Can we believe in Providence at all; or in what spirit can we pray to the Creator of a world so full of misery? Has prayer any meaning in a universe governed by universal law? If God wills our good and knows our needs, why tell him of them in prayer? What practical results ought we to expect from prayer? What ought we to think of God's relation to human sin and to the power of evil in the world? The mystics—have they anything to teach us? What are we to say of the Old Testament and its teaching in regard to God and man? What bearing on actual life have the rites and practices of Christian worship?" This lengthy quotation is here given because it is a clear summary of the contents of this surprisingly rich volume. The conclusions reached by the eleven writers not only open up new avenues for

the exercise of prayer, but also establish this spiritual art on a firm foundation. Those who desire to be ready for the moral and religious revival which is on its way should make a careful study of this discussion, which searchingly analyzes the present poignant situation and directs the way toward a solution of our perplexities. The first essay deals with the ever-recurring question of "God and the world's pain." It endeavors to understand the relation of evil to suffering and guards against any hasty inferences from insufficient data. Much of what is good is perishing, but it is for the sake of a larger good, and this fact has been repeatedly demonstrated by history. In A. D. 70 the Holy City—the headquarters of the highest religion the world had known—was made desolate, but at this crisis another religion, which was the consummation of the old, was at the beginning of its triumphant march. When Saint Augustine wrote the City of God, after the sack of Rome, to console men for the loss of all earthly things they loved, he did not realize, and no one at the time did, that a civilization far transcending the old in moral, material, and intellectual achievement would arise out of its ruins. Very few of the pious nuns of the Reformation era saw in that epoch of rebellion and havoc the beginning of a new religious life for Europe. When the French monarchy and aristocracy, so long the standard-bearers of European culture, perished in the Terror, it seemed as though the civilization of mankind would be permanently impoverished. In every one of these instances appearances were deceptive. So will it also be in the present world-crisis. We may not see the outcome, but we can *hope*, and unless we are guilty of unreason, we can *believe* that God intends to build up a better Europe on the ruins of the old. Suffering in the New Testament view is corrective, educative, and redemptive. For those who accept it in the right spirit it becomes both a means of moral development for the sufferer and a means of redemption to others. Canon B. H. Streeter, who has written this able essay, contributes another luminous discussion on "Worship," which takes fifty pages. He rightly emphasizes the place of fellowship for the development of the highest religious experience, and shows how the capacity for the deepest worship can never be cultivated by the isolated individual. The question of church-going is openly discussed without any pious evasions. Among the topics considered by him are the conserving of the instinct of spontaneity which is of the very essence of worship; the need for guiding and stimulating personality and individuality; the study of variety so as to hold the attention of the worshiper; the place of silence and symbolism and of forms of worship with and without fixed liturgies; the strength and weakness of extemporaneous worship; and the opportunity of preaching. One reason why the pulpit is a far less effective instrument than it might be for the edification of the pew is attributed to the haphazard and unsystematic way in which the subject of a sermon is usually selected. "Varied courses of sermons, on subjects previously announced, should be far commoner than at present. Apologetic, devotional, or exegetical series should alternate with series of a moral or evangelistic kind. Moreover, when a course on a given subject is announced beforehand, the congregation knows that the preacher is taking his duties seriously. The un-

charitable man can no longer surmise that the subject of his exhortation is determined by the text that happened to come into his head on Saturday morning while shaving." In the essay on "Prayer as Understanding," Mr. Harold Anson distinguishes between what he calls the "Sultanic" conception of prayer, which is induced by fear of the wrath of God, and the "scientific" conception of the man who does not seek to alter the mind of his God, nor to remind him of his duties, nor to flatter his wisdom, nor to deprecate his outbursts of wrath, but who adores with reverence, asks with confidence and waits with assurance. The answer to such a prayer does not come as a parcel is brought to our door, but by an enlightenment of the mind, which opens out to us the laws of the Kingdom of heaven. Here is a quotation worth careful thought: "We believe that spiritual resistance in the face of injustice or disease is the highest, the most radical, the most practicable form of resistance. It has the most assured results. The Church to-day is almost more timid and hesitant in believing this than the men of science who reject or ignore 'religion.' We are afraid to use the powers of the spirit to check an illness, to reform a drunkard, or to redress a great wrong. We are more at home with drugs, with explosive shells, with the methods of the police court." This same writer has a second essay on "Prayer and Bodily Health." Here he discusses with insight our Lord's miracles of healing, and while criticizing the onesidedness of Christian Science, particularly as regards its superficial view of evil, he shows what a great opportunity is available to the thoughtful pastor who would cooperate with psycho-therapeutic movements like the Emmanuel Plan, which is associated in this country with the names of Drs. Worcester, McComb, and Coriat. Many pastors can testify that they have often not been admitted into the sick-room lest perchance they disturb the patient. We cannot help feeling that under the influence of shortsighted physicians many Christian people are defrauding themselves of the inestimable privilege of prayer in the hour of sickness, when they need its sacramental efficacy most of all. Our space is exhausted, but we would like to call attention to Professor Rufus M. Jones's very helpful essay on "Prayer and the Mystic Vision"; to the searching study of sin in the chapter on "Repentance and Hope"; to the uplifting paper on "Intercession," which is, indeed, the highest act of prayer and inspired by the filial relationship and the mystic fellowship with God; to the thoroughly scientific discussion of Providence in the essay on "Faith, Prayer, and the World's Order." We can only mention in passing and recommend very warmly the brief and buoyant meditations by Dr. Slattery in his little volume. The titles of the chapters are "All Men Pray," "Prayer Discovers God," "Prayer Unites Men," "God Depends on Prayer," "Prayer Submits to the Best," "Prayer Receives God." These are worthy topics for consideration at the prayer meeting.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Psychology of Religion. By GEORGE ALBERT COE, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City. 12mo, pp. xvii+365. The University of Chicago Press. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

The Psychology of Religion. And Its Application in Preaching and Teaching. By JAMES H. SNOWDEN, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in the Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh, Pa. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1.50.

LARGE claims have been made by the science of the psychology of religion, and up to a point they are justified. It has offered the study of religion many new lines of approach, but some of its advocates are inclined to assume too much and to forget that it is only a method of study, and not a topic of inquiry. Professor Coe is one of the acknowledged leaders in this mode of investigation, and his previous volumes are greatly prized by all students of the religious life. He states the limitations of this science in the following words: "The psychology of religion may be expected, of course, to modify to some extent our religious practices and our theological notions, but it is not likely to fill with great success the role of prophet, or of pope, or even of business manager!" "Again, psychology does not discover for us the functions of mind, but rather records the steps in mind's self-discovery of its own functions." An English writer, Eric S. Waterhouse, a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in a very suggestive little volume on The Psychology of the Christian Life, utters a timely word: "It is not given to the psychologist with his human measuring-rod to mete out the forces by which the tides of God's Spirit draw the human soul. The heart to which God has spoken knows, and keeps its own secret." Professor Snowden also states the case with discernment: "Psychology has not given us any new forces in our religious life and work. It has only opened up the laws and workings of these things, and enabled us to understand them a little better." If these strictures are borne in mind, the psychologists of religion will be patient, sober, and humble, and not be hasty for quick results which are generally superficial and therefore unreliable results. Professor Coe places the center of gravity of religion in the moral will, and he views life as an ethical enterprise. It is, however, broadly interpreted and related to religion, which he rightly regards as "the most important undertaking in life." "The sphere of religion, as of ethics, is individual-social life. In this life religion refers to the same persons, the same purposes, the same conditioning facts, as ethics." This writer thinks of religion in functional and social terms as a phenomenon of consciousness which comes to its own in self-consciousness. This is opposed to the biological point of view which is atomic and materialistic and does not reckon with the soul of life. Chapter III reviews the methods of psychological investigation. The question list method, the scrutiny of literary and other records of the religious life, anthropological research, and experimental methods are the most common, and they all have their

excellences and defects. "A people's conception of its god grows and changes with the changing experiences of the people. Gods, like men, can take on new interests and occupations, or move from one realm to another." The chapter on "The Genesis of the Idea of God" indirectly throws light on the curious speculations and dogmatic assertions of H. G. Wells in his recent volume, God the Invisible King. This novelist writes as though he had made a discovery. In so far as it is a personal matter he is right, but to assume that it is absolutely new is to confess ignorance of the New Testament revelation of the Fatherhood of God, the Saviourhood of Jesus, and the Brotherhood of man. Important conclusions are reached by Professor Coe in the chapters on "Religion as Group Conduct," and "Religion as Individual Conduct." They are of particular value to the preacher, who should have a clear understanding of the various types, like the religious crowd which is won by the revival appeal, the sacerdotal group which is influenced by formulæ and ceremonial, and the deliberative group which can be touched by the summons to reason. Equally important is the chapter on "Mental Traits of Religious Leaders." The shaman is the performer of magic whose modern type is represented by Joseph Smith, Dowie, and Mrs. Eddy. "Each of these leaders mixed shrewd calculation with what gave itself forth as inspiration, and none of them acknowledged the mixture, but claimed super-individual authority for the whole." The functions of the priest are to conserve by institutional means whatever has been attained. The prophet goes to the sources and speaks ethical and religious truth without compromise. There are three chapters which treat of religious values (xiii, xiv, xv). The worth of personality has received clearest emphasis in Christianity. "The reverse side of this valuation of persons is valuation of society, which is the organized regard of persons for one another." It was the failure of Buddhism and Brahmanism adequately to appreciate the individual which has caused their arrested development, and among their adherents "backwardness in practical matters that concern cooperation and social justice." In these and other chapters important information is furnished which cannot be easily obtained, at least not in the way lucid summaries are here given. Professor Coe not only states the problems, but he also suggests directions toward their solution. The volume further is a real aid in the study of comparative religion and comparative theology. The fact that it was prepared for textbook purposes may doubtless explain the reason for the distinctively technical and academic character of the discussions. The author seems to be suffering from a restraint and this has greatly weakened the chapters on Conversion, Mysticism, Prayer, and indeed, the whole book. It is lacking in the warmth of religious experience. It is true that the psychologist is only a reporter of data, but he cannot divest himself of what he has "felt and seen," that he may become exclusively absorbed in analytic processes. "Precisely as acquaintance between lovers is idealization, so a great love is the only conceivable mode of discovering the Christian God, or of being discovered by him." Such an experience surely has the fervor of deep emotion. Any discussion of it must therefore reveal this fact and it need not neces-

sarily consist of ejaculatory utterances. The chapter on "The Future Life" is disappointing. We cannot accept the conclusion that conversion experiences are the exception, not the rule, in Christianity, or that revivalistic methods interrupt religious education. This is not the testimony of evangelical Christianity. In truth, the revival releases powers which otherwise would continue dormant or wholly disappear. Conversion is an awakening into larger life relationships in the name of Christ. The fact of conversion need not, however, be confined to Christianity, although it affords the finest types. Readers of Roman Society, by Dr. Dill, especially the chapter on "The Philosophic Missionary," will find numerous illustrations of conversion, which has always been one of the greatest human incidents. Professor Snowden's chapter on this subject is highly satisfactory. It is really the best portion of his book, which would be far more valuable if it had been less diffuse. In spite of his disclaimer, he does not confine himself to discussions of the psychological aspects of religion, but also enters the realm of theology, and even goes into the pulpit. Compare the chapter on "The Psychology of Sin," which is more of a theological dissertation than a psychological analysis. The word "psychology" is moreover used with great elasticity. There are chapters on "The Psychology of the Soul," "The Psychology of the Christian Life," and the like, which are well enough; but a chapter on "The Psychology of the Sermon," for instance, is a straining of the word and placing on it more burdens than it should be allowed to bear. But there is much of value in both these volumes, and they supplement each other at many points. A careful and independent study of them will help the preacher to make his pulpit appeals more effective and his pastoral work more profitable.

The Pillars of Society. By A. G. Gardiner. 16mo, pp. 320. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, cloth, 40 cents.

A gallery of graphic pictures of real notables, mostly British, by a rapid-sketch artist and a raconteur of much skill, thirty-seven in all. An informing, entertaining, vivid, and various collection of persons of importance. It begins with King George V, and in ten pages makes us know for the first time what kind of a man England's constitutional ruler is, and that he is the antithesis of his father, and a better man. We are told that the governing fact about King George is that he is a sailor. He was trained not for a throne, but for the quarter-deck of a battleship. During those formative years, when most boys are playing cricket and conjugating *amo* ashore, he was tossing about the Seven Seas, swarming up the yard-arm or stoking the fire, calling at strange ports in far-off lands, learning the rough lessons of the sea, and sharing the wholesome comradeship of plain men. It was a hard school; but no king ever had a better. It brought him face to face with realities. He saw the meaning of duty and discipline, learned to respect those who labor with their hands, and entered into the life of the common people. He owes this advantage to the fact that he had the good fortune not to be born the heir to the throne. He

escaped the artificial training of monarchs in the making. King George's tastes are a comment on the more wholesome atmosphere which surrounded his children and youth. He is not the first English king to belong to the middle classes. George III was entirely middle class. But he is the first English king to belong to the working classes by the bond of a common experience. He moves among them not as a stranger from some starry social sphere, but as one to the manner born. He has reefed the sail and swabbed the deck and fed the fire. He has stood at the helm through the tempest and the night. He knows what it is to be grimy and perspiring, to have blistered hands and tired feet. In short, he knows what it is to be a workingman. It is his unique merit as a king. When he goes down to Cornwall he dons the overalls of the miner, descends the pit, and explores the workings of the mine. When he is in Lancashire he goes through the mills and the foundries, looking at the machinery with the eye of a mechanic and rubbing shoulders with the operatives in the spirit of a fellow workman. When he wants a really enjoyable day he spends it among the people, at some place like the General Post Office, or the British Museum, or the Radium Institute, or the Garden Suburb. There is no affectation in this. His comradeship with the common people is not an elaborate pretense to gain an end. It springs from a genuine fellow-feeling. It is the heritage of his long apprenticeship to the sea. And it carries with it the thirst of the practical artificer to know "how it is done." He has the mechanic's interest in the machinery of things, and one learns without surprise that his presents to his children are largely mechanical toys. King George's tastes are simple and commonplace. His father was Sybaritic; he is almost Spartan. He is constitutionally a man of plain and moderate appetites, and his life at sea emphasized his constitutional tendency. He is physically as well as temperamentally inclined to asceticism. His father belonged to the *ancien régime*—to the tradition of the "good livers" and three-bottle men. King George in this, as in so many other respects, is more akin to the modern man who drinks Apollinaris. The king has the frankness of the sailor much more than the restraint of the monarch. His father was all diplomacy. People rarely spoke of him without using the word "tact"—that last refuge of verbal bankruptcy. Let us rejoice that it has now been decently buried. No one accuses King George of "tact." Like Mr. Biglow's candidate, he is naturally

> "A plain-spoken kind o' creetur
> Thet blurts right out wut's in his head."

One might even continue the parallel further, and say that

> "Ef he's one pecoolar feetur
> It is a nose that wunt be led."

For he is as firm in his opinions as he is emphatic in their expression. His father's temperament was that of the diplomatist rather than that of the politician. He was the smoother of differences, and sought to create an atmosphere in which all disagreements were reconciled, and black and white were merged in gray. King George has a simpler, less equivocal mind. He sees black and white in sharp contrast, and it is not easy for

him to conceal his views under the mask of neutrality. He feels keenly, and wears a mask with difficulty. But, like most frank natures, he is responsive to eager and forceful personalities, and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George have in turn made a deep impression upon him. He has the love of the direct mind for the man who is forging straight ahead for a definite port. He is disposed to think that the port must be right if the captain is driving there confidently under a full head of steam. There is, in short, no subtlety or cunning in his intellectual composition. It is the mind of the seaman, whose problems are the problems of facts and not of psychology or casuistry or compromise. And his tastes and pleasures are the seaman's too. He loves his home with an antiquated passion that would fill Mr. Bernard Shaw's soul with loathing. Royal courts are not commonly the scene of happy domesticities. Family life, which needs fresh air and freedom, struggles vainly in that hot-house atmosphere of ceremonies, formalities, and official friendships, where intrigues and back-stair influences flourish luxuriantly. King George has been singularly happy in his home life. The queen, like her husband, has the middle-class seriousness and sense of duty. She is almost the only woman in society who cannot be called "a society woman." Her manner is entirely free from the assertiveness which is the note of modern breeding. She speaks little, and without persiflage, irony, or any of the qualities most cultivated in drawing-rooms. She was trained in an old tradition of womanhood, and has the air and interests of the mid-Victorian time rather than those of to-day. She gives a clear impression of a real woman, with a grave bearing and no false sentiment, who shares the common sympathies of humanity. The influence of her steady personality upon the king has been eminently good, and the happiness of their home life is a commonplace. The court is less gay than it used to be, for the queen prefers knitting to ceremony, and the king likes a book better than bridge, and his children better than either. But what the court has lost in gayety it has gained in many more substantial ways, not least in the matter of public respect. It is not surprising that he felt with such bitterness the slander on that home. For years it had been said that as a youth he had contracted a marriage at Malta. At first the lady was a daughter of an Admiral Tryon, and when it was discovered that Admiral Tryon hadn't a daughter she became the daughter of an Admiral Seymour. The story was a wicked invention, but that did not prevent its being widely believed. The backwoods and the brush knew all about it, and the American papers could even show you the "marriage lines." Everywhere you met people who knew the lady, or had an aunt who knew her aunt, or had lunched with someone who lived in the same street and saw her pass every day with a pale face and a poodle. The slander was denied, but what of that? Virtue can be soiled with a breath; but scandal is a tougher growth. King George is one who does not take things lying down. He leaped at the throat of the slander. Defiant of advice and of the headshakings of the public, he dragged the thing into court, and like all lies, it fell dead in the light. There was never a more complete exposure, and the incident gave the public the first real glimpse of the man. It liked the glimpse.

And those who had believed or half-believed the tale felt ashamed of their credulity. The dragon will give King George a wide berth in future. A plain, direct, straight-speaking man, taking his office seriously, hating display and flummery, governed by a strong sense of duty, thoroughly obedient to the constitutional tradition of the monarchy, King George V has the prospect of a long and happy association with his people. Two women are sketched, Mrs. Humphry Ward and Sarah Bernhardt; two Americans, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Writing of Roosevelt the author says: "The game of politics is a crude business anywhere. It requires a certain coarseness of fiber, a hardness of integument, that make it no fit affair for a man of sensitive mind. No saint would ever succeed in politics. In America they require the qualities of the intellectual 'bruiser.' The politician must emerge, as Mr. Frank Slavin or Mr. Jack Johnson emerged, by 'laying out' his opponents with ruthless blows. In that vast land, with its enormous vitality, its unassimilated millions of alien peoples, its lack of tradition, its unexampled wealth, its political freedom, and its economic slavery, politics are raw, violent, emotional. Beneath the thin crust of an effete constitution there boils a mighty lake of lava that will one day submerge the land. It is a people crying out for a deliverer. And its ear is caught by the stentorian tones, the great laugh, and the bluff blows of Theodore Roosevelt. It heard him denounce the trusts that oppressed it, it saw him defy the caucus that controlled its politics, it listened to his denunciation of the wealthy criminal class, and it turned to him as its Moses." Of a certain historic episode in Rome this book says: "The Vatican made a gross mistake when it sought to muzzle the Roughrider. He would be received by the pope, he was told, but he must not address the American Methodist Church in Rome. Mr. Roosevelt replied that it would be a pleasure to him to be received by the pope, but he must decline to submit to any conditions which limited his freedom of action. He never had a more complete or worthy victory over intolerance. And to this quality of high courage must be attributed his fine attitude on the color question, which culminated in his championship of Dr. Crum, the Negro, for the collectorship of Charleston. No less illustrative of his courage was his firm handling of the Venezuelan episode, when he took his stand on the Monroe Doctrine with a decisiveness that gave him a memorable victory over Germany and incidentally over this country also." John Hay has told how, in that memorable encounter, Theodore Roosevelt brought the Kaiser to his knees. The sketch closes thus: "It is probable that history will appraise highly his service to America. He was the first to face the plutocratic tyranny under which the American democracy was sinking into an economic servitude as gross as any on record. He shook the domination of Wall Street. He exposed the infamous oligarchy that had riveted its chains upon the Titan of the West. For the rough work of awakening Mr. Roosevelt has great qualities. He will be remembered as the man who broke the idols." Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, at one time a powerful parliamentary leader, is said to resemble in appearance and in temperament Woodrow Wilson, though the latter is a more amiable personality. Of Chamber-

lain we are here told that an autocratic masterfulness has always been his governing principle. Long years ago, when he was mayor of Birmingham, he told a friend his theory of action. "On every committee of thirteen," he said, "there are twelve men who go to the meetings having given no thought to the subject, and prepared to accept some one else's lead. One goes having made up his mind what he means shall be done. I always make it my business to be that one." I told that illuminating story to a distinguished political hostess. "That is interesting to me," she said, "for I have just seen one of the senate of the Birmingham University, and he tells me that Mr. Chamberlain came to the last meeting, and said, 'I have come to the conclusion that what we want is a Siena tower.' The senate looked up in astonishment. 'What we want is a chair for this, and a chair for that.' 'What we want is a Siena tower,' said Mr. Chamberlain implacably, 'and in order to lose no time I have got a plan here.' And he drew from his pocket a sketch of his proposed tower. 'And,' added my informant, 'we found ourselves outside an hour later, having agreed to the erection of a tower which we didn't want, at the cost of money we hadn't got, and which if we had got we needed for other things.'" If you go to Birmingham you will see that tower to-day—the enduring monument of an iron will and of preparedness. We are told that along with a genius for friendship, Chamberlain has also a genius for scorn. No man ever brushed a foe out of the path with a more merciless and icy contempt, and the venom of his retorts has made them historic. "Ah," he said of Mr. Dillon, "the honorable gentleman is a good judge of traitors." And even more cruel was the reference to Mr. Healy at the time of the Parnell case —"I have noticed that whenever it is desirable to exhibit personal discourtesy to any man—*or any woman*—the honorable and learned gentleman always presents himself to accomplish it." Even so kindly and courteous a man as Campbell-Bannerman did not escape his shafts: "If he cannot be a statesman, he might at least try to be a gentleman." But all this masterfulness came to grief. Of Chamberlain's downfall as a leader it is written that he failed to understand that there are things that are higher and mightier than tactics. He met his Waterloo because he did not realize that in the end principles do count in the affairs of men. All the journey is marked by the mighty débris of pride. There is no story of our time so full of significance—a story of broken purposes, of great powers diverted from their true end, of a tyrannic will at war with natural sympathies. It is a tale for tears. One likes to think of him in those early days when he was the great citizen fashioning a model city, and when his clear, undazzled eye saw the vision of a new and juster England and he set out to cleave his way to it. But the vision faded—the way was lost. We have examined this book of notables with a desire to catch glimpses of the place religion holds in the thoughts and lives of public men. In the sketch of Lord Admiral John Fisher, head of the British navy, a stern old sea-dog, we are told of his trust in Providence. "Isn't the hand of Providence in that?" he often said as he told of some coincidence, or personal episode, or opportune event, or unlooked for intervention. He sees the cloud by day and the pillar of flame by night. The language of the Bible, as I

have said, is constantly on his lips, but it is the language of the Old Testament rather than the New, and preferably the comminatory language. He loves sermons better than anything else, except dancing. When he was a captain a visitor called at his town house one Sunday morning. "The captain had gone to Berkeley Chapel," said the servant. "Will he be in this afternoon?" said the visitor. "No, he said he was going to hear Canon Liddon at Saint Paul's." "Well, this evening?" "In the evening he is going to Spurgeon's Tabernacle." In the sketch of Lord Hugh Cecil we see a man of passion and of religion. Intensity of conviction is his peculiar contribution to the public life of his time. He sees a world given over to the false gods of material satisfaction, rioting along the ways of pleasure, talking its shibboleths of reform, clattering down a steep place to where God is not, thundering to destruction. He sees in it the negation of God. What is this talk of socialism and social reform but a will-o'-the-wisp leading poor humanity away from the Kingdom, diverting all our energies to material well-being and leaving the soul starved and perishing? The state is the policeman that guards to every man his own. It is the church that must change society, the church that must so charge the hearts of men with charity, that through charity they shall do justice. It is well in this eager time, when we are fashioning a new social machine, to be reminded that we shall not save society by abundance of food and raiment, that the temple is not made with hands, that we do not live by bread alone. It is an old conflict—old as humanity. Change the heart of man, says the preacher, and society will be saved. Change the garment of society, says the reformer, and the individual will be saved. Change both, says the plain man, and each will save the other. Dean Inge once asked whether it was the pig who made the sty or the sty the pig. But society has made the slum, and has doomed the slum child from its birth. It is for society to unmake the slum, and let the winds of heaven reach the flowers that are poisoned in its sunless courts. Common sense says, "As for the two propositions, do both." The wrath that burns in him at so white a heat is the source of his power. There are few in these days who draw the curtain of the Unseen on the floor of Parliament. Hence the disappearance of oratory, for without the stop of the eternal, the organ of speech neither soars to the heights nor sounds the deeps. But Lord Hugh has brought back the name of the Almighty to the counsels of the Commons, and with it a certain exalted rhetoric that at its best—unhappily rarely heard—has no parallel in our time. One forgets the ungainly gestures, the erratic voice at once harsh and musical—forgets them in the glimpse he gives of "the abodes where the eternal are." The peroration of his speech on the second reading of the Education Bill of 1902 will take its place among the finest flowers of parliamentary oratory. Its close—directed, as all knew, to Mr. Morley, who sat opposite—has an elevation and a sudden thrill that would not be unworthy of Bright. He was pleading for the union of all the moral forces of the nation against the growth of materialism, and said: "I hope also that it will obtain support from that other class who may be described as adopting the position of Christianity in everything except its theology, who possess the morality

of Christianity, its sense of right and wrong, its delicate sensitiveness of conscience, though they are unable themselves to accept its theological basis. These men, it may be said, erect in the mansions of their hearts a splendid throne-room, in which they place objects revered and beautiful. There are laid the scepter of righteousness and the swords of justice and mercy. There is the purple robe that speaks of the unity of love and power, and there is the throne that teaches the supreme moral governance of the world. And that room is decorated by all that is most beautiful in art and literature. It is gemmed by all the jewels of imagination and knowledge. *Yet, that noble chamber, with all its beauty, its glorious regalia, its solitary throne, is still an empty room.*" Lord Hugh Cecil reverences Gladstone's memory for the religious faith that saturated and colored his mind. As he says of him: "The conscious dependence on unseen help; the inner vision which never was hidden from him that, great as were political affairs, there were much greater things going forward; the Mosaic sight of the Invisible, which is the strength of the religious character, gave him a steadiness of purpose and a dignity of bearing which no stress could subvert." In Lord Courtney we are shown a man governed entirely by principle, and wholly indifferent to expediency, who stands four-square to all the winds that blow. It cannot be said that he has never changed an opinion. But he has never changed a principle, or been false to one that he held. He is the keeper of the national conscience—a sort of barometer that tells us unfailingly whether we are set "foul" or "fair." You cannot bribe that barometer into returning a false verdict. Tap it or coax it as you may, it will say the truth that is in it and no other. It is probable that Lord Courtney has never been quite so much at home anywhere as he has been in the House of Lords. The atmosphere of that chamber, which acts with such subtle alchemy upon the Radicalism of most men, only serves as a tonic to Lord Courtney's stern spirit. He rises like a prophet of Israel at some Belshazzar feast, and reads the writing on the wall to the doomed revelers. He was at his best in the great conflict of the Lords with the Commons, when he warned the peers of the perilous path they were treading. The revelers scoffed at his prophecies. But the prophecies came true. He is the lay preacher of national righteousness. Mr. Lehmann once likened him to Isaiah, and the parallel is not inappropriate. He is the Isaiah of our day—Isaiah in a canary-colored waistcoat. He moves through our feverish time with the cloud of prophecy about him—a figure significant and inspiring, firm as a rock, free from all rancor and littleness, speaking the truth, and working without thought of reward or praise for all noble ends. When we have lost a certain reverence for such a figure we shall have lost the soul of goodness. We shall have forgotten that

> "Thrice blessed are the things that last,
> The things that are more excellent."

His eyes have grown dim almost to blindness, so that he has to rely on others to read to him; but the inner vision remains clear and undazzled. It is the vision of the seer who looks beyond the street and the moment,

and scans far horizons and the unalterable stars. One of the most interesting sketches is that of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, of whom the author says, "The ablest *couple* in London are Sidney and Beatrice Webb." They represent the modern scientific spirit, and use its methods for the general benefit. We are told that it would not be possible to find two more wholly disinterested people in London. They have no ax to grind, no selfish objects to serve. They seek neither honors nor rewards. They work tirelessly, incessantly. They spend their modest income in costly researches which they carry on together, and what they save on their housekeeping goes to employing more clerks—and still more clerks. The New Jerusalem they hope to build in England's green and pleasant land will be founded on Blue books—it will spring out of a soil watered with statistics. They are not humanitarians, or philanthropists, or even idealists. I do not think that their pulse quickens with a tale of wrong. The emotions that surge through us—the joys that thrill us, the fears that depress us, the hopes that raise us—leave them placid and unmoved. They are scientists. "We shall strive," they said in announcing their aims when starting the New Statesman—"we shall strive to face and examine social and political issues in the same spirit in which the chemist or the biologist faces and examines his test tubes or his specimens." We are their "specimens." They have taken humanity for their theme as one might take ants or bees. They look with calm, dispassionate eye into the human hive. They find it in a deplorable muddle, the ways at the bottom blocked with struggling masses, trampling on each other, destroying each other, the young crushed and maimed in the confusion, while the honey that is created passes in a golden stream to a few corpulent fellows who occupy the spacious and luxurious chambers above. They do not pity the bees, but they hate disorder, and waste, and ugliness. They see that there is room for all and plenty for all, if only the thing is organized, and with deft and cunning fingers they set themselves to rearrange the structure so as to give air space and a share of the honey to all and to dispossess the fat fellows above. They do not hate the fat fellows any more than they pity the others. But they do hate idleness and luxury. They want a hive run on decent business lines, and they mark with approval the short way the working bees in the hive of nature have with the drones, who are simply dropped out of the hive to die on the ground below. If they won't work, neither shall they eat. In that world of perfect order to which we move under their guidance even love will obey the Blue book. We shall all be numbered and pigeonholed, and the state will by a bonus encourage me, who perchance am in the A1 class, to marry you, who are also in the A1 class, rather than the lady I love who has the misfortune to be, let us say, in D2 class. Then there will be a clash between science and nature, between Blue books and the great tidal impulses of humanity. To Mr. and Mrs. Webb we are statistics. We are marshaled in columns, and drilled in tables, and explained in appendices. We do not move to some far-off divine event, but to a miraculous perfection of machinery and a place in decimals. It is this unemotional view of humanity that makes the Webb philosophy so distasteful. As a

scheme of life, it does not satisfy. In the clear, dogmatic atmosphere of the eighties it seemed all-sufficient. Science had deposed man from his place in the universe; but what he had lost in spiritual significance he seemed to have gained in material competence. He was no longer a potential angel, but he was the master of things, and things then were the only realities. Science seemed to solve all the conundrums of society, to open out before us a wonderful land of promise, the final goal of all the dim gropings of humanity. The vision has faded. We have become less assured and find our Canaan still some way off. We have come to distrust the merely material solution of things—the "test tubes" and "specimens" solution—and to suspect that we shall not find the ultimate peace we crave in any perfection of analysis and organization. We have become modest in the estimate of our powers and find humanity too vast and incalculable for our neat systems and formulas. And we turn from the precise structure of science with its invulnerable statistics and perfect drains, to Bergson's fascinating vision of humanity as a vast organism reaching out into the darkness upon its eternal and inscrutable adventure. But because we find the Webb philosophy insufficient it would be foolish to dismiss them as useless. They have chosen a vast and fruitful field for their labors, and are content with its limitations. The nation owes a debt to these two disinterested public servants, who have given unostentatiously and without reward the devotion of a lifetime to diagnosing the material ailments of society and prescribing the remedies. And though their labors have been confined to the material fabric of society, they have done much to cleanse its soul as well. Of G. W. E. Russell we are told that his politics spring not from his class, nor even from revolt against his class, but from his religion. He was once rebuked in the House of Commons by Mr. Jesse Collings for saying they were a part of his religion—as though religion were either a plague that would poison politics or an invalid that, in Holmes's phrase, has to be taken out in a closed carriage with a gentleman in black on the box seat. Mr. Russell does not understand that frame of mind. From his earliest days religion has been the main interest of his life. "My home," he says, "was evangelical, and I lived from my earliest days in an atmosphere where the salvation of the individual soul was the supreme and constant concern of life. No form of worldliness entered into it, but it was full of good works, of social service, and of practical labor for the poor. All life was lived, down to its minutest detail, 'as ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye.'" His dreams are of building churches and pulling down slums. If he were rich, he tells us, he would be the greatest church builder in England. He would endow each church he built with money to maintain a body of resident clergy. "And I should rejoice," he says, "in the conviction that a church so designed and so ordered not only promoted the glory of God and extolled his faith, but also served the social needs of humanity by offering to every child of toil a resting-place, a sanctuary, and a home." Writing of Archdeacon Lilley, whom he counts a great spiritual power, the author says: "Every successful preacher has his own peculiar note of appeal. Dr. Horton seems to come hot into the pulpit under the compulsion of

some sudden flash of lightning that has illuminated the whole landscape of life. He is exalted with this vision, desolated with that. He is a harp upon which the winds of heaven seem to blow alternate dirge and song. Dr. Jowett utters his message with a gracious tenderness of spirit that suffuses the sky with a sunset glow. Dr. Campbell Morgan holds his vast congregation by a dramatic realization of a simple gospel story. All these are speaking consciously and definitely to their hearers. Dr. Lilley seems like one detached from the world, forgetful of his audience, sounding the deeps of his heart in some still sanctuary of the recluse. The mood is unchanging. It is the mood of one who has been through deep waters and has come to a secure haven. Peace has come not through indifference or self-delusion or the anodynes of superstition, but through an emancipated spirit, a sovereign view of life, a large tolerance, a tender sympathy, a splendid faith in humanity and its destiny. We have ascended to a high place and a quiet air, from whence we survey all the feverish movement of life, its pageantry, and its mourning. We see what is temporary and what is eternal, the false things that men pursue, the true that they reject. There is a great pity, but also a great hope, for beyond is the goal to which through age-long endeavor the soul of humanity moves—the goal of the kingdom where justice shall prevail and the things of the spirit shall triumph over the things of the flesh, and love, stronger than death, shall make all things plain. It is all strangely impersonal, strangely moving, a voice speaking out of eternity—

"A voice far up beside the sun,
Where sound and warmth and glory
Are melted all in one."

In this spacious air there is no place for the pettiness and acerbities that vex the soul. All is resolved because all is understood, because all is touched with a certain radiance of love. One recalls Browning's lines:

Hatred, and greed, and strife—What place have they
In yon blue liberality of heaven?

There are many kinds of preachers, some of the greatest of them being unordained. Tom Reed, speaker of the House of Representatives, said of Theodore Roosevelt in the early part of his career, "The thing I admire most in him is his enthusiasm over his original discovery of the Ten Commandments." Roosevelt once said, "If I had been a Methodist, I would have applied for a license as a lay preacher." He has been preaching all his life. Forbes Robertson was a solemn and majestic preacher on the stage. William Winter, the soundest and most brilliant dramatic critic in America, was a mighty preacher of righteousness, temperance, chastity, and a judgment to come, an uncompromising, implacable, and almost unerring prophet of pure ethics in a region where such a preacher was sorely needed. He was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and he never lowered his voice; when asked to do so by a metropolitan daily, he spurned it at the cost of a forty-years friendship and alliance.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Arthur Stanton. A Memoir. By the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell. 8vo, pp. 323. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Price, cloth, $3.50 net.

Faithful Stewardship and Other Sermons. By Father Stanton. 12mo, pp. viii+183. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.35 net.

For fifty years Arthur Stanton ministered to the spiritual and social needs of a congested London parish. He was successful to an extraordinary degree. It was therefore fitting that his ministry should be recorded as is done in this readable biography. Preachers of all denominations should be familiar with his life story. A large section of the memoir is taken up with ritualistic controversies which exhibited not a little of bitterness and animosity. Even though it is painful reading in parts, it throws valuable light on the workings of the mind of an influential section of the Christian Church. The high church party has always been represented by men earnest, devoted, and able, but also intolerant in the extreme. Keen on referring to church history, they have nevertheless shown an unpardonable ignorance of some of the most beneficial movements of Christianity. "I have and do pray the good God to dispel Protestantism, as the sun dispels the gloom of night." How is it possible to reason soberly with a man who expresses himself in this dogmatic and decisive manner? When such a person is conscientious he is all the more dangerous, for he is always on the verge of fanaticism. Stanton was at the storm center of ritualistic disputation all his life. It was inevitable that one of his disposition should have been so incessantly exposed to opposition and criticism. "He was eminently a man of moods: now buoyantly gay, now heavily overcast; strongly emotional, sensitive to a fault, and by nature much inclined to resentment of injury or insult." His extensive correspondence with dignitaries of the Anglican Church reveals his character. Two letters of remonstrance from Bishop King deserve special mention: "Let me beg you to consider this; you are young and have quickly become a leader of others, and now few will tell you your faults, knowing truly your greatness—but you are in danger from this high position and the excitement of religious popularity, and in danger of forgetting the higher gifts—longsuffering, gentleness, temperance." Four years later, another letter counsels: "My dear friend, *do* be more careful. I honor and admire very much what you have done, but I cannot let my love for you lead me to deceive you." He was frequently inhibited by Bishops from preaching in their dioceses. The Bishop of Rochester wrote him: "You do not seem to me to be quite master of your feelings in the pulpit," and Bishop King: "You are doing *yourself* and *others* great harm by your violent language on church subjects. I have been asked by several to warn you of this (by Liddon for one)." He nevertheless continued in his course, perfectly indifferent to calumny or criticism. In a letter to his mother he writes: "I am so used to being in

hot water that it does not affect me much. But I was born in a thunderstorm and am destined to live and die in a thunderstorm, as one of my brother-curates remarked." He was an ultra Highchurchman and held extravagantly extreme views, but the surprising thing about it all is that he was also intensely evangelical. He once wrote: "Think of me as of an enthusiast for the love of Jesus. I pray to be more so every day." In an address before a society of undergraduates in Oxford he said in concluding: "Now, my dear boys, some of you, I know, are going to be priests. Don't teach them to be Church-of-England; teach them to love the Lord Jesus Christ." The Watch Night Service at St. Alban's was always memorable. On one of these occasions he spoke of the need of realizing Jesus Christ in daily life. "Religion is unsatisfactory unless we can thus have personal intimacy with Christ. If we have but heard of him through men and books, he only exerts a secondary power on us. Our conception of him merely amounts to a moral certainty, as with any other great hero we read of in history. We have seen him only through the shadow of ideas." He firmly believed in conversion and preached it with apostolic emphasis and conviction. His biographer says: "Nothing in Stanton's preaching was more noteworthy than his intimate knowledge of the Bible. In quoting it he almost invariably confined himself to the Authorized Version. He took little heed of disputed readings, and held himself untrammeled by the dogmas of textuaries and commentators. But of the words of Scripture, as it stands in its unequaled English, he had an easy and felicitous command." On another page we read: "Eloquent though he was, he never trusted to his eloquence, but prepared his sermons with exemplary thoroughness; and the resulting effect was consummate. For fifty years a crowded and sympathetic congregation enjoyed his originality, his dramatic power, his ringing scorn against injustice and hypocrisy, his noble and contagious enthusiasm for the Religion of the Cross and all that it implies." A verbatim report of some of his sermons is given in "Faithful Stewardship," and anyone who reads them will be greatly quickened, Like a previous volume entitled "Last Sermons," also posthumous, these pulpit utterances are marked by quick movement, sudden appeal, the thrill of passion. The evangelical and evangelistic note is clear and distinct. The two preachers to whom he was most indebted were Spurgeon and Joseph Parker, whose volumes stood in long lines on his shelves. Great as a preacher, Stanton was even greater as a pastor. His passion for souls was truly Christ-like. He excelled in work with individuals and engaged in extensive correspondence with inquirers of all sorts. Some of these letters are preserved in this volume, and they should be carefully read by every minister. We do not believe in the confessional, but we must nevertheless make more provision than is common for spiritual guidance and encourage people to seek it. "As a spiritual guide of men, and of young men in particular, he had no equal. Instead of laboring by a system of minute directions to shape the spiritual life of his penitents to his own ideals, he always bestowed all his care on quickening the individual conscience, nerving the individual will, and building up the habits of self-reliance and self-con-

trol. People who sought his guidance were awed by his chastened devotion, his intimate access to the Unseen, his horror of sin, his Christ-like tenderness to the sinner." One who spent himself with such ardent devotion for the welfare of the people could not fail to win them to Christ. In 1907 a testimonial address was presented to him signed by over three thousand six hundred men. "Your labor of love on our behalf has not been a wasted labor; it has done great good to many people, in particular to many men, who thank God for having given them the opportunity of knowing you. It has been not only the charm of your speech which has drawn us to you, but—what is of course of far higher value—the depth and reality of your religious teaching, your devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ, and your conspicuous ability to enter with sympathy into our thoughts and needs, and into all that which at this time makes faith and life difficult for men." He both preached and practised the incarnation, the atonement, the cross, as Bishop McDowell declares all ministers should do. And so he was regarded as a good minister of Jesus Christ.

Drew Theological Seminary, 1867-1917. A Review of the First Half Century. Edited by Ezra Squier Tipple, President and Professor of Practical Theology. 271 pages. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, $1.00, postpaid.

This book is the souvenir of a birthday party. Drew Seminary has been having a birthday celebration and her world-wide circle of sons has been rejoicing with her on the attainment of the discreet age of fifty years. The seminary was formally opened November 6, 1867, and the last days of October, 1917, were marked by an interesting series of exercises both in New York and Madison, N. J., the seat of the seminary. As a more permanent observance of the date and as the outward and visible sign of an inward experience of great interest and variety and now of fairly respectable length, this volume has been published. Its publication is more than a family affair—although even as a family matter it would be significant, for the Drew family numbers more than 2,500 sons who have gone out as heralds of the Cross into all parts of the United States and nearly every quarter of the globe. But so deeply and broadly have those who have taught and studied at Drew touched the life of the Methodist Church, that the story of their endeavors is of interest to every lover of Methodism. And those who have taught there in other years have been such decidedly human personalities that they cannot fail to interest any one with a confirmed taste for human nature. The book is not a formal history or a record whose aim is to be exhaustive (or *exhausting*, for the two words usually belong together). It is rather a sprightly series of moving pictures which hold the mirror up to some interesting bits of nature and give a fleeting glimpse of a romantic story of Christian adventure. President Tipple speaks of its purpose in the foreword: "The purpose of the volume is to bring to remembrance some of the eventful days, to review the changes and progress of the golden years, to see walking once more beneath our matchless oaks and beeches, dear familiar forms, and to hear

again as from the Mount of God, the deathless voices of those whom we have loved long since and lost awhile, and to make thankful mention of the men and women who dreamed and prayed, who gave and toiled, and out of whose faith and courage, zeal and sacrifice, this institution of learning was evolved." The chapters of the volume have been written by different professors. President Tipple has contributed the first chapter, "The Romance of the Founding," and a chapter on "Gifts and Benefactors," recalling many names highly honored in the history of the church in this Eastern section of the country, names of those who "live again in lives made nobler by their presence." He has also written the concluding chapter on "To-day and To-morrow." Professor John Alfred Faulkner has written the chapter on the "Early Years," telling a story never before put in print of the early days and of that "first faculty," McClintock, Foster, Nadal, Hurst, and others. Professor Robert W. Rogers has written with his usual incisive discrimination of the "Making of Books," estimating the contribution of Drew to the literature of the church, particularly that contribution of the first faculty, McClintock, Strong, Hurst, Crooks, and Miley. Dr. Wallace MacMullen has drawn under the heading "A Legacy of Inspiration," lifelike portraits of the group known as the second faculty, Strong, Miley and Crooks, Upham and Buttz. Professor C. F. Sitterly has told in the chapter, "Traditions and Memories," some of the best traditions of the student life and the wit and humor of the classroom and the campus. Professor E. D. Soper has told of the work of Drew alumni in the world-wide mission fields of the church; Mr. Edwin Lewis has surveyed the work of graduates in this country, and Halford E. Luccock has written of the "Mansion and the Forest." We quote briefly, to give a sample of the tone and quality of the book, from the pen pictures by Dr. MacMullen of the group of teachers known far and wide by a great company of Methodist ministers: "James Strong was to us an intellectual marvel. His fullness of information, his ready gushing flexible speech, his scholarly industry, his amazing breadth, his microscopic and exhaustive thoroughness, these awakened our wonder and admiring despair. How easy it is to recall him! He was so vivid that we easily picture him, the lines of the picture hardly rubbed by the passage of the years. Patriarchal he was in appearance, his long white beard unusual even then, its like seldom seen now; yet in his eyes always alert, often dancing, was the light of indomitable, incurable youth. His vivacity was always a delight, his vigor always a rebuke, his knowledge phenomenal; his spirit childlike, joyous, kind; his humor playful and persistent; his reverence impressive." John Miley is characterized as follows: "Benevolent, tolerant, patient, serious, progressive, sometimes ponderous, open minded, persistent in tracking truth to its hiding places, ingenious and suggestive in his inferences from the truth established—such was John Miley. He was a preacher of power so that in his pulpit days he was much sought after. Those were the days when theological discussions were not regarded as unprofitable and no apology was necessary for their use in the pulpit. His sermons were prevailingly doctrinal, but not therefore wearisome, for he knew how to make argument glow and sparkle and how to press the high

truth of God with soul-shaking power. . . . How honest Dr. Miley was! When up against some ultimate mystery there was on his part no attempt to dodge the fact that he had reached his intellectual limit, no evasion, no unseemly twisting to escape an admission of ignorance. Just a frank, manly bluff and hearty 'We don't know.' 'An honest man's the noblest work of God' even in theology!" The service of Professor George R. Crooks to the Methodism of his day is thus summarized: "Clear vision of the needs and defects of our church life, unswerving and militant purpose concerning them, a passion for a flawless reputation in our business affairs and for progress in our ecclesiastical methods made his early ministry notable. In 1856 he secured General Conference sanction for theological seminaries in our church; in 1860 he became, and until 1875 remained, editor of The Methodist, and in 1866 he originated Children's Day. No periodical in our history as a church had a more brilliant or dramatic history than The Methodist under his guidance. Every cause to which it gave its advocacy succeeded. Book Concern reconstruction, lay representation, fair treatment for border slave holders, these were heavily indebted to it. . . . As a teacher he made us covet thoroughness, lowliness of mind and passionate purpose. His bearing, erect and military, was a challenge; his speech, exact and virile, gave us some ambition for a worthy style; his scholarly habits were the inspiring background of his constant demand for athletic grasp of a subject." Many will linger gratefully over the portrait of Samuel F. Upham, of fragrant and hilarious memory! "Henry Drummond once said of Dwight L. Moody, 'He was the biggest human I ever knew.' In such terms one is apt to try to describe Samuel F. Upham, for his vigorous humanity was such an impressive, attractive thing. General Clinton B. Fisk said at one of our commencements years ago, 'I entered into conversation with a seatmate in a New England railway car a little while ago and in the course of talk asked him if he knew Dr. Upham. "Upham," he said, "No, I don't know any Upham." And then suddenly his memory was flooded with light and he said, "O, you mean Sam! Yes, I know Sam. Sam's all right; you can lean up against Sam."' That quality in him stands out prominently among our recollections—the invitation to close human intimacy, the assurance one had of his deep human reliability. It was a natural effect of his notable human qualities, his humor, rugged sense, shrewd wisdom, practical spicy illustration, homely knowledge of things ecclesiastical and vital, brotherly interest in our affairs—verily he was a refuge! And a refreshment, ah, what a refreshment! He loved a joke, no matter what its age. Even if it was old, its youth was renewed by the medicine of his intellectual chuckle. How we were delighted with the twist of his mouth, a little extra strain on which was a sure forerunner of some bit of flashing wit. Attractively, winsomely human was Dr. Upham. He loved cronies and his life was rich in companionship. . . . How stirring his speech was, always incisive, often picturesque! He was an expert in ridicule, would mercilessly puncture, by phrase or simile, the weakness of a cause or individual afflicted with undue inflation. Yet there was never a trace of malice in these jousts of his. The very forms of his advice to us concern-

ing diligent reading helped to shake us out of our intellectual laziness. 'Fill up the cask, brethren, fill up the cask; if you don't, then on Sundays when you turn the spigot it will drip, drip, drip.' . . . And we do not forget his spiritual emphasis and his classroom assurance, 'When the people look up into your face Sunday morning, their hearts will be asking, "Man, have you seen God this week?"' " Dr. C. F. Sitterly has collected some of the sayings of Dr. Upham which students have recalled. We quote the following: "When you have a sermon to preach and are limited in time cut off both ends and set fire to the middle." "I don't know as much as I used to. But what I do know I know tremendously. One thing that I know is that God for Christ's sake forgave my sins." "Any new gospel is an old lie." "The narrower chimney makes the better draft." "Some very crooked sticks grow on Zion's Hill." "Be sure to get to your pulpit the first Sunday after Conference. Get there before the devil does." "In no profession does sympathy count for as much as in the ministry. Don't try to run your engine with cold water." "Put off the old man, brethren, but don't put on the old woman." "There are two classes of Christians: Quakers and earthquakers. The Methodists are earthquakers." "What is a man to do if his ass falls into a pit on the Sabbath? Shall he not pull it out? Yes, of course. But if he persists in falling in every Sunday I would do one of two things: either fill up the pit or kill the ass." The publishers have made a book which it is a pleasure to handle. One is almost tempted to succumb to the lure of parody and say, "Doubtless The Methodist Book Concern could make a better book; but doubtless they never did." Illustrations, printing, and paper induce in one that sense of serene exhilaration which only a well-made book can give.

History of the Swiss Reformed Church Since the Reformation. By Rev. Prof. James I. Good, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Reformed Church History in Central Theological Seminary, Dayton, O. Philadelphia: Publication and Sunday School Board of the Reformed Church in the United States. Pp. xii+504. Price $1.50.

Dr. Good is more than the Stevens of the German Reformed Church, called the Reformed Church in the United States since 1869. He has not only written two or three books on the history of that church in this country, but he is the only English-speaking scholar who has written up the entire history of his church in Europe, and in three different works, of which this one is the last, and entirely independent of the others (we do not refer to the original Reformation in Switzerland, of which there is much valuable literature in English). This is the only book of the kind in the language, and it opens up a new mine in modern church history, much of it as interesting as a romance. For instance, who knows the long heroism of Cæsar Malan in his contendings for the faith against the persecuting semi-Unitarianism of the established Protestant Church of Geneva? Who knows the wondrous life of Bost and his self-sacrifices for Christ? And Felix Neff—what a hero was he. Who knows how the Roman Catholics came near getting Geneva back, and the famous story of

the Escalade (pp. 76-9)? Our fathers read Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's Reformation, but they would have read it with more interest still if they had known his most interesting life told here in outline. His history has been pushed in the background by more recent works and more critical, but Merle was a thorough scholar, well read in the German, French, and Latin sources, a pupil and friend of Neander, at whose instance the University of Berlin gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1846. Then who knows why it was that when De Wette was thrown out of the University of Berlin in 1819 by the king of Prussia because he wrote a letter of sympathy to the mother of student Sand, the assassin of the reactionary Kotzebue, he was given a professorship in the University of Basel? "He (De Wette) was rationalizing in his head, but Christian in his heart. Only a German can unite two such contradictory positions" (p. 412). By a rationalist the author means, of course, one who denies supernatural Christianity. No one who could say, as De Wette did in his last hours, "This I know, that in no other is there salvation except in the name of Jesus Christ, the Crucified, and that for man there is nothing higher than the God-man actualized in him, and the kingdom of God planted by him," has not a Christian heart, but his head certainly æstheticized and spiritualized away the Christian facts. Still in his last theological work (1846) he taught that the Son sits on the throne of God at his right hand as Coregent, endowed with all divine power, while he is at the same time present in the Lord's Supper, and that here our spirit lifts itself in a realm where its own powers are insufficient. We were much interested in the story of the brave fight of a few men to save the Geneva Church from its deadening liberalism in the early years of the 19th century, and how they fared in that almost forlorn struggle. Haldane's work is one of the romances of church history. If you want to know what the grace of God can do read these sections in Good, or more fully, so far as the Haldanes were concerned, in their Lives, London, 1855. There are many other rich and interesting things told in this book for the first time in English, and for libraries and the church history student it is indispensable. For a future edition a correction or two might be welcome. When Voltaire said, "Ecrasez l'infame," he did not mean the supernatural in religion (p. 289), but that fearfully corrupt and tyrannical manifestation of it which reigned in France in his time, against which his whole soul revolted. Of course he rejected the supernatural, but the infamous was not that in itself considered, but rather the devilish tyranny which broke Calas on the wheel in 1762, would have done the same with Sirven if he had not fled, was responsible for the perishing of his wife amid the snows of the Cevennes, and condemned the boy La Barre to have his tongue and right hand cut off and then be burnt alive (a sentence later commuted to beheading). That was the "monster sodden in black corruption, with whom in the breast of a humane man there could be no terms" (Morley, Voltaire, 3rd, 1878, 162). These and other atrocities "kindled in Voltaire a blaze of anger and pity that remains among the things of which humanity has most reason to be proud" (167). The author says: "Strange to say, this movement to orthodoxy (in Geneva about 1814) was helped along by a

lodge of Free Masons, who held a doctrine of the Trinity" (p. 256). This probably refers to the accidental presence of orthodox men in the local lodge, as Masonry is not intended as a religious propaganda, and in some of the degrees Jews, Mohammedans, and Unitarians could be freely admitted. Why does D'Aubigné always appear without the accent? Should not Grétillat also have accent? For Giessler (p. 413) read Gieseler. Hagenbach's popular lectures on the Reformation at Basel in the winter of 1833 were *not* "translated by Hurst in his History of Rationalism of the Eighteenth Century" (p. 413), but that part of Hagenbach's later voluminous work was translated by W. L. Gage and J. H. W. Stuckenberg under the title, German Rationalism, its Rise, Progress, Decline, etc., Edinb. 1865, while Hurst (assisted by Nadal) translated his History of the Church in the 18th and 19th Centuries, 2 vols. N. Y., 1869, (not including the Rationalism), and his History of the Reformation was translated by Evelina Moore, 2 vols, Edinb. 1878-9. The title of Hurst's book is History of Rationalism, Embracing a Survey of the Present State of Protestant Theology, N. Y., 1865. We must thank Dr. Good for the 17 portraits, and only wish there were more.

Archæology and the Bible. By GEORGE A. BARTON, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages in Bryn Mawr College; Sometime Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. 8vo, pp xiii+461; 114 plates. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Price, $2, net. By mail, $2.25.

THIS is one of the most important publications which throw light on the history, customs, thought, and religion of Bible times. Dr. Barton possesses special qualifications to write a book on Biblical archæology, and his volume has in mind the needs especially of preachers and Sunday school teachers. The extensive work of exploration and the wonderful results obtained are recorded in learned journals which are inaccessible to the average Bible student. For the first time we have this mass of information brought within easy compass, and on a large scale, and arranged in an understandable way, for the benefit of readers without technical training. On many of the controverted issues Dr. Barton takes a neutral attitude, much to the disappointment of ardent theorists, but greatly to the satisfaction of those who desire only reliable information. He reports impartially "the principal inferences drawn by the most important groups of scholars, that the reader may know something of the latitude of opinion that prevails. To have recorded every opinion would have expanded the work far beyond the limits prescribed, and would have burdened the reader with many views that are mere vagaries." He has consistently carried out the purpose of archæology, which is to make the ancient civilizations re-live, by means of a study of the remains of art, architecture, inscriptions, literature, etc. The aim of Biblical Archæology is to give picturesque reality to the Bible story and to confirm, wherever possible, the historicity of its record. "Not the least service that archæology has rendered has been the presentation of a new back-

ground against which the inspiration of the Biblical writers stands out in striking vividness. Often one finds traditions in Babylonia identical with those embodied in the Old Testament, but they are so narrated that no such conception of God shines through them as shines through the Biblical narrative. Babylonians and Egyptians pour out their hearts in psalms with something of the same fervor and pathos as the Hebrews, but no such vital conception of God and his oneness gives shape to their faith and brings the longed-for strength to the spirit. Egyptian sages developed a social conscience comparable in many respects with that of the Hebrew prophets, but they lacked the vital touch of religious devotion which took the conceptions of the prophets out of the realm of individual speculation and made them the working ethics of a whole people. Archæology thus reinforces to the modern man with unmistakable emphasis the ancient words, 'men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Spirit.'" The volume is divided into three parts. The first part is historical and geographical; it also reports what the excavators have done, and the light thrown by their labors on the Bible narrative. The histories of Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria are concisely but fully related. This is followed by a chapter on the Hittites, concerning whose racial affinities there yet remains uncertainty. Very acceptable is the large section dealing with the Holy Land—its exploration, archæological history, cities, roads, agriculture, pottery, high places, temples, and tombs. The influence of Jerusalem on the history of religion is ably discussed in thirty-three pages. What the discoveries have done toward a clearer understanding of the New Testament is impressively shown in chapters on "The Decapolis," and "Athens, Corinth and the Churches of Asia," and one in part II, "Archæological Light on the Acts and Epistles." The second part consists in the main of original translations of Babylonian and Egyptian texts, which constitute a very suggestive commentary on the Bible. The exposition and interpretation conclusively demonstrate the sublime superiority of the Biblical narrative of the same incidents. For instance, the Babylonian version of the creation is mythological and polytheistic. Its conception of deity is not exalted. Its gods love and hate, they scheme and plot, fight and destroy. Genesis, on the other hand, reflects the most exalted monotheism. God is so thoroughly the master of all the elements of the universe, that they obey his slightest word. The Babylonian story of the flood has a conception of deity in strong contrast with the dignity of the Biblical monotheism. The Babylonian gods disagree; they blame each other; they crouch with fear like dogs; they come swarming about the sacrifice like hungry flies! Nothing could more strikingly illustrate the inspiration of the Biblical story than to measure it against the background of this Babylonian poem, which is clearly a variant version of it. "A Babylonian Job" is another illuminating chapter. "Job gains relief by a vision of God—an experience which made him able to believe that, though he could not understand the reason for the pain of life or its contradictions and tragedy, God could, and Job now knew God. Tabu-utul-Bel (the Babylonian Job), on the other hand, is said to have gained his relief through a magician. The Babylonian hymns lack

both the poetical sublimity and the religious depth and fire of the Hebrew psalms. The best way to understand the significance of revelation and inspiration, as related to the Bible, is not by a study of theories, but by a study of comparative religious literature, as is given by Dr. Barton. The result will be as satisfactory as the study of comparative religion which gives us a larger appreciation of the superior merits of Christianity. We would like to go into this matter a little more fully, but cannot for want of space. We must, however, refer to another chapter, on "Archæological Light on the Enrolment of Quirinius." A recently discovered papyrus, dated 175 A. D., shows that in the first century it was customary to hold a census every fourteen years, as is stated by Luke 2. 1-5. It is further substantiated by fragments of documents from the reigns of Nero and Tiberius. Another papyrus, dated 103-104 A. D., in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, states distinctly that every family was required to enroll in its own city. What certain scholars thought improbable, on insufficient evidence, is now seen to be historically accurate. The criticism of adverse critics has thus again been set at nought, in favor of the substantial accuracy, acceptability, and authority of the Bible. The third part consists of one of the finest collections of illustrations, printed on special coated paper, which certainly increases the value of this volume. It could not have been published at such a low price, but for the Green Fund which is administered by the American Sunday School Union.

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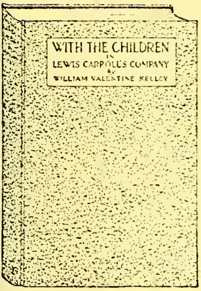

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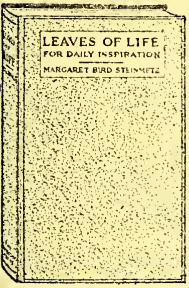

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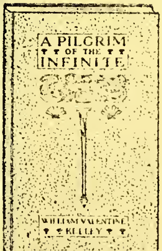

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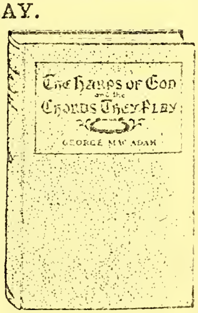

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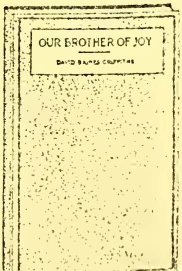

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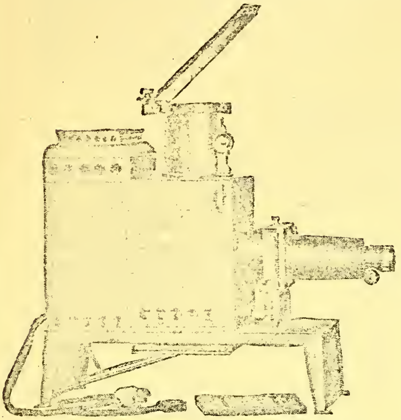

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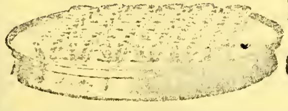

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